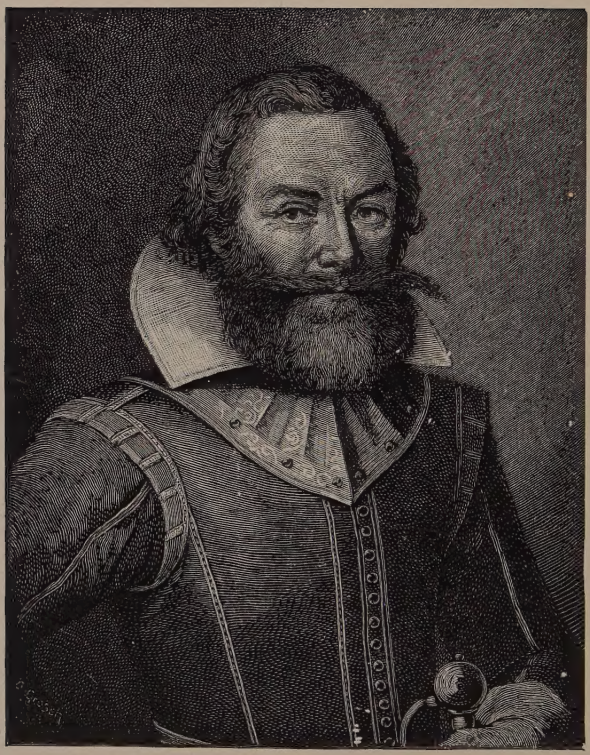
READINGS FROM COLONIAL PROSE AND POETRY

TRENT-WELLS



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.
From the picture in his "History of Virginia."

Colonial Prose and Poetry

EDITED BY

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AND

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I. The Transplanting of Culture (1607–1650)

II. The Beginnings of Americanism (1650–1710)

III. The Growth of the National Spirit (1710–1775)

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PREFACE.

The present series of volumes illustrating the literature of the American colonies aims especially to show the development of national culture and ideals. Although not eschewing them, it does not deal primarily with political life or with historical interests. It attempts to present mainly in modernized spelling such passages from the works of colonial authors as reveal most of literary art, of individual genius, and of the national mind in the process of its differentiation.

That the survey might be full yet not prolix the selections have often been shortened by the omission of passages that would weary a modern reader, but such omissions have always been indicated, and care has been taken that they should not be of a character to affect the sense of what remains. The literature of any nation in its formative period requires winnowing if it is to attract that same nation in its maturity; for much is antiquated that is neither significant nor curious. Yet our colonial writers bear comparison with those of any other race under similar conditions. Many who have gone to them with

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a smile have remained to be edified. In the earlier period men lived earnestly if not largely, they thought highly if not broadly, they felt nobly if not always with magnanimity. Resourcefulness, self-reliance, individuality, were the virtues fashioned by primitive circumstances, and these asserted themselves in the later period as more enduring elements in the national character than the Cavalier traditions of Virginia or the Puritanism of New England.

It is, then, the gradual transformation of the national literature with the national character that is exhibited in these volumes. Brief accounts are given of each author, and the essays at the beginning of the several volumes endeavor to gather up the characteristics of each period and to draw from them their lessons with regard to national evolution. Where special obligations to books and editors are due, they have been acknowledged in the text; here hearty thanks are tendered to the courteous officials of the library of Columbia University.

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INTRODUCTION.

Our colonial literature, covering more than a century and a half, cannot be regarded (even by the charitable) as being of great intrinsic value. The interest that it possesses is political, social, or religious, not literary or imaginative. And yet it gives to the critic of literature an opportunity, such as the beginnings of hardly any other literature afford, to study the effects of environment upon the literary powers and products of a transplanted race.

It is usually held that transplantation to the American wilderness repressed the literary powers of the colonists who were too busy planting corn and repelling Indians to devote much attention to literature. Yet it is to be remembered that the colonists represented stocks that on the whole showed no great literary vitality at home. Except for Milton, Marvell, and a few less important names, Puritanism did extremely little for English poetry, not much for English prose. Nor did the Cavaliers, as a body outside of the court circle, rise in England greatly above the level of Virginia culture. Transplantation, it may be suspected, neither developed nor retarded the production of imaginative literature, but the new environment in New England did have a very considerable effect in directing writers to pietistic and controversial subjects, for religion was the only ideal

element in Puritan life, and the main feature of their relations with the outside world.

During the period covered by this volume there were, as we have just assumed, two centres of influence, Virginia and Massachusetts, Cavalier and Puritan, the former an extension of county England, the latter of English borough life. Or, to use literary symbols and to compare small things with great, the two earliest colonies represented respectively the England of Herrick, Carew, and Lovelace, and the England of Milton, Bunyan, and Baxter. At the very outset we meet with a typical Cavalier, a burly survival of knight-errantry, Captain John Smith, and he, though not strictly speaking an American, is typical of the adventurers, English country gentlemen, younger sons, plain town and country folk, who settled the southern colony. They were uncourtly but yet genuinely aristocratic, and, developing the aristocratic virtues of bravery and lavish hospitality, they formed a sort of feudal nobility whose qualities were accentuated by plantation life and by the absence of metropolitan standards. They brought with them no deep-seated artistic impulses, few inherited literary traditions. They produced little literature and developed little culture. The repression of learning and the printing press was the least of their grievances against Governor Berkeley, even as late as 1676. They lived quite aloof from the political struggles of their time, and were quite untouched by its scientific or artistic achievements.

And if we turn to Massachusetts the case is not much better, though it is different. There was here a nobler purpose. Such leaders as Bradford and

Winthrop do not lack inspiring qualities, nor such figures as those of Captain Standish, the apostolic John Eliot, the tolerant Roger Williams, and the whole intolerant, but pious, learned, and commanding Brahmin caste of Puritan divines, qualities quaintly picturesque and attractive. But, when all is said, the annals of Colonial New England also are sadly wanting in perspective. The sober aristocracy of clergymen and magistrates, the plain democracy of God-fearing farmers, thrifty merchants, hardy fishermen and sailors, have, it is true, an interest for latter-day Americans. Hawthorne has shown how their life lent itself to literary treatment. But they did not discover it. Even though their numerous towns gave them what Virginia lacked, the advantages of social solidarity, they too had no deep-seated artistic impulses and few inherited literary instincts and aspirations. Their thoughts were bent on religion. In this they lived and of this they wrote. But their religion was narrow, individualistic, voicing itself not in a *Divine Comedy*, which they would have rejected, but in a *Day of Doom*, which they took literally to heart. Yet the muses were not without witness in either colony, and, though it is impossible here to describe adequately this exiguous production, it is worth while to remind the reader of its existence, that he may have some conception of the range of those writings whose quality the following pages are to illustrate. And for our purposes it will be most perspicuous to consider first the writers of verse, few of whom yield materials for our use, then the annalists, and finally the theologians.

Such verse writing as there was at first naturally

followed British models, which is one reason for giving it attention before the work that is more directly a product of the new environment and experiences. Most of the annalists lapsed into verse at times, following the distinguished example of John Smith, but none of them, or of the clergy, shows in the first generations anything that springs from the heart of the people, or even any transmutation of alien culture. Individuals write as best they may according to familiar British models, just as most of our poets do to-day. Of this fact our first quasi-American poem, Rich's *Newes from Virginia*, is an illustration. The sojourn in America of this "soldier blunt and plain" was brief, and literary Virginia has no cause to dispute his possession with the mother country; though during the colonial period that colony had little verse that is nameworthy, save the eulogy of Nathaniel Bacon in the "Epitaph made by his Man," probably the only single product of sustained poetic art written in the first century and a half of Colonial America, but by a poet who has left us not even the shadow of his name.

In New England, as might have been expected, the general average of versification was less crude and the versifiers far more numerous, society being more serious-minded and far more scholarly. Governor Bradford and Governor Winthrop both wrote occasional verses of ponderous meditation, William Morrell and William Wood composed descriptive verses, as did the anonymous author of *New England's Annoyances*, but these can pass for poetry only by comparison with the superlative crudity of the *Bay Psalm Book*, the first volume printed in British

America. Very little better is the swarm of epitaphs, elegies, and memorial verses, though the divines that made these feeble concessions to despised art were not unable to hold their own with their British brethren. The larger part of this verse is embedded in the prose works, like flies in very cloudy amber, else surely it had never seen even an opaque light. Typical of this constant "dropping into verse" is Nathaniel Ward's *Simple Cobbler*, of which presently.

There is but one person, during the period we are considering, who might have been and is almost a poet, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, "the tenth Muse lately sprung up in America," as her brother-in-law called her, daughter and wife of Colonial Governors, and not unworthy to have graced a chair in Madeleine de Scudéry's famous Salon of the Précieuses, or even in the Chambre Bleue of Arthénice, though she was ever a sturdy Puritan, and as one of her admirers said "a right DuBartas girl." Examples of her poetry and an encomium of it will be found elsewhere. We are concerned now to note the instant response of the colonists in their appreciation of the "fair authoress." Their clumsy tributes show a naïve admiration, which suggests that they would have appreciated better poetry, though it is a curious fact that we have no trace of the existence of a copy of Shakespeare in New England during the seventeenth century. Yet she had little rhetorical art, and seems blind to the natural beauty about her. In style, form, and subject she, too, is an echo of Puritan England, though showing in her maturity more of the influence of Spenser than of Sylvester or of Quarles. It is a curious fact

in literary heredity that among Mrs. Bradstreet's descendants are the poets R. H. Dana and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the orator Wendell Phillips. Her father and sister also wrote verses, and among others who essayed poetry may be named Captain Edward Johnson, John Josselyn, and even Roger Williams. The last estate of poetry in the century was perhaps its most desperate one. Peter Folger in his *Looking Glass for the Times* is absolutely the most garrulously naïve and the most unpoetic of his land and century. His poem is the Ormulum of America and it betters the instruction.

The typical versifier of Puritan New England is doubtless Michael Wigglesworth, and the typical poem the *Day of Doom*, an awful, but to the Puritan mind, congenial theme, in treating which he displayed not a little curious ingenuity. He was the most facile and prolific of what we may call the school of Sternhold and Hopkins. Wigglesworth and Folger are, however, reserved for treatment in our second volume, when we enter upon a new poetic order corresponding to a moral and social change. The religious commonwealth is becoming secular, life is no longer a series of vicissitudes, love of wealth and comfort is beginning to supplant the fear of the Lord. Let us therefore retrace our steps and watch the progress of the same change in those prose annals and tractates in which the sturdy colonists found a more congenial and appropriate form of self-expression.

The first prose efforts of the colonists, whether in New England or Virginia, were naturally confined to sending home news of their doings that might pro-

cure them companions in arms and labors. Here priority in time, and perhaps primacy in interest, belongs to Captain John Smith's *True Relation*, to which indeed American literature can lay but scant claim, any more than to similar writings of Percy, Strachey, Pory, and Whittaker. These told of the first years of struggle. In the fairly prosperous period that followed there was a decided lull in literary activity until a certain Colonel Norwood narrated to Sir William Berkeley his hairbreadth 'scapes on a voyage to Virginia. His story is interesting to us as a witness to the growing suppleness of English prose. Norwood was no artist, but he had at least got rid of much of the cumbrous phraseology of his predecessors. Yet for the moment in Virginia his example availed little. The government was distinctly illiberal, the Governor an obscurantist. "I thank God," he said, "there are no free schools nor printing, and hope we shall not have them this hundred year. For learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both." It is a nemesis of such illiberality that what is best worth reading of the annals of Colonial Virginia in this century should be the narratives of Bacon's rebellion against it.

Meantime Virginia's northern neighbor Maryland had produced the scholarly Latin *Relatio* of the Jesuit White, Hammond's *Leah and Rachel* and George Alsop's quaint *Character of the Province of Maryland*. The latter's prose is better than his "melancholy Muse," who by the way is apt to be a very indecorous person. If we pass from Maryland to

the northern colonies, we find ourselves among a people not literary perhaps, yet intellectual and imaginative, a people who stood for an idea, who felt that they were the vanguard of freedom, religious and civil. That such men would write much and vigorously was a matter of course. It was part of their duty to give an account of themselves before man as well as God, and so their habits, their thoughts, are better known to us than those of any colonists anywhere. All the communities from Maine to Connecticut had common characteristics. The plain people were pious, hardy, thrifty. The Brahmin caste, their spiritual masters, were very learned, their magistrates God-fearing, and all were bound together by religious sympathies, solidified and strengthened by external pressure In self-justification, in self-defence, as witness to God and man, the clergy, and the magistrates too, plied their pens, and as early as 1639 had provided themselves with a printing press. They cared little for poetry or art. The controversy of God with New England, or of New England with everybody else, was what interested them, whether they were telling their story or preaching their sermon, expounding their creed or illustrating it by their example.

First of the annalists is the dignified, sober, and benign William Bradford of Plymouth, with his co-partner in the *Relation*, Edward Winslow, both capable of a more humane humor than Francis Higginson of Salem, a beautifully pious soul, naïvely credulous. Rather credulous, too, is William Wood, though he was an acute observer, with a faculty of appropriate epithet that marks the progress of prose writ-

ing. Wood is not included in these pages, but room is found for John Underhill, who is worthy of note for his singular faculty of discerning special providences. He yields in this, however, to John Mason, who would perhaps have been surprised to be told that his miracle of the intoxicating bottle had been anticipated by six centuries in the legend of the Irish saint Ludigus. More sober and statesmanlike is the writing of John Winthrop, though he too does not escape superstition; while of wholly different yet not unattractive type is the rough, uncouth partisan Edward Johnson; and in curious contrast to them both is the Mephistophelian Thomas Morton. These were laymen. After the middle of the century the clergy, save for John Josselyn, the judicious Daniel Gookin, and a few others, take the lead both as annalists and as burdeners of the press with their sermons and treatises. Meantime in the Middle Colonies a few chroniclers had arisen, of whom Daniel Denton is here representative. One cannot take leave of these historical writers as a whole without paying tribute, not alone to their piety and learning, where they claimed it, but to their courageous optimism, their general intellectual sanity, their essential manliness. Annalists like these were no bad founders of a national literature.

But when we think of the writing of this period, what rises in the popular mind, and justly, is its theology. Not indeed in the Middle Colonies or in the South, though there were a few noteworthy divines even there, but in New England where a practical theocracy was to be seen in full flower. Easy-going planters might put up with clergymen of no intel-

lectual attainments, even with those whose morals did something smack, but to a theocracy an intelligent priesthood is essential, and there were special reasons in New England that fostered literature in fostering autocracy. An Englishman does not readily submit to superiors, and to assert their dominance the New England clergy must needs be great counsellors, secular and religious, great scholars, preachers, and great private characters. These sturdy Puritans were ultra-Protestants, prone to follow the workings of their own minds. To dominate them the clergy had to be acute logicians and powerful reasoners. Narrow they might be; but of power, of sheer indomitable force, no body of citizens and no caste have ever been such complete exemplars as the New England Puritans, unless perhaps the Arabs under Mahomet, or the Frenchmen of the early Revolution. Both their isolation and their previous history contributed to the intensity of their convictions. Among these exiles for truth the pastors appear to us as heroes of spiritual combat, praying and preaching for hours together, rebuking the froward, counselling magistrates with authority in their election sermons, moulding youth, as appears in their New England Primer, wrestling with heretics, witches, Satan, and God. These priests appear to us as prophets, as uncrowned kings of the faithful. In their isolation they felt themselves set upon a hill, under obligation to give account for themselves to their English brethren, forced, too, to use every means to maintain their power; hence, as we have seen, their speedy importation of the printing press, which groaned as an instrument of God's glory with learned sermons, theological and historical

treatises. In those days church, pastor, and sermon took the place of our theatres, newspapers, lectures, novels, and stump-speaking. The meeting-house was the centre of town life, the minister the centre of the church. He was usually a college-bred man, almost always a voluminous writer, and, though no one of them in our period survives outside the anthological limbo, it is surprising to find how many, even of the more obscure, showed imaginative force, ponderous learning, and literary power of no mean order. Measured by literary standards the greatest of them was that stone rejected of the builders, Roger Williams; but our extracts will show that John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, Thomas Shepard, and John Eliot were also able writers of their kind, while surely the most unique scold in our literature is the "Simple Cobbler," Nathaniel Ward. Yet for all their zeal and power they were fighting a losing fight against nature. The spirit rebelled as well as the flesh. The end of the century is filled with lamentations, which already in our period begin to make themselves audible, of a change in the old order. Their vaulting spiritual ambition had defeated itself. But the crisis of that period belongs to a second period, whose early writers, together with several of those here named, to whom the division of our materials makes it expedient to recur, finds place in the second volume.

THE TRANSPLANTING OF CULTURE
1607–1650

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Captain John Smith was born at Willoughby in Lincolnshire, in January, 1579. He died at London on the 21st of June, 1632. Yet that part of his life to which he owes distinction was passed in America, and it is his account of it that gives him his place here. The son of a tenant farmer, apprenticed to trade at fifteen, he ran away to serve under Lord Willoughby in the Netherlands and afterward in Hungary and Transylvania, against the Turks. He was captured, enslaved, escaped to Russia, returned to England in 1605, and the next year accompanied Newport's expedition to Virginia, apparently not without conflict with the authorities. Their opposition was overcome by his energy in exploration and his success in obtaining supplies. While exploring the James River in 1607, he was captured by Indians, brought before their chief, Powhatan, saved as he claimed from death by the intervention of that "Numpareil of Virginia," Pocahontas, and sent back to Jamestown after six weeks' captivity. Later he explored the Chesapeake, was for a time Colonial President, returned to England in 1609, and in 1614 explored the coast of New England from Penobscot to Cape Cod. A third expedition in 1616 resulted in his capture by the French. He escaped, but was unable to secure means to prosecute his adventurous explorations. Typical of his

many writings is the first, *A True Relation* (1608), — of little art but abounding life; clumsy, formless, inartistic, yet interesting. He wrote also *A Map of Virginia* (1612), *A Description of New England* (1616), *New England's Trials* (1620), *The General History of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles* (1624), and a few less significant works. Modern scholars have been inclined to distrust him as an authority, especially when he describes his own exploits and adventures, but there is reason to believe that this scepticism has been pushed too far. The best edition of his works is that of Edward Arber (1884).

POWHATAN'S TREATMENT OF SMITH.

[From "A True Relation of Such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as hath happened in Virginia etc." London, 1608.]

Arriving at Weramocomoco their Emperor proudly lying upon a bedstead a foot high, upon ten or twelve mats richly hung with many chains of great pearls about his neck, and covered with a great covering of Rahaughcums. At his head sat a woman, at his feet another; on each side sitting upon a mat upon the ground, were ranged his chief men on each side the fire, ten in a rank and behind them as many young women, each a great chain of white beads over their shoulders, their heads painted in red; and with such a grave and majes-

tical countenance, as drave me into admiration to see such state in a naked salvage.

He kindly welcomed me with good words, and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me his friendship, and my liberty within four days. He much delighted in Opechan Comough's relation of what I had described to him, and oft examined me upon the same.

He asked me the cause of our coming.

I told him being in fight with the Spaniards, our enemy, being overpowered, near put to retreat, and by extreme weather put to this shore, where landing at Chesipiack, the people shot us, but at Kequoughtan they kindly used us; we by signs demanded fresh water, they described us up the river was all fresh water: at Paspahegh also they kindly used us: our pinnace being leaky, we were enforced to stay to mend her, till Captain Newport, my father, came to conduct us away.

He demanded why we went further with our boat. I told him, in that I would have occasion to talk of the back sea, that on the other side the main where was salt water. My father had a child slain which we supposed Monocan, his enemy [had done]; whose death we intended to revenge.

After good deliberation, he began to describe me the countries beyond the falls, with many of the rest; confirming what not only Opechancanoyes, and an Indian which had been prisoner to Pewhatan had before told me: but some one called it five days, some six, some eight, where the said water dashed amongst many stones and rocks, each storm; which caused oft times the head of the river to be brackish.

Anchanachuck he described to be the people that had slain my brother: whose death he would revenge. He described also upon the same sea, a mighty nation called Pocoughtronack, a fierce nation that did eat men, and warred with the people of Moyaoncer and Pataromerke, nations upon the top of the head of the Bay, under his territories: where the year before they had slain an hundred. He signified their crowns were shaven, long hair in the neck, tied on a knot, swords like pollaxes.

Beyond them, he described people with short coats, and sleeves to the elbows, that passed that way in ships like ours. Many kingdoms he described me, to the head of the bay, which seemed to be a mighty river issuing from mighty mountains betwixt the two seas: The people clothed at Ocamahowan, he also confirmed. And the southerly countries also, as the rest that reported us to be within a day and a half of Mangoge, two days of Chawwonock, six from Roonock, to the south part of the back sea. He described a country called Anone, where they have abundance of brass, and houses walled as ours.

I requited his discourse (seeing what pride he had in his great and spacious dominions, seeing that all he knew were under his territories) in describing to him the territories of Europe, which was subject to our great king whose subject I was, the innumerable multitude of his ships, I gave him to understand the noise of trumpets, and terrible manner of fighting [which] were under Captain Newport my father: whom I intituled the Meworames, which they call the king of all the waters. At his greatness he

admired : and not a little feared. He desired me to forsake Paspahegh, and to live with him upon his river, a country called Capa Howasicke. He promised to give me corn, venison, or what I wanted to feed us : Hatchets and copper we should make him, and none should disturb us.

REQUISITES OF COLONIAL MANAGEMENT.

[From "A Description of New England," etc. London, 1616.]

But it is not a work for every one, to manage such an affair as makes a discovery, and plants a colony. It requires all the best parts of art, judgment, courage, honesty, constancy, diligence, and industry, to do but near well. Some are more proper for one thing than another ; and therein are to be employed : and nothing breeds more confusion than misplacing and misemploying men in their undertakings. Columbus, Cortez, Pitzara, Soto, Magellanes, and the rest served more than aprenticeship to learn how to begin their most memorable attempts in the West Indies : which to the wonder of all ages successfully they effected, when many hundreds of others, far above them in the world's opinion, being instructed but by relation, came to shame and confusion in actions of small moment, who doubtless in other matters, were both wise, discreet, generous, and courageous. I say not this to detract anything from their imcomparable merits, — but to answer those

questionless questions that keep us back from imitating the worthiness of their brave spirits that advanced themselves from poor soldiers, to great captains, their posterity to great lords, their king to be one of the greatest potentates on earth, and the fruits of their labors, his greatest glory, power, and renown.

GLORIOUS PAINS *vs.* INGLORIOUS EASE.

[From the Same.]

Who can desire more content, that hath small means; or but only his merit to advance his fortune, than to tread, and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life? If he have but the taste of virtue, and magnanimity, what to such a mind can be more pleasant, than planting and building a foundation for his posterity, got from the rude earth, by God's blessing and his own industry, without prejudice to any? If he have any grain of faith or zeal in Religion, what can he do less hurtfull to any; or more agreeable to God, than to seek to convert those poor savages to know Christ, and humanity, whose labors with discretion will triple requite thy charge and pains? What so truly suits with honor and honesty, as the discovering things unknown? erecting towns, peopling countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching virtue; and gain to our native mother-country a kingdom to attend her; find employment for those that are idle, because they know not what to do: so far from wronging any, as to

cause posterity to remember thee ; and remembring thee, ever honor that remembrance with praise ? Consider : What were the beginnings and endings of the Monarchies of the Chaldeans, the Syrians, the Grecians, and Romans, but this one rule ; What was it they would not do, for the good of the commonwealth, or their Mother-city ? For example : Rome, What made her such a Monarchess, but only the adventures of her youth, not in riots at home ; but in dangers abroad ? and the justice and judgment out of their experience, when they grew aged. What was their ruin and hurt, but this ; The excess of idleness, the fondness of parents, the want of experience in magistrates, the admiration of their undeserved honors, the contempt of true merit, their unjust jealosies, their politic incredulities, their hypocritical seeming goodness, and their deeds of secret lewdness ? finally, in fine, growing only formal temporists, all that their predecessors got in many years, they lost in few days. Those by their pains and virtues became lords of the world ; they by their ease and vices became slaves to their servants. This is the difference betwixt the use of arms in the field, and on the monuments of stones ; the golden age and the leaden age, prosperity and misery, justice and corruption, substance and shadows, words and deeds, experience and imagination, making commonwealths and marring commonwealths, the fruits of virtue and the conclusions of vice.

Then, who would live at home idly (or think in himself any worth to live) only to eat, drink, and sleep, and so die ? Or by consuming that

carelessly, his friends got worthily? Or by using that miserably, that maintained virtue honestly? Or, for being descended nobly, pine with the vain vaunt of great kindred, in penury? Or (to maintain a silly show of bravery) toil out thy heart, soul, and time, basely, by shifts, tricks, cards, and dice? Or by relating news of others actions, shark here or there for a dinner, or supper; deceive thy friends, by fair promises, and dissimulation, in borrowing where thou never intendest to pay; offend the laws, surfeit with excess, burden thy country, abuse thyself, despair in want, and then cozen thy kindred, yea even thine own brother, and wish thy parents' death (I will not say damnation) to have their estates? though thou seest what honors, and rewards, the world yet hath for them will seek them and worthily deserve them.

I would be sorry to offend, or that any should mistake my honest meaning: for I wish good to all, hurt to none. But rich men for the most part are grown to that dotage, through their pride in their wealth, as though there were no accident could end it, or their life.

And what hellish care do such take to make it their own misery, and their country's spoil, especially when there is most need of their employment? drawing by all manner of inventions, from the Prince and his honest subjects, even the vital spirits of their powers and estates: as if their bags, or brags, were so powerful a defence, the malicious could not assault them: when they are the only bait, to cause us not to be only assaulted; but betrayed and murdered in our own security, ere we well perceive it.

COLONIAL OPPORTUNITIES.

[From the Same.]

And lest any should think the toil might be insupportable, though these things may be had by labor and diligence, I assure my self there are who delight extremely in vain pleasure, that take much more pains in England, to enjoy it, than I should do here to gain wealth sufficient: and yet I think they should not have half such sweet content: for, our pleasure here is still gains; in England charges and loss. Here nature and liberty affords us that freely, which in England we want, or it costeth us dearly. What pleasure can be more, than (being tired with any occasion a-shore in planting vines, fruits, or herbs, in contriving their own grounds, to the pleasure of their own minds, their fields, gardens, orchards, buildings, ships, and other works, &c.) to recreate themselves before their own doors, in their own boats upon the sea, where man, woman and child, with a small hook and line, by angling, may take diverse sorts of excellent fish, at their pleasures? And is it not pretty sport, to pull up two pence, six pence, and twelve pence, as fast as you can hale and vear a line? He is a very bad fisher, cannot kill in one day with his hook and line, one, two, or three hundred cods: which dressed and dried, if they be sold there for ten shillings the hundred, though in England they will give more than twenty; may not both the servant, the master, and merchant, be well content with this gain? If

a man work but three days in seven, he may get more then he can spend, unless he be excessive. Now that carpenter, mason, gardiner, tailor, smith, sailer, forgers, or what other, may they not make this a pretty recreation though they fish but an hour in a day, to take more than they eat in a week: or? if they will not eat it, because there is so much better choice; yet sell it, or change it, with the fishermen, or merchants, for any thing they want. And what sport doth yield a more pleasing content, and less hurt or charge than angling with a hook, and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams of a calm sea? Wherein the most curious may find pleasure, profit, and content.

Thus, though all men be not fishers: yet all men whatsoever, may in other matters do as well. For necessity doth in these cases so rule a commonwealth, and each in their several functions, as their labors in their qualities may be as profitable, because there is a necessary mutual use of all.

For gentlemen, what exercise should more delight them, than ranging daily those unknown parts, using fowling and fishing, for hunting and hawking? and yet you shall see the wild hawks give you some pleasure, in seeing them stoop (six or seven after one another) an hour or two together at the schools of fish in the fair harbors, as those ashore at a fowl: and never trouble nor torment yourselves, with watching, mewing, feeding, and attending them: nor kill horse and man with running and crying. See you not a hawk? For hunting also: the woods, lakes, and rivers afford not only chase sufficient, for any that delights in that kind of toil, or pleasure: but such

beasts to hunt, that besides the delicacy of their bodies for food, their skins are so rich, as may well recompense thy daily labor, with a captain's pay.

For laborers, if those that sow hemp, rape, turnips, parsnips, carrots, cabbage, and such like: give 20, 30, 40, 50, shillings yearly for an acre of ground, and meat, drink, and wages to use it, and yet grow rich: when better or at least as good ground, may be had, and cost nothing but labor: it seems strange to me, any such should there grow poor.

My purpose is not to persuade children from their parents: men from their wives: nor servants from their masters: only, such as with free consent may be spared: but that each parish, or village, in city or country, that will but apparel their fatherless children of thirteen or fourteen years of age, or young married people, that have small wealth to live on: here by their labor may live exceeding well: provided always that first there be a sufficient power to command them, houses to receive them, means to defend them, and meet provisions for them: for any place may be overlain: and it is most necessary to have a fortress (ere this grow to practice) and sufficient masters (as, carpenters, masons, fishers, fowlers, gardeners, husbandmen, sawers, smiths, spinsters, tailors, weavers, and such like) to take ten, twelve, or twenty, or as there is occasion, for apprentice. The masters by this may quickly grow rich: these may learn their trades themselves, to do the like: to a general and an incredible benefit for king, and country, masters, and servant.

THE POCAHONTAS INCIDENT — THE LATER VERSION OF POWHATAN'S TREATMENT OF SMITH.

[From the "General History of Virginia," etc. (1624), Lib. III.]

Opitchapam the King's brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, fowl, and wild beasts, as did environ him, he bid him welcome; but not any of them would eat a bit with him, but put up all the remainder in baskets.

At his returne to Opechancanough's all the King's women and their children, flocked about him for their parts, as a due by custom, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hideous dreams did oft see wondrous shapes
Of bodies strange and huge in growth, and of stupendous makes

At last they brought him to Werowocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more then two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of raccoon skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads be-

decked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel to dry them. Having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save his from death: whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do any thing so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant show,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in fear and dread:
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two days after, Powhatan having disguised himself in the most fearfulest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be

left alone. Not long after from behind a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefulest noise he ever heard : then Powhatan more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more as black as himself, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should go to Jamestown, to send him two great guns, and a grindstone, for which he would give him the County of Capahowosick, and for ever esteem him as his son Nantaquoud.

So to Jamestown with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other for all their feasting. But almighty God by his divine providence, had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the fort, where Smith having used the savages with what kindness he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverins and a millstone to carry Powhatan : they found them somewhat too heavy ; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with icicles, the ice and branches came so tumbling down, that the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some confidence with them, and gave them such toys : and sent to Powhatan his women, and children such presents, as gave them in general full content.

THE CAPTURE OF POCAHONTAS.

[From the Same, Lib. IV.]

But to conclude our peace, thus it happened. Captain Argall having entered into a great acquaintance with Japazaws, an old friend of Captain Smith's, and so to all our nation, ever since he discovered the Country: hard by him there was Pocahontas, whom Captain Smith's Relations intituleth the Numparell of Virginia, and though she had been many times a preserver of him and the whole colony, yet till this accident she was never seen at Jamestown since his departure.

Being at Patawomeke, as it seems, thinking her self unknown, was easily by her friend Japazaws persuaded to go abroad with him and his wife to see the ship, for Captaine Argall had promised him a copper kettle to bring her but to him, promising no way to hurt her, but keep her till they could conclude a peace with her father. The savage for this copper kettle would have done any thing, it seemed by the Relation.

For though she had seen and been in many ships, yet he caused his wife to fain how desirous she was to see one, and that he offered to beat her for her importunity, till she wept. But at last he told her, if Pocahontas would go with her, he was content: and thus they betrayed the poor innocent Pocahontas aboard, where they were all kindly feasted in the cabin. Japazaws treading oft on the Captain's foot, to remember he had done his part, the Captain

when he saw his time, persuaded Pocahontas to the gun-room, faining to have some conference with Japazaws, which was only that she should not perceive he was any way guilty of her captivity: so sending for her again, he told her before her friends, she must go with him, and compound peace betwixt her country and us, before she ever should see Powhatan, whereat the old Jew and his wife began to howl and cry as fast as Pocahontas, that upon the Captain's fair persuasions, by degrees pacifying her self, and Japazaws and his wife, with the kettle and other toys, went merrily on shore, and she to Jamestown.

A messenger forthwith was sent to her father, that his daughter Pocahontas he loved so dearly, he must ransom with our men, swords, pieces, tools, &c., he treacherously had stolen.

This unwelcome news much troubled Powhatan, because he loved both his daughter and our commodities well, yet it was three months after ere he returned us any answer: then by the persuasion of the Council, he returned seven of our men, with each of them an unserviceable musket, and sent us word, that when we would deliver his daughter, he would make us satisfaction for all injuries done us, and give us five hundred bushels of corn, and forever be friends with us.

That he sent, we received in part of payment, and returned him this answer: — That his daughter should be well used, but we could not believe the rest of our arms were either lost or stolen from him, and therefore till he sent them, we would keep his daughter.

This answer, it seemed, much displeased him, for we heard no more from him a long time after, when with Captain Argall's ship and some other vessels belonging to the Colony, Sir Thomas Dale, with a hundred and fifty men well appointed, went up into his own River, to his chief habitation, with his daughter.

With many scornful bravados they affronted us, proudly demanding why we came thither; our reply was, we had brought his daughter, and to receive the ransom for her that was promised, or to have it perforce.

They nothing dismayed thereat, told us, We were welcome if we came to fight, for they were provided for us, but advised us, if we loved our lives to retire; else they would use us as they had done Captain Ratcliffe. We told them, we would presently have a better answer; but we were no sooner within shot of the shore than they let fly their Arrows among us in the ship.

Being thus justly provoked, we presently manned our boats, went on shore, burned all their houses, and spoiled all they had we could find; and so the next day proceeded higher up the river, where they demanded why we burnt their houses, and we, why they shot at us: They replied it was some straggling savage, with many other excuses; they intended no hurt, but were our friends. We told them, we came not to hurt them, but visit them as friends also.

Upon this we concluded a peace, and forthwith they dispatched messengers to Powhatan, whose answer, they told us, wee must expect four and twenty hours ere the messengers could return: . . .

Then they told us, our men were run away for fear we would hang them, yet Powhatan's men were run after them : as for our swords and pieces, they should be brought us the next day, which was only but to delay time : for the next day they came not.

Then we went higher, to a house of Powhatan's, called Machot, where we saw about four hundred men well appointed : here they dared us to come on shore which we did : no show of fear they made at all, nor offered to resist our landing, but walking boldly up and down amongst us, demanded to confer with our captain, of his coming in that manner, and to have truce till they could but once more send to their king to know his pleasure, which if it were not agreeable to their expectations, then they would fight with us, and defend their own as they could. Which was but only to defer the time, to carry away their provisions : yet we promised them truce till the next day at noon, and then if they would fight with us, they should know when we would begin by our drums and trumpets.

Upon this promise two of Powhatan's sons came unto us to see their sister, at whose sight, seeing her well, though they heard to the contrary, they much rejoiced, promising they would persuade her father to redeem her, and forever be friends with us. And upon this the two brethren went aboard with us, and we sent Master John Rolfe and Master Sparkes to Powhatan, to acquaint him with the business; kindly they were entertained, but not admitted the presence of Powhatan, but they spoke with Opechancanough, his brother and successor ;

he promised to do the best he could to Powhatan, all might be well.

So it being April and time to prepare our ground and set our corn, we returned to Jamestown, promising the forbearance of their performing their promise, till the next harvest.

Long before this, Master John Rolfe, an honest gentleman, and of good behaviour, had been in love with Pocahontas, and she with him, which thing at that instant I made known to Sir Thomas Dale by a letter from him, wherein he entreated his advice, and she acquainted her brother with it, which resolution Sir Thomas Dale well approved. The bruit of this mariage came soon to the knowledge of Powhatan, a thing acceptable to him, as appeared by his sudden consent, for within ten days he sent Opachisco, an old uncle of hers, and two of his sons, to see the manner of the mariage, and to do in that behalf what they requested, for the confirmation thereof, as his deputy; which was accordingly done about the first of April. And ever since we have had friendly trade and commerce, as well with Powhatan himself, as all his subjects.

THE FATE OF POCAHONTAS.

[From the Same, Lib. IV.]

During this time the Lady Rebecca, alias Pocahontas, daughter to Powhatan, by the diligent care of Master John Rolfe her husband and his friends, was

taught to speak such English as might well be understood, well instructed in Christianity, and was become very formal and civil after our English manner; she had also by him a child which she loved most dearly and the Treasurer and Company took order both for the maintenance of her and it, besides there were divers persons of great rank and quality had been very kind to her; and before she arrived at London, Captain Smith to deserve her former courtesies, made her qualities known to the Queen's most excellent Majesty and her Court, and writ a little book to this effect to the Queen. . . .

Being about this time preparing to set sail for New England, I could not stay to do her that service I desired, and she well deserved; but hearing she was at Bradford with divers of my friends, I went to see her, after a modest salutation, without any word, she turned about, obscured her face, as not seeming well content; and in that humor her husband, with diverse others, we all left her two or three hours, repenting myself to have writ she could speak English, but not long after she began to talk and remembered me well what courtesies she had done: saying,

You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you: you called him father being in this land a stranger, and by the same reason so must I do you; which though I would have excused, I durst not allow of that title, because she was a king's daughter with a well set countenance she said,

Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and caused fear in him and all his people (but me) and fear you here I should call you father: I

tell you then I will, and you shall call me child, and so I will be for ever and ever your countryman. They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth: yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakkin to seek you, and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much.

This savage, one of Powhatan's council, being amongst them held an understanding fellow; the king purposely sent him, as they say, to number the people here, and inform him well what we were and our state. Arriving at Plymouth, according to his directions, he got a long stick, whereon by notches he did think to have kept the number of all the men he could see, but he was quickly weary of that task.

Coming to London, where by chance I met him, having renewed our acquaintance, where many were desirous to hear and see his behavior, he told me

Powhatan did bid him to find me out, to show him our God, the King, Queen, and Prince, I so much had told them of.

Concerning God, I told him the best I could, the King I heard he had seen, and the rest he should see when he would: he denied ever to have seen the King, till by circumstances he was satisfied he had: then he replied very sadly,

You gave Powhatan a white dog, which Powhatan fed as himself: but your King gave me nothing, and I am better than your white dog.

The small time I stayed in London, divers courtiers and others, my acquaintances, hath gone with me to see her, that generally concluded, they did think God had a great hand in her conversion, and they have seen many English ladies worse favored, proportioned,

and behaviored ; and as since I have heard, it pleased both the King and Queen's majesty honorably to esteem her, accompanied with that honorable lady the Lady De la Ware, and that honorable lord her husband, and divers other persons of good qualities, both publicly at the masks and otherwise, to her great satisfaction and content, which doubtless she would have deserved, had she lived to arrive in Virginia.

COLONEL NORWOOD.

Of the author of "A Voyage to Virginia" very little is known save that, as his narrative tells us, he was a kinsman to that picturesque Governor of Colonial Virginia, Sir William Berkeley. His voyage was made in 1649, and the adventures that he describes were doubtless common to many of his fellow gentlemen adventurers. The work is peculiarly interesting to us for its style. The narratives of his predecessors had their intrinsic interest, but they told their stories in cumbrous phraseology. Here the narrative is relatively straightforward and clear, though it is evident that Cowley and Dryden had still their task before them to make English prose a worthy means of artistic literary expression. The Colonel has considerable power of conveying the thrill of adventure. There is a pathos, too, in his story of the kindness that he met with from the poor Indian fisherman, and perhaps there is a touch of humor in that story (not given here) of the Portuguese lady who blushed with happiness at the rough ship's company's praise of her little son, whose features, full of sweetness, reminded them, they said, of their exiled king, Charles II. For a few other facts about Henry Norwood see Neill's *Virginia Carolorum*.

INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

[From "A Voyage to Virginia." — Printed in Force's Tracts. Vol. III.]

Our kind entertainment in the house of this poor fisherman, had so many circumstances of hearty compassion and tenderness in every part of it, that as it ought to be a perpetual motive to engage all of us who enjoyed the benefit of it, to a daily acknowledgement of the Almighty's goodness for conducting us in this manner by his immediate hand, out of our afflictions, so may it ever be looked upon as a just reproach to Christians, who, on all our sea-coasts, are so far from affording succour to those who, by shipwreck and misfortunes of the sea, do fall into their power, that they treat with all inhuman savage barbarity, those unhappy souls whom God hath thus afflicted, seizing on their goods as their proper perquisites, which the waves of the sea (by divine providence) would cast upon the shore for the true proprietors; and many times dispatching them out of the world to silence complaints, and to prevent all after-reckonings. And the better to intitle themselves to what they get in this way of rapine, they wickedly call such devilish acquests by the sacred name of God's good, prophaning and blaspheming at the same time that holy name, as they violate all the laws of hospitality and human society. Whereas, on the contrary, our charitable host, influenced only by natural law, without the least shew of coveting any thing we had, or prospect of requital in the

future, did not only treat in this manner our persons, but did also, with as much honesty, secure for us our small stores of guns, powder, &c., as if he had read and understood the duty of the gospel, or had given his only child as a hostage to secure his dealing justly with us; so that I can never sufficiently applaud the humanity of this Indian, nor express the high contentment that I enjoyed in this poor man's cottage, which was made of nothing but mat and reeds, and bark of trees fixed to poles. It had a loveliness and symmetry in the air of it, so pleasing to the eye, and refreshing to the mind, that neither the splendor of the Escurial nor the glorious appearance of Versailles were able to stand in competition with it. We had a boiled swan for supper, which gave plentiful repasts to all our upper mess.

Our bodies thus refreshed with meat and sleep, comforted with fires, and secured from all the changes and inclemencies of that sharp piercing cold season, we thought the morning (tho' clad in sunshine) did come too fast upon us. Breakfast was liberally provided and set before us, our arms faithfully delivered up to my order for carriage; and thus in readiness to set forward, we put ourselves in a posture to proceed to the place where the king resided. The woman left behind at the island, had been well looked to, and was now brought off to the care of her comrade that came with us; neither of them in a condition to take a journey, but they were carefully attended and nourished in this poor man's house, till such time as boats came to fetch them to Virginia, where they did soon arrive in perfect health, and lived (one or both of them) to be well married, and

to bear children, and to subsist in as plentiful a condition as they could wish.

In beginning our journey thro' the woods, we had not advanced half a mile till we heard a great noise of men's voices, directed to meet and stop our further passage. These were several Indians sent by the king to order us back to our quarters. Major Stephens (not cured of his jealous humour by the experience of what he felt the night before) took this alarm in a very bad sense, and as much different from the rest of the company as in his former fit. He was again deluded with a strong fancy, that these violent motions in the Indians who approached us, were the effect of some sudden change in their counsels to our detriment, and that nothing less than our perdition could be the consequence thereof, which he feared would immediately be put in practice by the clamorous men that made such haste to meet us, and (as he would apprehend) to kill and destroy us.

This passion of Major Stephens, cast in the same mould with that other he discovered in the island, had not (as we all thought and told him) whereon to raise the least foundation of terror to affright a child; for besides the earnest we had received of their good intentions the night before, these men who came so fast upon us, were all unarmed; nor was it likely, that king would now possibly imbrew his hands in our blood, and provoke he knew not how powerful a nation to destroy him, after such kind caresses, and voluntary expressions of a temper very contrary to such cruelty. In fine, we saw no cause in all the carriage of the Indians on which I could ground any fear, and therefore I longed with all

impatience to see this king, and to enjoy the plenty of his table, as we quickly did.

When these Indians came up to us, this doubt was soon cleared. The good-natured king being informed of our bodily weakness, and inability to walk thro' the woods to his house on foot (which might be about four miles distant from our setting out) had a real tenderness for us, and sent canoes to carry us to the place nearest his house, by the favour of another branch of the same creek; and to the end we might take no vain steps (as we were going to do) and exhaust our strength to no purpose, these Indians made this noise to stop us.

We entered the canoes that were manned, and lay ready to receive us. We had a pleasant passage in the shallow water, eat oysters all the way: for altho' the breakfast we had newly made, might well excuse a longer abstinence than we were like to be put to, our arrear to our stomachs was so great, that all we swallowed was soon concocted, and our appetite still fresh and craving more.

Having passed this new course for some three English miles in another branch of the creek, our landing place was contrived to be near the house of the queen then in waiting. She was a very plain lady to see to, not young, nor yet ill-favoured. Her complexion was of a sad white: but the measures of beauty in those parts where they are exposed to the scorching sun from their infancy, are not taken from red and white, but from colours that will better lie upon their tawny skins, as hereafter will be seen.

The beauty of this queen's mind (which is more permanent than that of color) was conspicuous in

her charity and generosity to us poor starved weather-beaten creatures, who were the object of it. A mat was spread without the house, upon the ground, furnished with pone, hominy, oysters, and other things. The queen made us sit down and eat, with gestures that shewed more of courtesy than majesty, but did speak as hearty welcome as could in silence be expected: and these were the graces that, in our opinion, transcended all other beauties in the world, and did abundantly supply all defects of outward appearance in the person and garb of the queen. The southerly wind made the season tolerable; but that lasted but little, the north-west gale coming violently on us again.

When this collation of the queen was at an end, we took leave of her majesty with all the shews of gratitude that silence knew how to utter. We were now within half an hour's walk of the king's mansion, which we soon discovered by the smoke, and saw it was made of the same stuff with the other houses from which we had newly parted, namely, of mat and reed. Locust posts sunk in the ground at corners and partitions, was the strength of the whole fabric. The roof was tied fast to the body with a sort of strong rushes that grow there, which supplied the place of nails and pins, mortises and tenants.

The breadth of this palace was about eighteen or twenty foot, the length about twenty yards. The only furniture was several platforms for lodging, each about two yards long and more, placed on both sides of the house, distant from each other about five foot; the space in the middle was the chimney, which had a hole in the roof over it, to receive as much of

the smoke as would naturally repair to it; the rest we shared amongst us, which was the greatest part; and the sitters divided to each side, as our soldiers do in their *corps de guarde*.

Fourteen great fires, thus situated, were burning all at once. The king's apartment had a distinction from the rest; it was twice as long, and the bank he sat on was adorned with deer skins finely dressed, and the best furs of otter and beaver that the country did produce.

The fire assigned to us was suitable to our number, to which we were conducted, without intermixture of any Indian but such as came to do us offices of friendship. There we were permitted to take our rest until the king pleased to enter into communication with us. Previous to which he sent his daughter, a well-favored young girl of about ten or twelve years old, with a great wooden bowl full of hominy (which is the corn of that country, beat and boiled to mash). She did in a most obliging manner give me the first taste of it, which I would have handed to my next neighbor after I had eaten, but the young princess interposed her hand, and taking the bowl out of mine, delivered it to the same party I aimed to give it, and so to all the rest in order. Instead of a spoon there was a well-shaped muscle-shell that accompanied the bowl.

The linen of that country grows ready made on the branches of oak trees (or pine); the English call it moss. It is like the threads of unwhited cotton-yarn ravelled, and hangs in parcels on the lower boughs, divine providence having so ordered it for the conveniency and sustenance of the deer, which is

all the food they can get in times of snow. It is very soft, sweet and cleanly, and fit for the purpose of wiping clean the hands, and doing the duty of napkins.

About three hours after this meal was ended, the king sent to have me come to him. He called me *Ny a Mutt* which is to say, My brother, and compelled me to sit down on the same bank with himself, which I had reason to look upon as a mighty favor. After I had sat there about half an hour, and taken notice of many earnest discourses and repartees betwixt the king and his *crotemen* (so the Indians call the king's council) I could plainly discover, that the debate they held was concerning our adventure and coming there. To make it more clear, the king addressed himself to me with many gestures of his body, his arms displayed in various postures, to explain what he had in his mind to utter for my better understanding. By all which motions I was not edified in the least, nor could imagine what return to make by voice or sign, to satisfy the king's demands in any thing that related to the present straights of our condition. In fine, I admired their patient sufferance of my dulness to comprehend what they meant, and shewed myself to be troubled at it; which being perceived by the king, he turned all into mirth and jollity, and never left till he made me laugh with him, tho' I knew not why.

I took that occasion to present the king with a sword and long shoulder-belt, which he received very kindly; and to witness his gracious acceptance, he threw off his *Mach coat* (or upper covering of skin), stood upright on his bank, and, with

my aid, did accoutre his naked body with his new harness, which had no other apparel to adorn it, besides a few skins about his loins to cover his nakedness. In this dress he seemed to be much delighted; but to me he appeared a figure of such extraordinary shape, with sword and belt to set it off, that he needed now no other art to stir me up to laughter and mirth, than the sight of his own proper person.

Having made this short acquaintance with the king, I took leave, and returned to my comrades. In passing the spaces betwixt fire and fire, one space amongst the rest was blinded with a traverse of mat; and by the noise I heard from thence, like the beating of hemp, I took it to be some kind of elaboratory. To satisfy a curiosity I had to be more particularly informed, I edged close to the mat; and, by standing on tiptoe for a full discovery, I saw a sight that gave me no small trouble. The same specifical queen (whose courtesy for our kind usage the other day, can never be enough applauded) was now employed in the hard servile labour of beating corn for the king's dinner, which raised the noise that made me thus inquisitive. I wished myself in her place for her ease: but the queens of that country do esteem it a privilege to serve their husbands in all kinds of cookery, which they would be as loth to lose, as any Christian queen would be to take it from them.

Several Indians of the first rank followed me to our quarters, and used their best endeavors to sift something from us that might give them light into knowing what we were. They sought many ways

to make their thoughts intelligible to us, but still we parted without knowing what to fix upon, or how to steer our course in advance of our way to Virginia.

AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

[From the Same.]

To the young princess, that had so signally obliged me, I presented a piece of two-penny scarlet ribbon, and a French tweezer, that I had in my pocket, which made her skip for joy, and to shew how little she fancied our way of carrying them concealed, she retired apart for some time, and taking out every individual piece of which it was furnished, she tied a snip of ribbon to each, and so came back with scissors, knives and bodkins hanging at her ears, neck and hair. The case itself was not excused, but bore a part in this new dress: and to the end we might not part without leaving deep impressions of her beauty in our minds, she had prepared on her forefingers, a lick of paint on each, the colors (to my best remembrance) green and yellow, which at one motion she discharged on her face, beginning upon her temples, and continuing it in an oval line downwards as far as it would hold out. I could have wished this young princess would have contented herself with what nature had done for her, without this addition of paint (which, I thought, made her more fulsome than handsome); but I had reason to imagine the royal family were only to use

this ornament exclusive of all others, for that I saw none other of her sex so set off; and this conceit made it turn again, and appear lovely, as all things should do that are honored with the royal stamp.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

William Bradford was born at Austerfield in Yorkshire in March of 1588, and died at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the 9th of May, 1657. Born a yeoman freeholder of Yorkshire, of native seriousness and inclined to religion, he joined the Puritans at eighteen, and at twenty emigrated to Holland, where he was prominent in urging the emigration of his co-religionists to some English colony. With a hundred like-minded men, the future Pilgrim Fathers, he embarked at Southampton for Virginia, in September of 1620, and on the death of Governor Carver, a few months after the landing at Plymouth, was chosen governor of the Colony, a post which he held, with brief intermissions, till his death. In his writings he tells the story of the planting of Plymouth, to which his diplomacy, energy, and firmness contributed essentially. The account of the events of the first year, known through a mistake as "Mourt's Relation," to which his fellow-Pilgrim, Edward Winslow, also contributed, was alone published during his lifetime (1622). Much more important is his History of Plymouth Plantation from 1620 to 1647, a manuscript of 270 pages that, for many years before the Revolutionary War, was preserved in the Old South Church, Boston. During that troubled time it disappeared and was lost to scholars until the use

of it, made in Samuel Wilberforce's History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America revealed its presence at Fulham Palace, London, to the American antiquarian Samuel Drake. The clew thus obtained was followed up, the manuscript proved indeed to be Bradford's own, the Bishop of London gave permission to copy and print, and in 1856 the long-standing gap in our early literature was filled under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Forty-two years later the manuscript itself was transferred to America by the courtesy of the Bishop of London and is now in the State House at Boston. A new edition and a zincograph facsimile was issued by the State to commemorate this event. Bradford's other writings are contained, for the greater part, in Alexander Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers (1841–1846). Like the man, his chief work is characterized by dignity, sobriety, benignity, and piety. Bradford was a statesman and a scholar, a man of some literary ability and of historical acumen, but above all he was a man of balanced mind, of that type of which Washington and Alfred the Great are the noblest exemplars. He was well qualified to guide the infant Colony in laying its sure foundations, well qualified too to write of the task at which he labored. He was a conscientious historian, using in the main a straightforward, simple style; yet not infrequently the spiritual emotion, never long absent from a true Puritan, overmasters him and informs his pages with pathos and dignity.

DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS (1620).

[From the History "Of Plymouth Plantation," Book I.]

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Of their departure from Leyden, and other things there about, with their arrival at Southampton, where they all met together, and took in their provisions.

At length, after much travail and these debates, all things were got ready and provided. A small ship[1] was bought and fitted in Holland which was intended as to serve to help to transport them, so to stay in the country, and attend upon fishing and such other affairs as might be for the good and benefit of the colony when they came there. Another was hired at London, of burden about 9. score; and all other things got in readiness. So being ready to depart, they had a day of solemn humiliation, their pastor taking his text from Ezra 8. 21. *And there at the river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast that we might humble ourselves before our God, and seek of him a right way for us, and for our children, and for all our substance.* Upon which he spent a good part of the day very profitably, and suitable to their present occasion. The rest of the time was spent in pouring out prayers to the Lord with great fervency mixed with abundance of tears. And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of the city, unto a town

[1] Of some sixty tons.

sundry miles off called Delfes Haven, where the ships lay ready to receive them. So they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting place, near 12 years; but they knew they were pilgrims[1] and looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits. When they came to the place they found the ship and all things ready. And such of their friends as could not come with them followed after them, and sundry also came from Amsterdam to see them shipped and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day the wind being fair they went aboard, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; To see what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound amongst them, what tears did rush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears. Yet comfortable and sweet it was to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfained love. But the tide (which stays for no man) calling them away that were thus loath to depart, their reverend pastor falling down on his knees (and they all with him,) with watery cheeks commended them with most fervent prayers to the Lord and his blessing And then with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leaves one of another; which proved to be the last leave to many of them.

[1] Heb. 11.

Thus hoisting sail,[1] with a prosperous wind they came in short time to Southampton, where they found the bigger ship come from London, lying ready with all the rest of their company. After a joyful welcome, and mutual congratulations, with other friendly entertainments, they fell to parley about their business, how to dispatch with the best expedition; as also with their agents, about the alteration of the conditions. Mr. Carver pleaded he was employed here at Hampton and knew not well what the other had done at London. Mr. Cushman answered, he had done nothing but what he was urged to partly by the grounds of equity and more especially by necessity, otherwise all had been dashed and many undone. And in the beginning he acquainted his fellow agents herewith, who consented unto him, and left it to him to execute, and to receive the money at London, and send it down to them at Hampton, where they made the provisions; the which he accordingly did, though it was against his mind, and some of the merchants, that they were there made. And for giving them notice at Leyden of this change, he could not well in regard of the shortness of the time; again, he knew it would trouble them and hinder the business, which was already delayed overlong in regard of the season of the year, which he feared they would find to their cost. But these things gave not content at present. Mr. Weston, likewise, came up from London to see them dispatched and to have the conditions confirmed; but they refused, and answered him, that he knew right well that these were not according to the

[1] This was about 22 of July.

first agreement, neither could they yield to them without the consent of the rest that were behind and indeed they had special charge when they came away, from the chief of those that were behind, not to do it. At which he was much offended, and told them, they must then look to stand on their own legs. So he returned in displeasure, and this was the first ground of discontent between them. And whereas there wanted well near £100 to clear things at their going away, he would not take order to disburse a penny, but let them shift as they could. So they were forced to sell off some of their provisions to stop this gap which was some 3. or 4. score firkins of butter, which commodity they might best spare, having provided too large a quantity of that kind.

THE COMPACT.

[From the Same, Book II.]

THE 2 BOOKE.

The rest of this History (if God gives me life, and opportunity) I shall, for brevity's sake, handle by way of *Annals*, noting only the heads of principal things, and passages as they fell in order of time, and may seem to be profitable to know, or to make use of. And this may be as the second Book.

The Remainder of Anno: 1620.

I shall a little return back and begin with a combination made by them before they came ashore, being the first foundation of their government in this place;

occasioned partly by the discontented mutinous and speeches that some of the strangers amongst them had let fall from them in the ship — That when they came ashore they would use their own liberty; for none had power to command them, the patent they had being for Virginia, and not for New England, which belonged to another Government, with which the Virginia Company had nothing to do. And partly that such an act by them done (this their condition considered) might be as firm as any patent, and in some respects more sure.

The form was as followeth.[1]

In ye name of God, Amen. We whose names are vnderwriten, the loyall subjects of our dread soueraigne Lord, King James, by ye grace of God, of great Britaine, Franc, & Ireland king, defender of ye faith, &c.

Haueing vndertaken, for ye glorie of God, and advancemente of ye christian faith and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant ye first colonie in ye Northene parts of Virginia. Doe by these presents solemnly & mutualy in ye presence of God, and one of another, couenant, & combine our selues togeather into a Ciuill body politick, for our better ordering, & preseruation & furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by Vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame, such just & equall lawes, ordinances, Acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & conuenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, vnto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnes whereof we haue herevnder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd y^e^. 11.

[1] In the original orthography.

of Nouember, in ye year of ye raigne of our souer-aigne Lord, King Iames, of England, France, & Ireland ye eighteenth, and of Scotland ye fiftie fourth. An^o^: Dom. 1620.

EARLY DIFFICULTIES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS (1620).

[From the Same, Book II.]

In these hard and difficult beginnings they found some discontents and murmurings arise amongst some, and mutinous speeches and carriages in other; but they were soon quelled, and overcome, by the wisdom, patience, and just and equal carriage of things, by the Governor and better part which clave faithfully together in the main. But that which was most sad, and lamentable, was, that in two or three months' time half of their company died, especially in January and February, being the depth of winter, and wanting houses and other comforts; being infected with scurvy and other diseases, which this long voyage and their inaccommodate condition had brought upon them; so as there died sometimes two or three of a day, in the foresaid time; that of one hundred and odd persons scarce fifty remained: and of these in the time of most distress there was but six or seven sound persons; who to their great commendations, be it spoken, spared no pains, night nor day, but with abandance of toil and hazard of their own health, fetched them wood, made them fires, drest them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, clothed and unclothed them; in a word did all the homely, and necessary offices for them, which dainty and queasy stomachs cannot endure to hear named and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, showing herein their true love

unto their friends and brethren ; a rare example and worthy to be remembered. Two of these seven were Mr. William Brewster their reverend Elder, and Myles Standish their Captain and military commander (unto whom myself, and many others were much beholden in our low, and sick condition) and yet the Lord so upheld these persons, as in this general calamity they were not at all infected either with sickness, or lameness. And what I have said of these, I may say of many others who died in this general visitation and others yet living ; that whilst they had health, yea or any strength continuing they were not wanting to any that had need of them ; and I doubt not but their recompense is with the Lord.

But I may not here pass by another remarkable passage not to be forgotten. As this calamity fell among the passengers that were to be left here to plant, and were hasted ashore and made to drink water, that the seamen might have the more beer, and one[1] in his sickness desiring but a small can of beer, it was answered, that if he were their own father he should have none ; the disease began to fall amongst them also, so as almost half of their company died before they went away, and many of their officers and lustiest men, as the boatswain, gunner, three quartermasters, the cook, and others. At which the master was something struck and sent to the sick ashore and told the Governor he should send for beer for them that had need of it, though he drunk water homeward bound. But now amongst his company there was far another kind of carriage in this misery than amongst the passengers ; for they that

[1] Which was this author himself.

before had been boon companions in drinking and jollity in the time of their health and welfare, began now to desert one another in this calamity, saying they would not hazard their lives for them, they should be infected by coming to help them in their cabins, and so, after they came to die by it, would do little or nothing for them, but if they died let them die. But such of the passengers as were yet aboard showed them what mercy they could, which made some of their hearts relent, as the boatswain (and some others), who was a proud young man, and would often curse and scoff at the passengers: but when he grew weak, they had compassion on him and helped him; then he confessed he did not deserve it at their hands, he had abused them in word and deed. O! saith he, you, I now see, show your love like Christians indeed one to another, but we let one another lie and die like dogs. Another lay cursing his wife, saying if it had not been for her he had never come this unlucky voyage, and anon cursing his fellows, saying he had done this and that, for some of them, he had spent so much, and so much, amongst them, and they were now weary of him, and did not help him, having need. Another gave his companion all he had, if he died, to help him in his weakness: he went and got a little spice and made him a mess of meat once or twice, and because he died not so soon as he expected, he went amongst his fellows, and swore the rogue would cozen him, he would see him choked before he made him any more meat: and yet the poor fellow died before morning.

All this while the Indians came skulking about them, and would sometimes show themselves aloof of, but

when any approached near them, they would run away ; and once they stole away their tools where they had been at work and were gone to dinner. But about the 16 of March a certain Indian came boldly amongst them, and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand, but marvelled at it. At length they understood by discourse with him, that he was not of these parts, but belonged to the eastern parts where some English ships came to fish, with whom he was acquainted, and could name sundry of them by their names, amongst whom he had got his language. He became profitable to them in acquainting them with many things concerning the state of the country in the East-parts where he lived, which was afterwards profitable unto them ; as also of the people here, of their names, number and strength, of their situation and distance from this place, and who was chief amongst them. His name was Samasett ; he told them also of another Indian whose name was Squanto, a native of this place, who had been in England and could speak better English than himself. Being after some time of entertainment, and gifts dismissed, a while after he came again, and five more with him, and they brought again all the tools that were stolen away before, and made way for the coming of their great Sachem, called Massasoyt. Who about four or five days came with the chief of his friends, and other attendance with the aforesaid Squanto. With whom after friendly entertainment, and some gifts given him, they made a peace with him (which hath now continued this twenty-four years).

CHRISTMAS SPORTS (1622).

[From the Same, Book II.]

On the day called Christmas-day, the Governor called them out to work, (as was used) but the most of this new company excused themselves, and said it went against their consciences to work on that day. So the Governor told them that if they made it matter of conscience, he would spare them, till they were better informed; so he led away the rest and left them; but when they came home at noon, from their work, he found them in the street at play openly; some pitching the bar, and some at stool-ball, and such like sports. So he went to them, and took away their implements, and told them, that was against his conscience, that they should play, and others work; if they made the keeping of it matter of devotion, let them keep their houses, but there should be no gaming, or revelling in the streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly. . . .

THE COMMUNAL SYSTEM ABANDONED (1623).

[From the Same, Book II.]

So they began to think how they might raise as much corn as they could, and obtain a better crop than they had done; that they might not still thus 'anguish in misery. At length, after much debate

of things, the Governor (with the advice of the chiefest amongst them) gave way that they should set corn every man for his own particular, and in that regard trust to themselves; in all other things to go on in the general way as before. And so assigned to every family a parcel of land, according to the proportion of their number, for that end, only for present use (but made no division for inheritance), and ranged all boys, and youth under some family. This had very good success; for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corn was planted, than otherwise would have been; by any means the Governor or any other could use, and saved him a great deal of trouble, and gave far better content. The women now went willingly into the field, and took their little ones with them to set corn; which before would allege weakness and inability; whom to have compelled would have been thought great tyranny, and oppression.

The experience that was had in this common course, and condition, tried sundry years, and that amongst godly, and sober men; may well evince, the vanity of that conceit of Plato's, and other ancients, applauded by some of later times. That the taking away of property, and bringing in community into a commonwealth; would make them happy and flourishing; as if they were wiser than God; for this community, (so far as it was) was found to breed much confusion, and discontent, and retard much employment, that would have been to their benefit, and comfort. For the young men that were most able and fit for labor, and service, did repine that they should spend their time and strength to work

for other men's wives, and children, without any recompense. The strong, or man of parts, had no more in division of victuals, and clothes, than he that was weak, and not able to do a quarter the other could, this was thought injustice. The aged and graver men to be ranked, and equalised, in labors, and victuals, clothes, &c., with the meaner, and younger sort, thought it some indignity, and disrespect unto them. And for men's wives to be commanded, to do service for other men, as dressing their meat, washing their clothes, &c., they deemed it a kind of slavery, neither could many husbands well brook it. Upon the point all being to have alike, and all to do alike, they thought themselves in the like condition, and one as good as another; and so if it did not cut off those relations, that God hath set amongst men; yet it did at least much diminish, and take off the mutual respects, that should be preserved amongst them. And would have been worse if they had been men of another condition. Let none object this is men's corruption; and nothing to the course itself; I answer, seeing all men have this corruption in them, God in his wisdom saw another course fitter for them.

But to return. After this course settled, and by that their corn was planted, all their victuals were spent, and they were only to rest on God's providence; at night not many times knowing where to have a bit of any thing the next day. And so, as one well observed, had need to pray that God would give them their daily bread, above all people in the world. Yet they bore these wants with great patience and alacrity of spirit, and that for so long a time as for the

most part of two years ; which makes me remember what Peter Martyr writes, (in magnifying the Spaniards) in his Fifth Decade, page 208. *They* (saith he) *led a miserable life for five days together, with the parched grain of maize only, and that not to saturity;* and then concludes, *that such pains, such labors, and such hunger, he thought none living which is not a Spaniard could have endured.* But alas ! these, when they had maize (that is, Indian corn) they thought it as good as a feast, and wanted not only for five days together, but some times two or three months together, and neither had bread nor any kind of corn. Indeed, in another place, in his Second Decade page 94. he mentions how others of them were worse put to it, where they were fain to eat dogs, toads, and dead men, and so died almost all. From these extremities the Lord in his goodness kept these his people, and in their wants preserved both their lives and their healths ; let his name have the praise. Yet let me here make use of his conclusion, which in some sort may be applied to this people : *That with their miseries they opened a way to these new lands; and after these storms, with what ease other men came to inhabit in them, in respect of the calamities these men suffered; so as they seem to go to a bride feast where all things are provided for them.*

MORTON AND MERRY MOUNT (1628).

[From the Same, Book II.]

About some three or four years before this time, there came over one Captain Wollaston, (a man of pretty parts,) and with him three or four more of some eminency, who brought with them a great many servants, with provisions and other implements for to begin a plantation; and pitched themselves in a place within the Massachusetts, which they called, after their captain's name, Mount Wollaston. Amongst whom was one Mr. Morton, who, it should seem, had some small adventure (of his own or other men's) amongst them; but had little respect amongst them, and was slighted by the meanest servants. Having continued there some time, and not finding things to answer their expectations, nor profit to arise as they looked for, Captain Wollaston takes a great part of the servants, and transports tnem to Virginia, where he puts them off at good rates, selling their time to other men; and writes back to one Mr. Rassdall, one of his chief partners, and accounted their merchant, to bring another part of them to Virginia likewise, intending to put them off there as he had done the rest. And he, with the consent of the said Rassdall, appointed one Fitcher to be his Lieutenant, and govern the remains of the plantation, till he or Rassdall returned to take further order thereabout. But this Morton above-said, having more craft than honesty, (who had been a kind of pettifogger, of Furnefell's Inn,) in the other's absence, watches an opportunity,

(commons being but hard amongst them,) and got some strong drink and other junkets, and made them a feast; and after they were merry, he began to tell them, he would give them good counsel. "You see," saith he, "that many of your fellows are carried to Virginia; and if you stay till this Rassdall return, you will also be carried away and sold for slaves with the rest. Therefore I would advise you to thrust out this Lieutenant Fitcher; and I, having a part in the plantation, will receive you as my partners and consociates; so may you be free from service, and we will converse, trade, plant, and live together as equals, and support and protect one another," or to like effect. This counsel was easily received; so they took opportunity, and thrust Lieutenant Fitcher out of doors, and would suffer him to come no more amongst them, but forced him to seek bread to eat, and other relief from his neighbors, till he could get passages for England. After this they fell to great licentiousness, and led a dissolute life, pouring out themselves into all profaneness. And Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained (as it were) a school of Atheism. And after they had got some goods into their hands, and got much by trading with the Indians, they spent it as vainly, in quaffing and drinking both wine and strong waters in great excess, and, as some reported, ten shillings worth in a morning. They also set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing about it many days together, inviting the Indian women, for their consorts, dancing and frisking together, (like so many fairies, or furies rather,) and worse practices. As if they had anew revived and celebrated the feast of the Roman

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goddess Flora, or the beastly practices of the mad Bacchanalians. Morton likewise (to show his poetry) composed sundry rhymes and verses, some tending to lasciviousness, and others to the detraction and scandal of some persons, which he affixed to this idle or idol May-pole. They changed also the name of their place, and instead of calling it Mount Wollaston, they call it Merry Mount, as if this jollity would have lasted ever. But this continued not long, for after Morton was sent for England, (as follows to be declared,) shortly after came over that worthy gentleman, Mr. John Endicott, who brought over a patent under the broad seal, for the government of the Massachusetts, who visiting those parts caused that May-pole to be cut down, and rebuked them for their profaneness, and admonished them to look there should be better walking; so they now, or others, changed the name of their place again, and called it Mount Dagon.

Now, to maintain this riotous prodigality and profuse excess, Morton, thinking himself lawless, and hearing what gain the French and fishermen made by trading of pieces, powder, and shot to the Indians, he, as the head of this consortship, began the practice of the same in these parts; and first he taught them how to use them, to charge and discharge, and what proportion of powder to give the piece, according to the size or bigness of the same; and what shot to use for fowl, and what for deer. And having thus instructed them, he employed some of them to hunt and fowl for him, so as they became far more active in that employment than any of the English, by reason of their swiftness of foot, and nimbleness of body,

being also quick-sighted, and by continual exercise well knowing the haunts of all sorts of game. So as when they saw the execution that a piece would do, and the benefit that might come by the same, they became mad, as it were, after them, and would not stick to give any price they could attain to for them ; accounting their bows and arrows but baubles in comparison of them.

And here I may take occasion to bewail the mischief that this wicked man began in these parts, and which since base covetousness prevailing in men that should know better, has now at length got the upper hand, and made this thing common, notwithstanding any laws to the contrary ; so as the Indians are full of pieces all over, both fowling pieces, muskets, pistols, etc. They have also their moulds to make shot, of all sorts, as musket bullets, pistol bullets, swan and goose shot, and of smaller sorts ; yea, some have seen them have their screw-plates to make screw-pins themselves, when they want them, with sundry other implements, wherewith they are ordinarily better fitted and furnished than the English themselves. Yea, it is well known that they will have powder and shot, when the English want it, nor can not get it ; and that in a time of war or danger, as experience hath manifested, that when lead hath been scarce, and men for their own defence would gladly have given a groat a pound, which is dear enough, yet hath it been bought up and sent to other places, and sold to such as trade it with the Indians, at twelve pence the pound ; and it is like they give three or four shillings the pound, for they will have it at any rate. And these things have been done in the same times, when

some of their neighbors and friends are daily killed by the Indians, or are in danger thereof, and live but at the Indians' mercy. Yea, some (as they have acquainted them with all other things) have told them how gunpowder is made, and all the materials in it, and that they are to be had in their own land; and I am confident, could they attain to make saltpetre, they would teach them to make powder. Oh, the horribleness of this villany! how many both Dutch and English have been lately slain by those Indians, thus furnished; and no remedy provided, nay, the evil more increased, and the blood of their brethren sold for gain, as is to be feared; and in what danger all these colonies are in is too well known. Oh! that princes and parliaments would take some timely order to prevent this mischief, and at length to suppress it, by some exemplary punishment upon some of these gain-thirsty murderers, (for they deserve no better title,) before their colonies in these parts be overthrown by these barbarous savages, thus armed with their own weapons, by these evil instruments, and traitors to their neighbors and country. But I have forgot myself, and have been too long in this digression; but now to return: This Morton having thus taught them the use of pieces, he sold them all he could spare; and he and his consorts determined to send for many out of England, and had by some of the ships sent for above a score; the which being known, and his neighbors meeting the Indians in the woods armed with guns in this sort, it was a terror unto them, who lived stragglingly, and were of no strength in any place. And other places (though more remote) saw this mischief would quickly spread

over all, if not prevented. Besides, they saw they should keep no servants, for Morton would entertain any, how vile soever, and all the scum of the country, or any discontents, would flock to him from all places, if this nest was not broken ; and they should stand in more fear of their lives and goods (in short time) from this wicked and debauched crew, than from the savages themselves.

So sundry of the chief of the straggling plantations, meeting together, agreed by mutual consent to solicit those of Plymouth (who were then of more strength than them all) to join with them to prevent the further growth of this mischief, and suppress Morton and his consorts before they grew to further head and strength. Those that joined in this action (and after contributed to the charge of sending him for England) were from Pascataway, Namkeake, Winisimett, Weesagascusett, Natasco, and other places where any English were seated. Those of Plymouth being thus sought too by their messengers and letters, and weighing both their reasons, and the common danger, were willing to afford them their help ; though themselves had least cause of fear or hurt. So, to be short, they first resolved jointly to write to him, and in a friendly and neighborly way to admonish him to forbear these courses, and sent a messenger with their letters to bring his answer. But he was so high as he scorned all advice, and asked who had to do with him ; he had and would trade pieces with the Indians in despite of all, with many other scurrilous terms full of disdain. They sent to him a second time, and bade him be better advised, and more temperate in his terms, for the country could not bear the injury he did ; it

was against their common safety, and against the king's proclamation. He answered in high terms as before, and that the king's proclamation was no law; demanding what penalty was upon it. It was answered, more than he could bear, his majesty's displeasure. But insolently he persisted, and said the king was dead and his displeasure with him, and many the like things; and threatened withal that if any came to molest him, let them look to themselves, for he would prepare for them. Upon which they saw there was no way but to take him by force; and having so far proceeded, now to give over would make him far more haughty and insolent. So they mutually resolved to proceed, and obtained of the Governor of Plymouth to send Captain Standish, and some other aid with him, to take Morton by force. The which accordingly was done; but they found him to stand stiffly in his defence, having made fast his doors, armed his consorts, set divers dishes of powder and bullets ready on the table; and if they had not been overarmed with drink, more hurt might have been done. They summoned him to yield, but he kept his house, and they could get nothing but scoffs and scorns from him; but at length, fearing they would do some violence to the house, he and some of his crew came out, but not to yield, but to shoot; but they were so steeled with drink as their pieces were too heavy for them; himself with a carbine (overcharged and almost half filled with powder and shot, as was after found) had thought to have shot Captain Standish; but he stepped to him, and put by his piece, and took him. Neither was there any hurt done to any of either side, save that one

was so drunk that he ran his own nose upon the point of a sword that one held before him as he entered the house; but he lost but a little of his hot blood. Morton they brought away to Plymouth, where he was kept, till a ship went from the Isle of Shoals for England, with which he was sent to the Council of New-England; and letters written to give them information of his course and carriage; and also one was sent at their common charge to inform their Honors more particularly, and to prosecute against him. But he fooled of the messenger, after he was gone from hence, and though he went for England, yet nothing was done to him, not so much as rebuked, for aught was heard; but returned the next year. Some of the worst of the company were dispersed, and some of the more modest kept the house till he should be heard from. But I have been too long about so unworthy a person, and bad a cause.

SOME STRANGE AND REMARKABLE PASSAGES (1634).

[From the Same, Book II.]

I am now to relate some strange and remarkable passages. There was a company of people lived in the country, up above in the river of Conigtecut, a great way from their trading house there, and were enemies to those Indians which lived about them, and of whom they stood in some fear (being a stout people). About a thousand of them had enclosed them-

selves in a fort, which they had strongly pallisadoed about. Three or four Dutchmen went up in the beginning of winter to live with them, to get their trade, and prevent them for bringing it to the English, or to fall into amity with them, but at spring to bring all down to their place. But their enterprise failed, for it pleased God to visit these Indians with a great sickness, and such a mortality that of a thousand above nine hundred and a half of them died, and many of them did rot above ground for want of burial, and the Dutchmen almost starved before they could get away, for ice and snow. But about February they got with much difficulty to their trading house; whom they kindly relieved, being almost spent with hunger and cold. Being thus refreshed by them divers days, they got to their own place, and the Dutch were very thankful for this kindness.

This spring, also, those Indians that lived about their trading house there fell sick of the smallpox, and died most miserably; for a sorer desease cannot befall them; they fear it more than the plague, for usually they that have this disease have them in abundance, and for want of bedding and linen and other helps, they fall into a lamentable condition, as they lie on their hard mats, the pox breaking and mattering, and runing one into another, their skin cleaving (by reason thereof) to the mats they lie on; when they turn them a whole side will flay off at once, (as it were) and they will be all of a gore blood, most fearful to behold; and then being very sore, what with cold and other distempers, they die like rotten sheep. The condition of this people was so lamentable, and they fell down so generally of

this disease, as they were (in the end) not able to help one another ; no, not to make a fire, nor to fetch a little water to drink, nor any to bury the dead ; but would strive as long as they could, and when they could procure no other means to make fire, they would burn the wooden trays and dishes they ate their meat in, and their very bows and arrows, and some would crawl out on all fours to get a little water, and sometimes die by the way, and not be able to get in again. But those of the English house (though at first they were afraid of the infection) yet seeing their woeful and sad condition, and hearing their pitiful cries and lamentations, they had compassion of them, and daily fetched them wood and water, and made them fires, got them victuals whilst they lived, and buried them when they died. For very few of them escaped, notwithstanding they did what they could for them, to the hazzard of themselves. The chief Sachem himself now died, and almost all his friends and kindred. But by the marvelous goodness and providence of God not one of the English was so much as sick, or in the least measure tainted with this disease though they daily did these offices for them for many weeks together. And this mercy which they showed them was kindly taken, and thankfully acknowledged of all the Indians that knew or heard of the same ; and their ministers here did much commend and reward them for the same.

CRIME AMONG THE SAINTS (1638).

[From the Same, Book II.]

This year Mr. Thomas Prence was chosen Governor. Amongst other enormities that fell out amongst them, this year three men were (after due trial) executed for robbery and murder which they had committed; their names were these, Arthur Peach, Thomas Jackson, and Richard Stinnings; there was a fourth, Daniel Crose who was also guilty, but he escaped away, and could not be found. This Arthur Peach was the chief of them, and the ring leader of all the rest. He was a lusty and a desperate young man, and had been one of the soldiers in the Pequente war, and had done as good service as the most there, and one of the forwardest in any attempt. And being now out of means, and loath to work, and falling to idle courses and company, he intended to go to the Dutch plantation; and had allured these three, being other men's servants and apprentices, to go with him. But another cause there was also of his secret going away in this manner; he was not only run into debt, but he had got a maid with child, (which was not known till after his death) a man's servant in the town, and fear of punishment made him get away. The other three complotting with him, ran away from their masters in the night, and could not be heard of, for they went not the ordinary way, but shaped such a course as they thought to avoid the pursuit of any. But falling into the way that lieth between the Bay of Massachusetts

and the Naragansett, and being disposed to rest themselves, struck fire, and took tobacco, a little out of the way by the way side. At length there came a Naragansett Indian by, who had been in the Bay a trading, and had both cloth and beads about him. (They had met him the day before and he was now returning.) Peach called him to drink tobacco with them, and he came and sat down with them. Peach told the other[s] he would kill him and take what he had from him. But they were something afraid; but he said, Hang him, rogue, he had killed many of them. So they let him alone to do as he would; and when he saw his time he took a rapier and ran him through the body once or twice, and took from him five fathoms of wampum and three coats of cloth, and went their way, leaving him for dead. But he scrabled away, when they were gone, and made shift to get home, (but died within a few days after) by which means they were discovered; and by subtlety the Indians took them. For they desiring a canoe to set them over a water, (not thinking their fact had been known) by the sachem's command they were carried to Aquidnett Island and there accused of the murder, and were examined and committed upon it by the English there. The Indians sent for Mr. Williams, and made a grievous complaint; his friends and kindred were ready to rise in arms, and provoke the rest thereunto, some conceiving they should now find the Pequents' words true: that the English would fall upon them. But Mr. Williams pacified them and told them they should see justice done upon the offenders: and went to the man and took Mr. James, a physician, with him. The man told him who did it,

and in what manner it was done; but the physician found his wounds mortal, and that he could not live, (as he after testified upon oath, before the jury in open court) and so he died shortly after, as both Mr. Williams, Mr. James, and some Indians testified in court. The Government in the Bay were acquainted with it, but referred it hither, because it was done in this jurisdiction;[1] but pressed by all means that justice might be done in it, or else the country must rise and see justice done, otherwise it would raise a war. Yet some of the rude and ignorant sort murmured that any English should be put to death for the Indians. So at last they of the Island brought them hither, and being often examined and the evidence produced, they all in the end freely confessed in effect all that the Indian accused them of, and that they had done it in the manner aforesaid; and so upon the forementioned evidence, were cast by the jury, and condemmed, and executed for the same. And some of the Naragansett Indians and of the parties' friends, were present when it was done, which gave them and all the country good satisfaction. But it was a matter of much sadness to them here, and was the second execution which they had since they came; being both for wilful murder, as hath been before related. Thus much of this matter.

[1] And yet afterwards they laid claim to those parts in the controversy about Seacunck.

A

RELATION OR

Journall of the beginning and proceedings of the English Plantation settled at *Plimoth* in New England, by certaine English Aduenturers both Merchants and others.

With their difficult passage, their safe arrival, their ioyfull building of, and comfortable planting themselues in the now well defended Towne of New Plimoth.

AS ALSO A RELATION OF FOVRE

seuerall discoueries since made by some of the same English Planters there resident.

I. In a journey to Pvckanokick the habitation of the Indians greatest King Massasoyt: as also their message, the answer and entertainment they had of him.

II. In a voyage made by ten of them to the Kingdome of Nawset to seeke a boy that had lost himselfe in the woods: with such accidents as befell them in that voyage.

III. In their journey to the Kingdome of Namaschet, in defence of their greatest King Massasoyt, against the Narrohiggonsets, and to reuenge the supposed death of their Interpreter Tisquantum.

IIII. Their voyage to the Massachusets, and their entertainment there.

With an answer to all such objections as are in any way made against the lawfulnesse of English plantations in those parts.

LONDON

Printed for Iohn Bellamie, and are to be sold at his shop at the two Greyhounds in Cornhill neere the Royall Exchange. 1622.

MOURT'S RELATION.[1]

EBULLIENT YOUTH ON THE "MAYFLOWER."

The fifth day [Dec. 5, 1620] we through God's mercy escaped a great danger by the foolishness of a boy, one of Francis Billington's sons, who in his father's absence had got gunpowder and had shot off a piece or two and made squibs, and there being a fowling piece charged in his father's cabin shot her off in the cabin, there being a little barrel of powder half-full scattered in and about the cabin, the fire being within four foot of the bed between the decks, and many flints and iron things about the cabin, and many people about the fire, and yet, by God's mercy, no harm done.

EXPLORING CAPE COD NEAR TRURO AND WELLFLEET.

Wednesday, the 6th of December, we set out, being very cold and hard weather. We were a long while after we launched from the ship before we could get clear of a sandy point which lay within less than a

[1] The title-page given on page 63 is not a complete *facsimile*, but gives a good idea of the original.

furlong of the same. In which time two were very sick, and Edward Tilley had like to have sounded [swooned] with cold; the gunner was also sick unto death, (but hope of tru[c]king made him to go) and so remained all that day and the next night; at length we got clear of the sandy point and got up our sails, and within an hour or two we got under the weather shore, and then had smoother water and better sailing, but it was very cold, for the water froze on our clothes, and made them many times like coats of iron. . . .

. . . We then directed our course along the sea sands, to the place where we first saw the Indians; when we were there, we saw it was also a grampus which they were cutting up; they cut it into long rands or pieces, about an ell long and two handful broad; we found here and there a piece scattered by the way, as it seemed, for haste. This place the most were minded we should call the Grampus Bay because we found so many of them there. We followed the tract of the Indians' bare feet a good way on the sands. At length we saw where they struck into the woods by the side of a pond. As we went to view the place, one said he thought he saw an Indian house among the trees, so went up to see. . . . So we lit on a path but saw no house and followed a great way into the woods. At length we found where corn had been set but not that year. Anon we found a great burying place one part whereof was encompassed with a great palisado like a churchyard. . . . Those graves were more sumptuous than those at Cornhill, yet we digged none of them up, but only viewed them and went our way.

THE LANDING AT PLYMOUTH.

That night we returned again ashipboard with resolution the next morning to settle on some of those places. So, in the morning, after we had called on God for direction, we came to this resolution, to go presently ashore again, and to take a better view of two places which we thought most fitting for us ; for we could not now take time for further search or consideration, our victuals being much spent, especially our beer, and it being now the 19th [new style 29th] of December. After our landing and viewing of the places so well as we could, we came to a conclusion by most voices to set on the mainland, on the first place, on an high ground where there is a great deal of land cleared and hath been planted with corn three or four years ago, and there is a very sweet brook runs under the hillside and many delicate springs of as good water as can be drunk, and where we may harbor our shallops and boats exceeding well, and in this brook much good fish in their season. On the further side of the river also much cornground cleared. In one field is a great hill [*i.e.* Burial Hill] on which we point to make a platform and plant our ordnance which will command all round about ; from thence we may see into the bay and far into the sea, and we may see thence Cape Cod. Our greatest labor will be fetching of our wood, which is half a quarter of an English mile, but there is enough so far off. What people inhabit here we yet know not, for as yet we have seen none. . . .

Monday, the 25th, being Christmas Day [new style, Jan. 4th] we began to drink water aboard, but

at night the master caused us to have some beer, and so on board we had divers times now and then some beer, but on shore none at all. . . .

Thursday the 28th of December [new style, Jan. 7th] . . . in the afternoon we went to measure out the ground, and first we took notice how many families they were, willing all single men that had no wives to join with some family as they thought fit, that so we might build fewer houses; which was done and we reduced them to nineteen families. To greater families we allotted larger plots; to every person half a pole in breadth and three in length, and so lots were cast where every man should lie; which was done and staked out. We thought this proportion was large enough at the first, for houses and gardens to impale them round, considering the weakness of our people, many of them growing ill with colds, for our former discoveries in frost and storms and the wading at Cape Cod had brought much weakness amongst us. . . .

ABORIGINAL AMENITIES.

Thursday the 22nd of March [new style April 1st]. . . . Samoset came again and Squanto, the only native of Patuxat where we now inhabit, who was one of the twenty captives that by Hunt were carried away and had been in England and dwelt in Cornhill with Master John Slanie, a merchant, and could speak a little English, with three others; and they brought with them some few skins to truck and some red herrings newly taken and dried but not salted, and signified unto us that their great Sagamore, Massasoit, was hard by with Quadequina, his brother, and all their

men. They could not well express in English what they would, but after an hour the King came to the top of an hill over against us, and had in his train sixty men, that we could well behold them and they us. We were not willing to send our Governor to them and they unwilling to come to us ; so Squanto went again unto him, who brought word that we should send one to parley with him, which we did, which was Edward Winslow, to know his mind and to signify the mind and the will of our Governor, which was to have trading and peace with them. We sent to the King a pair of knives and a copper chain with a jewel at it. To Quadequina we sent likewise a knife and a jewel to hang in his ear, and withal a pot of strong water, a good quantity of biscuit and some butter, which were all willingly accepted.

THOMAS MORTON.

Thomas Morton, one of the most interesting, though hardly edifying, personages in New England history, was born in England about 1575 and died at Agamenticus, Maine, 1646. He was a lawyer of Clifford's Inn, London, and thirty-seven years old, when in 1622 he sought his fortune in New England, with a party of emigrants, who, according to his own account, "were very popular while their liquor lasted, but were afterwards turned adrift." Many of them found their way home, among them Morton; but he returned in 1625, as head of a body of emigrants who settled at Merry Mount, now Braintree. These settlers, like the former band with whom Morton was associated, caused scandal to the Plymouth colonists. They even set up a may-pole, and sang and danced around it. They fraternized with the Indians more than the other settlers did, and gave them guns that they might hunt more effectively for them. Morton was therefore arrested and sent to England, and the name Merry Mount changed to Dagon. He returned, was again arrested and transported, and then published his satiric account of the Puritan Colonists, *The New English Canaan*, by no means so lively as the career of its author might lead the reader to hope. This "scandalous book" caused his imprisonment for a year at Boston, on his fourth visit through Massachusetts. On his release, he went to Maine,

where he soon after died. Hawthorne's story, *The May-pole of Merry Mount*, has given a literary setting to the incident described in one of our extracts, which should be read in connection with Bradford's account of the same event. The best edition of the *New English Canaan* was made by Charles Francis Adams for the Prince Society in 1883.

THE MAY-POLE REVELS AT MERRY MOUNT.

[From "New English Canaan" (Amsterdam, 1637), Book III. Chap. XIV.]

The inhabitants of Pasonagessit (having translated the name of their inhabitation from that ancient savage name to Ma-re Mount; and being resolved to have the new name confirmed for a memorial to after ages) did devise amongst themselves to have it performed in a solemn manner with revels and merriment after the old English custom, prepared to set up a May-pole upon the festival day of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrel of excellent beer, and provided a case of bottles to be spent, with other good cheer, for all comers of that day. And because they would have it in a complete form, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and present occasion. And upon May-day they brought the May-pole to the place appointed, with drums, guns, pistols, and other fitting instruments, for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of savages, that came thither of purpose to see the manner of our revels. A goodly pine

tree of eighty foot long, was reared up, with a pair of buck's horns nailed on, somewhat near unto the top of it: where it stood as a fair sea-mark for directions how to find out the way to mine Host of Ma-re Mount. . . .

The setting up of this May-pole was a lamentable spectacle to the precise Separatists that lived at New Plymouth. They termed it an idol; yea, they called it the Calf of Horeb: and stood at defiance with the place, naming it Mount Dagon; threatening to make it a woful mount, and not a merry mount. . . .

There was likewise a merry song made, which (to make their revels more fashionable) was sung with a chorus, every man bearing his part; which they performed in a dance, hand in hand about the May-pole, whilst one of the company sung, and filled out the good liquor like Gammedes and Jupiter.

THE SONG.

Drink and be merry, merry, merry, boys;
Let all your delight be in Hymen's joys;
Io to Hymen now the day is come,
About the merry May-pole take a room.
Make green garlons, bring bottles out;
And fill sweet Nectar, freely about.
Uncover thy head, and fear no harm,
For here's good liquor to keep it warm.
Then drink and be merry, etc.
Io to Hymen, etc.

Nectar is a thing assign'd,
By the Deity's own mind,
To cure the heart opprest with grief,
And of good liquors is the chief.
Then drink, etc.
Io to Hymen, etc.

Give to the melancholy man
A cup or two of 't now and then;
This physic will soon revive his blood,
And make him be of a merrier mood.
Then drink, etc.
Io to Hymen, etc.

Give to the nymph that's free from scorn,
No Irish stuff nor Scotch overworn.
Lasses in beaver coats, come away;
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day
To drink and be merry, etc.
Io to Hymen, etc.

This harmless mirth made by young men (that lived in hope to have wives brought over to them, that would save them a labor to make a voyage to fetch any over) was much distasted of the precise Separatists that kept much ado, about the tithe of mint and cumin, troubling their brains more than reason would require about things that are indifferent: and from that time sought occasion against my honest Host of Ma-re Mount to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and clean.

CAPTAIN SHRIMP (MYLES STANDISH) CAPTURES MINE HOST (MORTON).

[From the Same, Book III. Chap. XV.]

Of a Great Monster supposed to be at Ma-re Mount; and the Preparation made to destroy It.

The Separatists envying the prosperity and hope of the plantation at Ma-re Mount (which they perceived began to come forward, and to be in a good

way for gain in the beaver trade), conspired together against mine Host especially, (who was the owner of that plantation) and made up a party against him; and mustered up what aid they could; accounting of him as of a great monster.

Many threatening speeches were given out both against his person, and his habitation, which they divulged should be consumed with fire. And taking advantage of the time when his company (which seemed little to regard their threats) were gone up into the inlands, to trade with the savages for beaver, they set upon my honest Host at a place, called Wessaguscus, where (by accident) they found him. The inhabitants there were in good hope of the subversion of the plantation at Ma-re Mount (which they principally aimed at), and the rather, because mine Host was a man that endeavored to advance the dignity of the Church of England; which they, on the contrary part, would labor to vilify with uncivil terms, inveighing against the sacred book of common prayer, and mine Host that used it in a laudable manner amongst his family, as a practice of piety.

There he would be a means to bring sacks to their mill (such is the thirst after beaver), and helped the conspirators to surprise mine Host (who was there all alone) and they charged him (because they would seem to have some reasonable cause against him to set a gloss upon their malice) with criminal things, which indeed had been done by such a person, but was of their conspiracy. Mine Host demanded of the conspirators who it was, that was author of that information, that seemed to be their ground for what they now intended. And because they answered they

would not tell him, he as peremptorily replied that he would not say whether he had or he had not done as they had been informed.

The answer made no matter (as it seemed) whether it had been negatively, or affirmatively made, for they had resolved what he should suffer, because (as they boasted,) they were now become the greater number: they had shaken off their shackles of servitude, and were become masters, and masterless people.

It appears, they were like bears' whelps in former time, when mine Host's plantation was of as much strength as theirs, but now (theirs being stronger,) they (like overgrown bears) seemed monstrous. In brief, mine Host must endure to be their prisoner until they could contrive it so that they might send him for England, (as they said,) there to suffer according to the merit of the fact, which they intended to father upon him; supposing (belike) it would prove a heinous crime.

Much rejoicing was made that they had gotten their capital enemy (as they concluded him) whom they purposed to hamper in such sort that he should not be able to uphold his plantation at Ma-re Mount.

The conspirators sported themselves at my honest Host, that meant them no hurt; and were so jocund that they feasted their bodies, and fell to tippling, as if they had obtained a great prize; like the Trojans when they had the custody of Hippeus' pine-tree horse.

Mine Host feigned grief, and could not be persuaded either to eat or drink, because he knew emptiness would be a means to make him as watchful as the geese kept in the Roman capitol: whereon, the

contrary part, the conspirators would be so drowsy, that he might have an opportunity to give them a slip, instead of a tester. Six persons of the conspiracy were set to watch him at Wessaguscus. But he kept waking; and in the dead of night (one lying on the bed, for further surety,) up gets mine Host and got to the second door that he was to pass, which, notwithstanding the lock, he got open: and shut it after him with such violence, that it affrighted some of the conspirators.

The word, which was given with an alarm, was, "Oh, he's gone, he's gone! What shall we do? He's gone!" The rest (half asleep) start up in a maze, and like rams, ran their heads one at another full butt in the dark.

Their grand leader, Captain Shrimp, took on most furiously, and tore his clothes for anger, to see the empty nest, and their bird gone.

The rest were eager to have torn their hair from their heads, but it was so short that it would give them no hold. Now Captain Shrimp thought in the loss of this prize (which he accounted his masterpiece,) all his honor would be lost forever.

In the meantime mine Host was got home to Ma-re Mount through the woods, eight miles, round about the head of the river Monatoquit, that parted the two plantations, finding his way by the help of the lightning (for it thundered, as he went, terribly). And there he prepared powder, three pounds dried, for his present employment, and four good guns for him, and the two assistants left at his house, with bullets of several sizes, three hundred or thereabouts, to be used if the conspirators should pursue him thither;

and these two persons promised their aids in the quarrel, and confirmed that promise with a health in good rosa solis.

Now Captain Shrimp, the first captain in the land, (as he supposed,) must do some new act to repair this loss, and to vindicate his reputation, who had sustained blemish, by this oversight. Begins now to study how to repair or survive his honor in this manner; calling of council: they conclude.

He takes eight persons more to him, and (like the nine worthies of New Canaan) they embark with preparation against Ma-re Mount, where this monster of a man, as their phrase was, had his den; the whole number, had the rest not been from home, being but seven, would have given Captain Shrimp, (a quondam drummer,) such a welcome, as would have made him wish for a drum as big as Diogenes' tub, that he might have crept into it out of sight.

Now the nine worthies are approached; and mine Host prepared, having intelligence by a savage, that hastened in love from Wessaguscus, to give him notice of their intent.

One of mine Host's men proved a craven; the other had proved his wits to purchase a little valor, before mine Host had observed his posture.

The nine worthies coming before the den of this supposed monster, (this seven-headed hydra, as they termed him) and began, like Don Quixote against the windmill, to beat a parley, and to offer quarter if mine Host would yield ; for they resolved to send him for England, and bade him lay by his arms.

But he (who was the son of a soldier), having taken up arms in his just defence, replied that he

would not lay by those arms, because they were so needful at sea, if he should be sent over. Yet to save the effusion of so much worthy blood, as would have issued out of the veins of these nine worthies of New Canaan, if mine Host should have played upon them out at his port-holes (for they came within danger like a flock of wild geese, as if they had been tailed one to another, as colts to be sold at a fair) mine Host was content to yield upon a quarter; and did capitulate with them in what manner it should be for more certainty, because he knew what Captain Shrimp was.

He expressed that no violence should be offered to his person, none to his goods, nor any of his household: but that he should have his arms, and what else was requisite for the voyage: which their herald returns, it was agreed upon, and should be performed.

But mine Host no sooner had set open the door and issued out, but instantly Captain Shrimp and the rest of the worthies stepped to him, laid hold of his arms and had him down; and so eagerly was every man bent against him (not regarding any agreement made with such a carnal man,) that they fell upon him as if they would have eaten him. Some of them were so violent that they would have a slice with scabbard, and all for haste, until an old soldier (of the Queen's, as the proverb is) that was there by accident, clapped his gun under the weapons, and sharply rebuked these worthies for their unworthy practices. So the matter was taken into more deliberate consideration.

Captain Shrimp and the rest of the nine worthies made themselves by this outrageous riot masters of

mine Host of Ma-re Mount, and disposed of what he had at his plantation.

This they knew (in the eye of the savages) would add to their glory; and diminish the reputation of mine honest Host, whom they practised to be rid of, upon any terms, as willingly as if it had been the very hydra of time :[1]

MORTON'S FATE.

[From the Same, Book III., Chap. XVI.]

A conclusion was made and sentence given that mine Host should be sent to England a prisoner. But when he was brought to the ships for that purpose, no man durst be so foolhardy as to undertake carry him [an error of statement]. So these worthies set mine Host upon an island, without gun, powder, or shot or dog or so much as a knife to get any thing to feed upon, or any other clothes to shelter him with at winter than a thin suit which he had on at that time. Hence he could not get to Ma-re Mount. Upon this island he stayed a month at least, and was relieved by savages that took notice that mine Host was a Sachem of Passonagessit, and would bring bottles of strong liquor to him, and unite themselves into a league of brotherhood with mine Host; so full of humanity are these infidels before those Christians.

From this place for England sailed mine Host in a Plymouth ship. . . .

[1] The entire chapter is given in this selection.

FRANCIS HIGGINSON.

Francis Higginson, the founder of that distinguished New England family, was born in England in 1588, and died in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1630. Like most of the New England divines of his generation he was a graduate of Cambridge University, and had been an Anglican clergyman before his emigration. Becoming a Puritan, he gave up his benefice, and supported himself by preparing men for college, till in 1628 he accepted an invitation from the Massachusetts Bay Company, to join their colony. He reached Salem in the next year, and was almost immediately chosen teacher of the congregation there. The next year he sickened and died, an ironical commentary on the somewhat extravagant praise of the New England climate, that appears in his *New England's Plantation, or a short and true description of the Commodities of that Country*, published in 1630, and reprinted in the first volume of the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collection. Our extracts are from this work. Higginson wrote also an account of his voyage, afterwards printed in Hutchinson's *Original Papers* (1769). A Life of Francis Higginson has been written by his eminent descendant, Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1891).

"FIRST THEREFORE OF THE EARTH OF NEW ENGLAND, AND ALL THE APPURTENANCES THEREOF."

[From "New England's Plantation," 1630.]

. . . I will endeavor to show you what New England is . . . and truly endeavor, by God's help, to report nothing but the naked truth, and that both to tell you of the discommodities as well as of the commodities. Though, as the idle proverb is, "Travelers may lie by authority," and so may take too much sinful liberty that way, yet I may say of myself, as once Nehemiah did in another case, "Shall such a man as I lie?" No. verily. It becometh not a preacher of truth to be a writer of falsehood in any degree; and therefore I have been careful to report nothing of New-England but what I have partly seen with mine own eyes, and partly heard and inquired from the mouths of very honest and religious persons, who by living in the country a good space of time have had experience and knowledge of the state thereof, and whose testimonies I do believe as myself.

The fertility of the soil is to be admired at, as appeareth in the abundance of grass that groweth every where, both very thick, very long, and very high in divers places. But it groweth very wildly, with a great stalk, and a broad and ranker blade, because it never had been eaten with cattle, nor mowed with a scythe, and seldom trampled on by foot. It is scarce to be believed how our kine and goats, horses

and hogs do thrive and prosper here, and like well of this country.

In our Plantation we have already a quart of milk for a penny. But the abundant increase of corn proves this country to be a wonderment. Thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, are ordinary here. Yea, Joseph's increase in Egypt is outstripped here with us. Our planters hope to have more than a hundred-fold this year. And all this while I am within compass; what will you say of two hundred-fold, and upwards? It is almost incredible what great gain some of our English planters have had by our Indian corn. Credible persons have assured me, and the party himself avouched the truth of it to me, that of the setting of thirteen gallons of corn he hath had increase of it fifty-two hogsheads, every hogshead holding seven bushels of London measure, and every bushel was by him sold and trusted to the Indians for so much beaver as was worth eighteen shillings; and so of this thirteen gallons of corn, which was worth six shillings eight pence, he made about £327 of it the year following, as by reckoning will appear; where you may see how God blesseth husbandry in this land. There is not such great and plentiful ears of corn I suppose anywhere else to be found but in this country, being also of variety of colors, as red, blue, and yellow, &c.; and of one corn there springeth four or five hundred. I have sent you many ears of divers colors, that you might see the truth of it.

Little children here, by setting of corn, may earn much more than their own maintenance.

They have tried our English corn at New Plymouth Plantation, so that all our several grains will grow

here very well, and have a fitting soil for their nature.

Our Governor hath store of green pease growing in his garden as good as ever I eat in England.

This country aboundeth naturally with store of roots of great variety and good to eat. Our turnips, parsnips and carrots are here both bigger and sweeter than is ordinarily to be found in England. Here are also store of pumpions, cowcumbers, and other things of that nature which I know not. Also, divers excellent pot-herbs grow abundantly among the grass, as strawberry leaves in all places of the country, and plenty of strawberries in their time, and penny-royal, winter-savory, sorrel, brooklime, liverwort, carvel, and watercresses; also leeks and onions are ordinary, and divers physical herbs. Here are also abundance of other sweet herbs, delightful to the smell, whose names we know not, and plenty of single damask roses, very sweet; and two kinds of herbs that bear two kinds of flowers very sweet, which they say are as good to make cordage or cloth as any hemp or flax we have.

Excellent vines are here up and down in the woods. Our Governor hath already planted a vineyard, with great hope of increase.

Also, mulberries, plums, raspberries, currants, chestnuts, filberts, walnuts, small-nuts, hurtleberries, and haws of white-thorn, near as good as our cherries in England, they grow in plenty here.

For wood, there is no better in the world, I think, here being four sorts of oak, differing both in the leaf, timber, and color, all excellent good. There is also good ash, elm, willow, birch, beech, sassafras, juniper,

cypress, cedar, spruce, pines and fir, that will yield abundance of turpentine, pitch, tar, masts, and other material for building both of ships and houses. Also here are store of sumach trees, that are good for dyeing and tanning of leather; likewise such trees yield a precious gum, called white benjamin, that they say is excellent for perfumes. Also here be divers roots and berries, wherewith the Indians dye excellent holding colors, that no rain nor washing can alter. Also we have materials to make soap ashes and saltpetre in abundance.

For beasts there are some bears, and they say some lions also; for they have been seen at Cape Anne. Also here are several sorts of deer, some whereof bring three or four young ones at once, which is not ordinary in England; also wolves, foxes, beavers, otters, martens, great wild cats, and a great beast called a molke, as big as an ox. I have seen the skins of all these beasts since I came to this Plantation, excepting lions. Also here are great store of squirrels, some greater, and some smaller and lesser; there are some of the lesser sort, they tell me, that by a certain skin will fly from tree to tree, though they stand far distant.

"Of the Waters of New England, with the Things belonging to the Same."

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The abundance of sea-fish are almost beyond believing; and sure I should scarce have believed it except I had seen it with mine own eyes. I saw great store of whales, and grampuses, and such abun-

dance of mackerels that it would astonish one to behold ; likewise codfish, abundance on the coast, and in their season are plentifully taken. There is a fish called a bass, a most sweet and wholesome fish as ever I did eat ; it is altogether as good as our fresh salmon ; and the season of their coming was begun when we came first to New-England in June, and so continued about three months' space. Of this fish our fishers take many hundreds together, which I have seen lying on the shore, to my admiration. Yea, their nets ordinarily take more than they are able to haul to land, and for want of boats and men they are constrained to let a many go after they have taken them ; and yet sometimes they fill two boats at a time with them. And besides bass, we take plenty of scate and thornback, and abundance of lobsters, and the least boy in the Plantation may both catch and eat what he will of them. For my own part, I was soon cloyed with them, they were so great, and fat, and luscious. I have seen some myself that have weighed sixteen pound ; but others have had divers times so great lobsters as have weighed twenty-five pound, as they assured me. . . .

"Of the Air of New England, with the Temper and Creatures in It."

The temper of the air of New-England is one special thing that commends this place. Experience doth manifest that there is hardly a more healthful place to be found in the world that agreeth better with our English bodies. Many that have been weak and

sickly in Old England, by coming hither have been thoroughly healed, and grown healthful and strong. For here is an extraordinary clear and dry air, that is of a most healing nature to all such as are of a cold, melancholy, phlegmatic, rheumatic temper of body. None can more truly speak hereof by their own experience than myself. My friends that knew me can well tell how very sickly I have been, and continually in physic, being much troubled with a tormenting pain through an extraordinary weakness of my stomach, and abundance of melancholic humors. But since I came hither on this voyage, I thank God I have had perfect health, and freed from pain and vomiting, having a stomach to digest the hardest and coarsest fare, who before could not eat finest meat; and whereas my stomach could only digest and did require such drink as was both strong and stale, now I can and do oftentimes drink New-England water very well. And I that have not gone without a cap for many years together, neither durst leave off the same, have now cast away my cap, and do wear none at all in the day time; and whereas beforetime I clothed myself with double clothes and thick waistcoats to keep me warm, even in the summer time, I do now go as thin clad as any, only wearing a light stuff cassock upon my shirt, and stuff breeches of one thickness without linings. Besides, I have one of my children, that was formerly most lamentably handled with sore breaking out of both his hands and feet of the king's evil; but since he came hither he is very well ever he was, and there is hope of perfect recovery shortly, even by the very wholesomeness of the air, altering, digesting, and drying up the cold and crude

humors of the body ; and therefore I think it is a wise course for all cold complexions to come to take physic in New-England ; for a sup of New-England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale.

DISCOMMODITIES.

Thus of New England's Commodities.

Now I will tell you of some discommodities, that are here to be found.

First, in the summer season, for these three months, June, July, and August, we are troubled much with little flies called mosquitoes, being the same they are troubled with in Lincolnshire and the fens ; and they are nothing but gnats, which, except they be smoked out of their houses, are troublesome in the night season.

Secondly, in the winter season, for two months' space, the earth is commonly covered with snow, which is accompanied with sharp biting frosts, something more sharp than is in Old England, and therefore are forced to make great fires.

Thirdly, this country being very full of woods and wildernesses, doth also much abound with snakes and serpents, of strange colors and huge greatness. Yea, there are some serpents, called rattlesnakes, that have rattles in their tails, that will not fly from a man as others will, but will fly upon him and sting him so mortally that he will die within a quarter of an hour after, except the party stinged have about him some of the root of an herb called snake-weed to bite on, and then he shall receive no harm. But yet seldom falls

it out that any hurt is done by these. About three years since an Indian was stung to death by one of them ; but we heard of none since that time.

Fourthly and lastly, here wants as yet the good company of honest Christians, to bring with them horses, kine and sheep, to make use of this fruitful land. Great pity it is to see so much good ground for corn and for grass as any is under the heavens, to lie altogether unoccupied, when so many honest men and their families in Old England, through the populousness thereof, do make very hard shift to live one by the other.

"Of the Present Condition of the Plantation and what it is."

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There are in all of us, both old and new planters, about three hundred, whereof two hundred of them are settled at Nehumkek, now called Salem, and the rest have planted themselves at Masathulet's Bay, beginning to build a town there, which we do call Cherton, or Charles town.

We that are settled at Salem make what haste we can to build houses, so that within a short time we shall have a fair town.

We have great ordnance wherewith we doubt not but we shall fortify ourselves in a short time to keep out a potent adversary. But that which is our greatest comfort and means of defense above all others, is that we have here the true religion and holy ordinances of Almighty God taught amongst us. Thanks be to God, we have here plenty of preaching, and diligent

catechising, with strict and careful exercise, and good and commendable orders to bring our people into a Christian conversation with whom we have to do withal. And thus we doubt not but God will be with us; and if God be with us, who can be against us?

[The end of the tract.]

JOHN WINTHROP.

JOHN WINTHROP, the most cultured and philosophic of the early New England settlers, was born of wealthy and scholarly ancestry, at Edwardston, England, in 1588, and died at Boston in 1649. He was educated at Cambridge, and proving himself exemplary for grave and Christian deportment, was made a Justice of the Peace in the year that he reached his majority. Repeated domestic bereavements deepened his naturally serious temperament, but he resisted an inclination to the ministry and gained some distinction in law. In 1618 he married his third wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Tyndall, a knight, of Great Maplestead in Essex, who shared for thirty years his arduous and eventful life. Their letters sufficiently attest the beautiful sympathy that characterized their domestic life. Eleven years later he took part in the formation of the Massachusetts Bay Company, and the next year, 1630, sailed for America as Governor of the Puritan colonists at Salem, Charlestown, and Boston. He was the completest representative of the Puritan spirit. With the exception of seven years, he governed the colony till his death, and in the intervals of administration he was always actively engaged in public affairs. The colony owed much to his wisdom and courage. Historians feel hardly less indebted to his *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*. It is unpretentious, simple, personal, not with-

out credulity often, not without a touch of humor sometimes, but its very homeliness adds to its effectiveness. He seems to bring us nearer the heart of colonial life, nearer the reality of the Puritan religion and conscience, than does any contemporary writer. To him it is a great providence when Mr. Glover's house blew up, that the children had gone out to play "though it was a very cold day." It will be a "providence," too, if ungodly men left upon an oyster bank are drowned by a rising tide, though they might have waded out had they known the way. This is characteristic of an attitude of mind much bent on justifying the ways of God to men, but when Winthrop turns to larger horizons he is dignified, impartial, and shows a philosophic grasp of affairs that could come only from a noble and trained mind that was capable of a high idealism. Politically he was a conservative. Universal suffrage and unlimited democracy did not appeal to him. The best part of a community, he wrote, was always the least, and of that best part the wiser part was always the lesser.

The book from which most of our extracts are taken had a curious history, which suggests the even more remarkable fate of Bradford's *History*. It too was in the library of Old South Church at the Revolution. Two of its volumes were found after the peace in the hands of the Connecticut Winthrops. Noah Webster edited these in 1790. The third volume lay undiscovered in the church until 1816, and while a new edition was being prepared, the second volume was burned. Of this, therefore, we have only Webster's carelessly executed edition.

A PURITAN ELECTION.

[From Winthrop's "History of New England."]

[1637. May 17.] Our court of elections was at Newtown. So soon as the court was set, being about one of the clock, a petition was preferred by those of Boston. The governor would have read it, but the deputy said it was out of order; it was a court for elections, and those must first be despatched, and then their petitions should be heard. Divers others also opposed that course, as an ill precedent, etc.; and the petition, being about pretence of liberty, etc., (though intended chiefly for revoking the sentence given against Mr. Wheelwright,) would have spent all the day in debate, etc.; but yet the governor and those of that party would not proceed to election, except the petition was read. Much time was already spent about this debate, and the people crying out for election, it was moved by the deputy, that the people should divide themselves, and the greater number must carry it. And so it was done, and the greater number by many were for election. But the governor and that side kept their place still, and would not proceed. Whereupon the deputy told him, that, if he would not go to election, he and the rest of that side would proceed. Upon that, he came from his company, and they went to election; and Mr. Winthrop was chosen governor, Mr. Dudley deputy, and Mr. Endecott of the standing council; and Mr. Israel Stoughton and Mr. Richard Saltonstall were called in to be assistants; and Mr. Vane, Mr. Cod-

dington, and Mr. Dummer, (being all of that faction,) were left quite out.

There was great danger of a tumult that day; for those of that side grew into fierce speeches, and some laid hands on others; but seeing themselves too weak, they grew quiet. They expected a great advantage that day, because the remote towns were allowed to come in by proxy; but it fell out, that there were enough beside. But if it had been otherwise, they must have put in their deputies, as other towns had done, for all matters beside elections. Boston, having deferred to choose deputies till the election was passed, went home that night, and the next morning they sent Mr. Vane, the late governor, and Mr. Coddington, and Mr. Hoffe, for their deputies; but the court, being grieved at it, found a means to send them home again, for that two of the freemen of Boston had no notice of the election. So they went all home, and the next morning they returned the same gentlemen again upon a new choice; and the court not finding how they might reject them, they were admitted. . . .

A CRUEL SCHOOL-MASTER OF 1639.

[From the Same.]

At the general court at Boston, one Mr. Nathaniel Eaton, brother to the merchant at Quilipiack, was convented and censured. The occasion was this: He was a school-master, and had many scholars, the sons of gentlemen and others of best note in the coun-

try, and had entertained one Nathaniel Briscoe, a gentleman born, to be his usher, and to do some other things for him, which might not be unfit for a scholar. He had not been with him above three days but he fell out with him for a very small occasion, and, with reproachful terms, discharged him, and turned him out of his doors; but, it being then about eight of the clock after the Sabbath, he told him he should stay till next morning, and, some words growing between them, he struck him and pulled him into his house. Briscoe defended himself, and closed with him, and, being parted, he came in and went up to his chamber to lodge there. Mr. Eaton sent for the constable, who advised him first to admonish him, etc., and if he could not, by the power of a master, reform him, then he should complain to the magistrate. But he caused his man to fetch him a cudgel, which was a walnut tree plant, big enough to have killed a horse, and a yard in length, and, taking his two men with him, he went up to Briscoe, and caused his men to hold him till he had given him two hundred stripes about the head and shoulders, etc., and so kept him under blows (with some two or three short intermissions) about the space of two hours, about which time Mr. Shepherd and some others of the town came in at the outcry, and so he gave over. In this distress Briscoe gate out his knife, and struck at the man that held him, but hurt him not. He also fell to prayer (supposing he should have been murdered), and then Mr. Eaton beat him for taking the name of God in vain.

After this Mr. Eaton and Mr. Shepherd (who knew not then of these passages) came to the gov-

ernor and some other of the magistrates, complaining of Briscoe for his insolent speeches, and for crying out murder and drawing his knife, and desired that he might be enjoined to a public acknowledgment, etc. The magistrates answered, that they must first hear him speak, and then they would do as they should see cause.

Mr. Eaton was displeased at this, and went away discontented, etc., and, being after called into the court to make answer to the information, which had been given by some who knew the truth of the case, and also to answer for his neglect and cruelty, and other ill usage towards his scholars, one of the elders (not suspecting such miscarriages by him) came to the governor, and showed himself much grieved, that he should be publicly produced, alleging, that it would derogate from his authority and reverence among his scholars, etc. But the cause went on notwithstanding, and he was called, and these things laid to his charge in the open court. His answers were full of pride and disdain, telling the magistrates, that they should not need to do any thing herein, for he was intended to leave his employment. And being asked, why he used such cruelty to Briscoe his usher, and to other his scholars (for it was testified by another of his ushers and divers of his scholars, that he would give them between twenty and thirty stripes at a time, and would not leave till they had confessed what he required), his answer was, that he had this rule, that he would not give over correcting till he had subdued the party to his will.

Being also questioned about the ill and scant diet of his boarders (for, though their friends gave large

allowance, yet their diet was ordinarily nothing but porridge and pudding, and that very homely), he put it off to his wife. So the court dismissed him at present, and commanded him to attend again the next day, when, being called, he was commanded to the lower end of the table (where all offenders do usually stand), and, being openly convict of all the former offences, by the oaths of four or five witnesses, he yet continued to justify himself; so, it being near night, he was committed to the marshal till the next day. When the court was set in the morning, many of the elders came into the court (it being then private for matter of consultation,) and declared how, the evening before, they had taken pains with him, to convince him of his faults; yet, for divers hours, he had still stood to his justification; but, in the end, he was convinced, and had freely and fully acknowledged his sin, and that with tears; so as they did hope he had truly repented, and therefore desired of the court that he might be pardoned, and continued in his employment, alleging such further reasons as they thought fit.

After the elders were departed, the court consulted about it, and sent for him, and there, in the open court, before a great assembly, he made a very solid, wise, eloquent, and serious (seeming) confession, condemning himself in all the particulars, etc. Whereupon, being put aside, the court consulted privately about his sentence, and, though many were taken with his confession, and none but had a charitable opinion of it; yet, because of the scandal of religion, and offence which would be given to such as might intend to send their children hither, they all agreed to censure him, and put him from that employment.

So, being called in, the governor, after a short preface, etc., declared the sentence of the court to this effect, viz., that he should give Briscoe £30, be fined 100 marks, and debarred teaching of children within our jurisdiction. A pause being made, and expectation that (according to his former confession) he would have given glory to God, and acknowleged the justice and clemency of the court, the governor giving him occasion, by asking him if he had aught to say, he turned away with a discontented look, saying, "If sentence be passed, then it is to no end to speak." Yet the court remitted his fine to £20, and willed Briscoe to take but £20.

The church at Cambridge, taking notice of these proceedings, intended to deal with him. The pastor moved the governor, if they might, without offence to the court, examine other witnesses. His answer was, that the court would leave them to their own liberty; but he saw not to what end they should do it, seeing there had been five already upon oath, and those whom they should examine should speak without oath, and it was an ordinance of God, that by the mouths of two or three witnesses every matter should be established. But he soon discovered himself; for, ere the church could come to deal with him, he fled to Pascataquack, and, being pursued and apprehended by the governor there, he again acknowledged his great sin in flying, etc., and promised (as he was a Christian man) he would return with the messengers. But, because his things he carried with him were aboard a bark there, bound to Virginia, he desired leave to go fetch them, which they assented unto, and went with him (three of them) aboard

with him. So he took his truss and came away with them in the boat; but, being come to the shore, and two of them going out of the boat, he caused the boatmen to put off the boat, and because the third man would not go out, he turned him into the water, where he had been drowned, if he had not saved himself by swimming. So he returned to the bark, and presently they set sail and went out of the harbor.

Being thus gone, his creditors began to complain; and thereupon it was found, that he was run in debt about £1000, and had taken up most of this money upon bills he had charged into England upon his brother's agents, and others whom he had no such relation to. So his estate was seized, and put into commissioners' hands, to be divided among his creditors, allowing somewhat for the present maintenance of his wife and children. And, being thus gone, the church proceeded and cast him out. He had been sometimes initiated among the Jesuits, and, coming into England, his friends drew him from them, but, it was very probable, he now intended to return to them again, being at this time about thirty years of age, and upwards.

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1640.] Mr. Nathaniel Eaton, of whom mention is made before, being come to Virginia, took upon him to be a minister, but was given up of God to extreme pride and sensuality, being usually drunken, as the custom is there. He sent for his wife and children. Her friends here persuaded her to stay awhile, but she went notwithstanding, and the vessel was never heard of after.

ITEMS FROM WINTHROP'S HISTORY.

1631. JUNE 14.] At this court one Philip Ratcliff, a servant of Mr. Cradock, being convict, *ore tenus*, of most foul, scandalous invectives against our churches and government, was censured to be whipped, lose his ears, and be banished from the plantation, which was presently executed.

1632.] At Watertown there was (in the view of divers witnesses) a great combat between a mouse and a snake; and after a long fight, the mouse prevailed and killed the snake. The pastor of Boston, Mr. Wilson, a very sincere, holy man, hearing of it, gave this interpretation: That the snake was the devil; the mouse was a poor contemptible people, which God had brought hither, which should overcome Satan here, and dispossess him of his Kingdom.

1633.] Two little girls of the governor's family were sitting under a great heap of logs, plucking of birds, and the wind driving the feathers into the house, the governor's wife caused them to remove away. They were no sooner gone, but the whole heap of logs fell down in the place, and had crushed them to death, if the Lord, in his special providence, had not delivered them.

Aug. 6.] Two men servants to one Moodye, of Roxbury, returning in a boat from the windmill, struck upon the oyster bank. They went out to gather oysters, and not making fast their boat, when the flood came, it floated away, and they were both drowned, although they might have waded out on either side; but it was an evident judgment of God upon them, for they were wicked persons. . . .

1634.] One Abigail Gifford, widow, being kept at the charge of the parish of Wilsden in Middlesex, near London, was sent by Mr. Bull's ship into this country, and being found to be sometimes distracted, and a very burdensome woman, the governor and assistants returned her back by warrant, 18, to the same parish, in the ship Rebecca.

1639.] There happened a memorable thing at Plymouth about this time. One Keysar, of Lynn, being at Plymouth in his boat, and one Dickerson with him, a professor, but a notorious thief, was coming out of the harbor with the ebb, and the wind southerly, a fresh gale; yet, with all their skill and labor, they could not in three hours, get the boat above one league, so as they were forced to come to an anchor, and, at the flood, to go back to the town, and, as soon as they were come in, the said Dickerson was arrested upon suspicion of a gold ring and some other pieces of gold, which, upon search, were found about him, and he was then whipped for it, . . . These and many other examples of discovering hypocrites and other lewd persons, and bringing them under their deserved punishments, do (among other things) show the presence of power of God in his ordinances, and his blessing upon his people while they endeavor to walk before him with uprightness.

1640.] At the court of assistants, one Hugh Bewett was banished for holding publicly and maintaining that he was free from original sin and from actual also for half a year before, and that all true christians after . . . are enabled to live without committing actual sin.

1640.] About this time there fell out a thing

worthy of observation. Mr. Winthrop the younger, one of the magistrates, having many books in a chamber where there was corn of divers sorts, had among them one wherein the Greek Testament, the Psalms, and the Common Prayer were bound together. He found the Common Prayer eaten with mice, every leaf of it, and not any of the two other touched, nor any other of his books, though there were above a thousand.

1641.] A young man, a tanner in Boston, going to wash himself in a creek, said, jestingly, I will go and drown myself now, which fell out accordingly; for by the slipperiness of the earth, he was carried beyond his depth, and having no skill to swim, was drowned, though company were at hand, and one in the water with him.

1642.] Nine bachelors commenced at Cambridge; they were young men of good hope, and performed their acts, so as gave good proof of their proficiency in the tongues and arts. The General Court had settled a government or superintendency over the college, viz. all the magistrates and elders over the six nearest churches and the president, or the greatest part of these. Most of them were now present at this first commencement, and dined at the college with the scholars' ordinary commons, which was done of purpose for the students' encouragement, etc., and it gave good content to all.

1645.] Mr. Hopkins, the governor of Hartford upon Connecticut, came to Boston, and brought his wife with him (a godly young woman, and of special parts), who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been

growing upon her divers years, by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books. Her husband, being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her; but he saw his error, when it was too late. For if she had attended her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her. He brought her to Boston, and left her with her brother, one Mr. Yale, a merchant, to try what means might be had here for her. But no help could be had.

1645.] At Ipswich there was a calf brought forth with one head and three mouths, three noses, and six eyes. What these prodigies portended the Lord only knows, which in his due time he will manifest.

1646.] Mention was made before of some beginning to instruct the Indians, etc. Mr. John Eliot, teacher of the church of Roxbury, found such encouragement, as he took great pains to get their language, and in a few months could speak of the things of God to their understanding; and God prospered his endeavors, so as he kept a constant lecture to them in two places, one week at the wigwam of one Wabon, a new sachem near Watertown mill, and the other the next week in the wigwam of Cutshamekin near Dorchester mill. And for the furtherance of the work of God, divers of the English resorted to his lecture, and the governor and other of the magistrates and elders sometimes; and the Indians began to repair thither from other parts.

His manner of proceeding was thus: he would persuade one of the other elders or some magistrate to begin the exercise with prayer in English; then he took a text, and read it first in the Indian language, and after in English; then he preached to them in Indian about an hour (but first I should have spoke of the catechising their children, who were soon brought to answer him some short questions, whereupon he gave each of them an apple or a cake); then he demanded of some of the chiefs, if they understood him; if they answered, yea, then he asked of them if they had any questions to propound. And they had usually two or three or more questions, which he did resolve.

At one time (when the governor was there and about two hundred people, Indian and English, in one wigwam of Cutshamekin's) an old man asked him, if God would receive such an old man as he was; to whom he answered by opening the parable of the workmen that were hired into the vineyard; and when he had opened it, he asked the old man, if he did believe it, who answered he did, and was ready to weep. . . .

The Indians were usually very attentive, and kept their children so quiet as caused no disturbance. Some of them began to be seriously affected, and to understand the things of God, and they were generally ready to reform whatsoever they were told to be against the word of God, as their sorcery (which they call powwowing), their whoredoms, etc., idleness, etc. The Indians grew very inquisitive after knowledge both in things divine and also human, so as one of them, meeting with an honest plain Englishman,

would needs know of him, what were the first beginnings (which we call principles) of a commonwealth. The Englishman, being far short in the knowledge of such matters, yet ashamed that an Indian should find an Englishman ignorant of any thing, bethought himself what answer to give him, at last resolved upon this, viz., that the first principle of a commonwealth was salt, for (saith he) by means of salt we can keep our flesh and fish, to have it ready when we need it, whereas you lose much for want of it, and are sometimes ready to starve. A second principle is iron, for thereby we fell trees, build houses, till our land, etc. A third is, ships, by which we carry forth such commodities as we have to spare, and fetch in such as we need, as cloth, wine, etc. Alas! (saith the Indian) then I fear, we shall never be a commonwealth, for we can neither make salt, nor iron, nor ships.

1648.] . . . God will be sanctified in them that come near him. Two others were the children of one of the church of Boston. While their parents were at the lecture, the boy (being about seven years of age), having a small staff in his hand, ran down upon the ice towards a boat he saw, and the ice breaking, he fell in, but his staff kept him up, till his sister, about fourteen years old, ran down to save her brother (though there were four men at hand, and called to her not to go, being themselves hasting to save him) and so drowned herself and him also, being past recovery ere the men could come at them, and could easily reach ground with their feet. The parents had no more sons, and confessed they had been too indulgent towards him, and had set their hearts overmuch upon him.

This puts me in mind of another child very strangely drowned a little before winter. The parents were also members of the church of Boston. The father had undertaken to maintain the mill-dam, and being at work upon it (with some help he had hired), in the afternoon of the last day of the week, night came upon them before they had finished what they intended, and his conscience began to put him in mind of the Lord's day, and he was troubled, yet went on and wrought an hour within night. The next day, after evening exercise, and after they had supped, the mother put two children to bed in the room where themselves did lie, and they went out to visit a neighbor. When they returned, they continued about an hour in the room, and missed not the child, but then the mother going to the bed, and not finding her youngest child (a daughter about five years of age), after much search she found it drowned in a well in her cellar; which was very observable, as by a special hand of God, that the child should go out of that room into another in the dark, and then fall down at a trap-door, or go down the stairs, and so into the well in the farther end of the cellar, the top of the well and the water being even with the ground. But the father, freely in the open congregation, did acknowledge it the righteous hand of God for his profaning his holy day against the checks of his own conscience.

WINTHROP ON LIBERTY.

[From the Same.]

1645.] The court of elections was held at Boston. Mr. Thomas Dudley was chosen governor, Mr. Winthrop, deputy governor again, and Mr. Endecott, serjeant major general. Mr. Israel Stoughton, having been in England the year before, and now gone again about his private occasions, was by vote left out, and Herbert Pelham, Esquire, chosen an assistant.

This court fell out a troublesome business, which took up much time. The town of Hingham, having one Emes their lieutenant seven or eight years, had lately chosen him to be their captain, and had presented him to the standing council for allowance ; but, before it was accomplished, the greater part of the town took some light occasion of offence against him, and chose one Allen to be their captain, and presented him to the magistrates (in the time of the last general court) to be allowed. But the magistrates, considering the injury that would hereby accrue to Emes (who had been their chief commander so many years, and had deserved well in his place, and that Allen had no other skill but what he learned from Emes), refused to allow of Allen, but willed both sides to return home, and every officer to keep his place until the court should take further order. Upon their return home, the messengers, who came for Allen, called a private meeting of those of their own party, and told them truly what answer they received from the magistrates, and soon after they appointed a training day

(without their lieutenant's knowledge), and, being assembled, the lieutenant hearing of it came to them, and would have exercised them, as he was wont to do, but those of the other party refused to follow him, except he would show them some order for it. He told them of the magistrates' order about it; the others replied that authority had advised him to go home and lay down his place honorably. Another asked what the magistrates had to do with them. Another, that it was but three or four of the magistrates, and, if they had been all there, it had been nothing, for Mr. Allen had brought more for them from the deputies than the lieutenant had from the magistrates. Another of them professeth he will die at the sword's point if he might not have the choice of his own officers. Another (viz., the clerk of the band) stands up above the people, and requires them to vote whether they would bear them out in what was past and what was to come. This being assented unto, and the tumult continuing, one of the officers (he who had told them that authority had advised the lieutenant to go home and lay down his place) required Allen to take the captain's place; but, he not then accepting it, they put it to the vote whether he should be their captain. The vote passing for it, he then told the company it was now past question; and thereupon Allen accepted it, and exercised the company two or three days, only about a third part of them followed the lieutenant. He, having denied in the open field that authority had advised him to lay down his place, and putting (in some sort) the lie upon those who had so reported, was the next Lord's day called to answer it before the church; and, he standing to main-

tain what he had said, five witnesses were produced to convince him. Some of them affirmed the words, the others explained their meaning to be that one magistrate had so advised him. He denied both. Whereupon the pastor, one Mr. Hubbert (brother to three of the principal in this sedition), was very forward to have excommunicated the lieutenant presently; but, upon some opposition, it was put off to the next day. Thereupon the lieutenant and some three or four more of the chief men of the town inform four of the next magistrates of these proceedings, who forthwith met at Boston about it (viz., the deputy governor, the serjeant major general, the secretary, and Mr. Hibbins). These, considering the case, sent warrant to the constable to attach some of the principal offenders (viz., three of the Hubbards and two more) to appear before them at Boston, to find sureties for their appearance at the next court, etc. Upon the day they came to Boston; but their said brother the minister came before them, and fell to expostulate with the said magistrates about the said cause, complaining against the complainants, as talebearers, etc., taking it very disdainfully that his brethren should be sent for by a constable, with other high speeches, which were so provoking, as some of the magistrates told him, that, were it not for respect to his ministry, they would commit him. When his brethren and the rest were come in, the matters of the information were laid to their charge, which they denied for the most part. So they were bound over (each for other) to the next court of assistants. After this five others were sent for by summons (these were only for speaking untruths of the magistrates in the church). They came before

the deputy governor, when he was alone, and demanded the cause of their sending for, and to know their accusers. The deputy told them so much of the cause as he could remember, and referred them to the secretary for a copy, and for their accusers he told them they knew both the men and the matter, neither was a judge bound to let a criminal offender know his accusers before the day of trial, but only in his own discretion, least the accuser might be taken off or perverted, etc. Being required to give bond for their appearance, etc., they refused. The deputy labored to let them see their error, and gave them time to consider of it. About fourteen days after, seeing two of them in the court (which was kept by those four magistrates for smaller causes), the deputy required them again to enter bond for their appearance, etc., and upon their second refusal committed them in that open court.

The general court falling out before the court of assistants, the Hubberts and the two which were committed, and others of Hingham, about ninety (whereof Mr. Hubbert their minister was the first), presented a petition to the general court. . . .

The day appointed being come, the court assembled in the meeting house at Boston. Divers of the elders were present, and a great assembly of people. The deputy governor, coming in with the rest of the magistrates, placed himself beneath within the bar, and so sat uncovered. Some question was in the court about his being in that place (for many both of the court and the assembly were grieved at it). But the deputy telling them that, being criminally accused, he might not sit as a judge in that cause, and, if he were

upon the bench, it would be a great disadvantage to him, for he could not take that liberty to plead the cause, which he ought to be allowed at the bar, upon this the court was satisfied.

The petitioners having declared their grievances, etc., the deputy craved leave to make answer. . . .

Hereupon the court proceeded to examine the whole cause. The deputy justified all the particulars laid to his charge, as that upon credible information of such a mutinous practice, and open disturbance of the peace, and slighting of authority, the offenders were sent for, the principal by warrant to the constable to bring them, and others by summons, and that some were bound over to the next court of assistants, and others that refused to be bound were committed; and all this according to the equity of laws here established, and the custom and laws of England, and our constant practice here these fifteen years. And for some speeches he was charged with as spoken to the delinquents, when they came before him at his house, when none were present with him but themselves, first he appealed to the judgment of the court, whether delinquents may be received as competent witnesses against a magistrate in such a case; then, for the words themselves, some he justified, some he explained so as no advantage could be taken of them, as that he should say that the magistrates could try some criminal causes without a jury, that he knew no law of God or man which required a judge to make known to the party his accusers (or rather witnesses) before the cause came to hearing. But two of them charged him to have said that it was against the law of God and man so to do, which had

been absurd; for the deputy professed he knew no law against it, only a judge may sometimes, in discretion, conceal their names, etc., least they should be tampered with or conveyed out of the way, etc.

Two of the magistrates and many of the deputies were of opinion that the magistrates exercised too much power, and that the people's liberty was thereby in danger; and other of the deputies (being about half) and all the rest of the magistrates were of a different judgment, and that authority was overmuch slighted, which, if not timely remedied, would endanger the commonwealth, and bring us to a mere democracy. By occasion of this difference, there was not so orderly carriage at the hearing as was meet, each side striving unseasonably to enforce the evidence, and declaring their judgments thereupon, which should have been reserved to a more private debate (as after it was), so as the best part of two days was spent in this public agitation and examination of witnesses, etc. This being ended, a committee was chosen of magistrates and deputies who stated the case, as it appeared upon the whole pleading and evidence, though it cost much time, and with great difficulty did the committee come to accord upon it. . . .

The deputies finding themselves now at the wall, and not daring to trust the elders with the cause, they sent to desire that six of themselves might come and confer with the magistrates, which being granted, they came, and at last came to this agreement; viz., the chief petitioners and the rest of the offenders were severally fined (all their fines not amounting to 50 pounds), the rest of the petitioners to bear equal share to 50 pounds more towards the charges of the court

(two of the principal offenders were the deputies of the town, Joshua Hubbert and Bozone Allen, the first was fined 20 pounds, and the other 5 pounds), lieutenant Emes to be under admonition, the deputy governor to be legally and publicly acquit of all that was laid to his charge.

According to this agreement, presently after the lecture the magistrates and deputies took their places in the meeting house, and the people being come together, and the deputy governor placing himself within the bar, as at the time of the hearing, etc., the governor read the sentence of the court, without speaking any more, for the deputies had (by importunity) obtained a promise of silence from the magistrates. Then was the deputy governor desired by the court to go up and take his place again upon the bench, which he did accordingly, and, the court being about to arise, he desired leave for a little speech, which was to this effect: —

I suppose something may be expected from me upon this charge that is befallen me, which moves me to speak now to you; yet I intend not to intermeddle in the proceedings of the court, or with any of the persons concerned therein. Only I bless God that I see an issue of this troublesome business. I also acknowledge the justice of the court, and, for mine own part, I am well satisfied, I was publicly charged, and I am publicly and legally acquitted, which is all I did expect or desire. And though this be sufficient for my justification before men, yet not so before the God who hath seen so much amiss in my dispensations (and even in this affair) as calls me to be hum-

ble. For to be publicly and criminally charged in this court is matter of humiliation (and I desire to make a right use of it), notwithstanding I be thus acquitted. If her father had spit in her face (saith the Lord concerning Miriam), should she not have been ashamed seven days? Shame had lien upon her, whatever the occasion had been. I am unwilling to stay you from your urgent affairs, yet give me leave (upon this special occasion) to speak a little more to this assembly. It may be of some good use to inform and rectify the judgments of some of the people, and may prevent such distempers as have arisen amongst us. The great questions that have troubled the country are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and, being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider that, when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore, when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others. We account him a good servant who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according to our

best skill. When you agree with a workman to build you a ship or house, etc., he undertakes as well for his skill as for his faithfulness; for it is his profession, and you pay him for both. But, when you call one to be a magistrate, he doth not profess nor undertake to have sufficient skill for that office, nor can you furnish him with gifts, etc., therefore you must run the hazard of his skill and ability. But if he fail in faithfulness, which by his oath he is bound unto, that he must answer for. If it fall out that the case be clear to common apprehension, and the rule clear also, if he transgress here, the error is not in the skill, but in the evil of the will: it must be required of him. But if the case be doubtful, or the rule doubtful, to men of such understanding and parts as your magistrates are, if your magistrates should err here, yourselves must bear it.

For the other point concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists: it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: *omnes sumus licentia deteriores*. This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal; it may

also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. The woman's own choice makes such a man her husband; yet, being so chosen, he is her lord, and she is to be subject to him, yet in a way of liberty, not of bondage; and a true wife accounts her subjection her honor and freedom, and would not think her condition safe and free but in her subjection to her husband's authority. Such is the liberty of the church under the authority of Christ, her king and husband; his yoke is so easy and sweet to her as a bride's ornaments; and if through frowardness or wantonness, etc., she shake it off, at any time, she is at no rest in her spirit until she take it up again; and whether her lord smiles upon her, and embraceth her in his arms, or whether he frowns, or rebukes, or smites her, she apprehends the sweetness of his love in all, and is refreshed, supported, and instructed by every such dispensation of his authority over her. On the other side, ye know who they are that complain of this yoke and say, let us break their bands, etc., we will not have this man to rule over us. Even so, brethren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your

natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur, and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing (by God's assistance) to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved, in upholding the honor and power of authority amongst you.

The deputy governor having ended his speech, the court arose, and the magistrates and deputies retired to attend their other affairs.

LETTERS TO AND FROM WINTHROP AND HIS WIFE.

A Letter written by John Winthrop to his Third Wife, Margaret, April 3, 1630.

My love, my joy, my faithful one, I suppose thou didst not expect to have any more letters from me till the return of our ships; but so is the good pleasure of God, that the wind should not serve yet to carry us hence. He will do all things in his own time, and that shall be for the best in the end. We acknowledge it a great mercy to us, that we went not out to sea on Monday, when the wind was fair for

one day ; for we had been exposed, ever since, to sore tempests and contrary winds. I praise God, we are all in good health, and want nothing. For myself, I was never at more liberty of body and mind these many years. The Lord make me thankful and wise to improve his blessings for the furtherance of his own work. I desire to resign myself wholly to his gracious disposing. Oh that I had an heart so to do, and to trust perfectly in him for his assistance in all our ways. We find him still going along with us. He hath brought in the heart of the master of our ship to afford us all good respect, and to join with us in every good action. Yesterday he caused his seamen to keep a fast with us, wherein the Lord assisted us and our minister very comfortably ; and when five of the clock came, I had respite to remember thee (it being Friday), and to parley with thee, and to meet thee in spirit before the Lord. . . .

I am uncertain whether I shall have opportunity to send these to thee ; for, if the wind turn, we shall soon be gone. Therefore I will not write much. I know it will be sufficient for thy present comfort, to hear of our welfare ; and this is the third letter I have written to thee, since I came to Hampton, in requital of those two I received from thee, which I do often read with much delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading, nor can read them without tears ; but whether they proceed from joy, sorrow, or desire, or from that consent of affection which I always hold with thee, I cannot conceive. Ah, my dear heart, I ever held thee in high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved ; but (if it be possible) I shall

yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and long more to enjoy thy sweet society than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this desire. Let us pray hard, and pray in faith, and our God, in his good time, will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loath am I to bid thee farewell! but, since it must be, farewell, my sweet love, farewell. Farewell, my dear children and family. The Lord bless you all, and grant me to see your faces once again. Come (my dear), take him and let him rest in thine arms, who will ever remain,

Thy faithful husband

Jo. WINTHROP.

Commend my love to all our friends at Castleins, Mr. Leigh and his wife, my neighbor Cole and his wife, and all the rest of our good friends and neighbors, and our good friends at Maplested, when you see them, and those our worthy and kind friends at Assington, etc. My brother Arthur hath carried himself very soberly since he came on shipboard, and so hath Mr. Brand's son, and my cousin Ro. Sampson. I hope their friends shall hear well of them.

From aboard the *Arbella*, riding before Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, April 3, 1630.

To my very loving Wife, MRS. WINTHROP, *the elder, at Groton, in Suffolk, d^d.*

Mrs. Winthrop to her Husband.

Dear in my thoughts, I blush to think how much I have neglected the opportunity of presenting my love to you. Sad thoughts possess my spirits, and I cannot repulse them ; which makes me unfit for any thing, wondering what the Lord means by all these troubles among us. Sure I am, that all shall work to the best to them that love God, or rather are loved of him. I know he will bring light out of obscurity, and make his righteousness shine forth as clear as the noonday. Yet I find in myself an adverse spirit, and a trembling heart, not co-willing to submit to the will of God as I desire. There is a time to plant, and a time to pull up that which is planted, which I could desire might not be yet. But the Lord knoweth what is best, and his will be done. But I will write no more. Hoping to see thee to-morrow, my best affections being commended to yourself, the rest of our friends at Newton, I commend thee to God.

Your loving wife,

Margaret Winthrop.

Sad Boston, 1637.
To her honored Husband, these be delivered.

THE BAY PSALM BOOK.

THE *Bay Psalm Book* has the distinction of being the first *book* published in British America. It was the joint product of Richard Mather, founder of that distinguished family of New England divines, Thomas Welde and John Eliot, the missionary to the Indians. It was printed by Stephen Daye at Cambridge in 1640, was amended in 1650, and remained in general use for many years among the New England clergy. The question as to whether it was right to sing to the Lord with a cheerful voice or any other continued to be a subject of bitter controversy, in which John Cotton took the more liberal side. Although modern hymnbooks contain verses hardly less painful to the cultivated ear, it is hard to realize how such a crude performance could have ministered to edification, for it outdid Sternhold and Hopkins in harsh crudity of style, metre and rhythm. Yet it was the product of university men. Mather had been a student at Oxford; John Eliot was a graduate of Cambridge. They must have served their apprenticeship at Latin verse-making, and it is incredible that they should not have been able to write better English verse had they so desired. But they were determined that the Lord's praises should be sung according to his own will, and with their ideas of literal Biblical inspiration, they were willing to sacrifice every element of poetry to what they imagined was faithfulness to

Hebrew originals. They tell us in their preface that they "attempted conscience rather than elegance, fidelity rather than poetry." That they thought these qualities contradictory illustrates the fatal flaw in Puritan æsthetics. How numbing this moral discipline had been to the harmonies and amenities of life may be judged from the fact that few congregations knew more than five tunes, and but ten are known to have been used for the first half-century of the *Bay Psalm Book's* existence.

[From the Preface.]

If therefore the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect; let them consider that God's Altar needs not our polishings: Ex. 20. for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and so have attended conscience rather than elegance, fidelity rather than poetry, in translating the Hebrew words into English language, and David's poetry into English metre; that so we may sing in Sion the Lord's songs of praise according to his own will; until he take us from hence, and wipe away all our tears, and bid us enter into our master's joy to sing eternal Halleluiahs.

PSALM XXIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

THE earth Iehovah's is,
and the fulness of it:
the habitable world, and they
that there upon do sit.
2 Because upon the seas,
he hath it firmly laid:
and it upon the water-floods
most solidly hath staid.
3 The mountain of the Lord,
who shall thereto ascend?
and in his place of holiness
who is it that shall stand?
4 The clean in hands, and pure
in heart; to vanity
who hath not lifted up his soul,
nor sworn deceitfully.
5 From God he shall receive
a benediction,
and righteousness from the strong-God
of his salvation.
6 This is the progeny
of them that seek thy face:
of them that do inquire for him:
of Iacob 'tis the race. Selah.
7 Ye gates lift-up your heads,
and doors everlasting,
be ye lift up: and there into
shall come the glorious-King.

8 Who is this glorious-King?
Iehovah, puissant,
and valiant, Iehovah is
in battle valiant.
9 Ye gates lift-up your heads,
and doors everlasting,
do ye lift-up: and there into
shall come the glorious-King.
10 Who is this glorious-King?
lo, it is Iehovah
of warlike armies, he the King
of glory is; Selah.

PSALM XXIX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

Unto the Lord do ye ascribe
(o Sonnes of the mighty)
unto the Lord do ye ascribe
glory and potency.
2 Unto the Lord do ye ascribe
his name's glorious renown,
in beauty of his holiness
unto the Lord bow down.
3 The mighty voice of Iehovah
upon the waters is:
the God of glory thundereth,
God on great waters is.
4 Iehovah's voice is powerful,
God's voice is glorious,
5 God's voice breaks cedars: yea God breaks
cedars of Lebanus.

6 He makes them like a calf to skip :
the mountain Lebanon,
and like to a young Unicorn
the hill of Syrion.
7 God's voice divides the flames of fire.
8 Iehovah's voice doth make
the desert shake : the Lord doth cause
the Cadesh-desert shake.
9 The Lord's voice makes the hinds to calve,
and makes the forest bare :
and in his temple every one
his glory doth declare.
10 The Lord sate on the floods : the Lord
for ever sits as King.
11 God to his folk gives strength : the Lord
his folk with peace blessing.

PSALM LXIII.

A Psalm of David, when he was in the wilderness of Judah.

O God, thou art my God, early
I will for thee inquire :
my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh
for thee hath strong desire,
In land whereas no water is
that thirsty is and dry.
2 To see, as I saw in thine house
thy strength and thy glory.
3 Because thy loving kindness doth
abundantly excel
ev'n life itself : wherefore my lips
forth shall thy praises tell

4 Thus will I blessing give to thee
whilst that alive am I:
and in thy name I will lift up
these hands of mine on high.
5 My soul as with marrow and fat
shall satisfied be:
my mouth also with joyful lips
shall praise give unto thee.
6 When as that I remembrance have
of thee my bed upon,
and on thee in the night watches
have meditation.
7 Because that thou hast been to me
he that to me help brings;
therefore will I sing joyfully
in shadow of thy wings.
8 My soul out of an ardent love
doth follow after thee:
also thy right hand it is that
which hath upholden me.
9 But as for those that seek my soul
to bring it to an end,
they shall into the lower parts
of the earth down descend.
10 By the hand of the sword also
they shall be made to fall:
and they be for a portion
unto the foxes shall.
11 But the King shall rejoice in God,
all that by him do swear
shall glory, but stopped shall be
their mouths that liars are.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 The rivers on of Babilon,
there where we did sit down,
Yea even then we mourned when
we remembered Sion.
2 Our harp we did hang it amid,
Upon the willow tree,
3 Because there they that us away
led in captivity
Requir'd of us a song, and thus
ask't mirth us waste who laid,
Sing us among a Sion's song,
unto us then they said.
4 The Lord's song sing can we? being
in stranger's land, then let
5 lose her skill my right hand if I
Jerusalem forget.
6 Let cleave my tongue my palate on
if mind thee do not I,
if chief joys o'er I prize not more
Jerusalem my joy.
7 Remember Lord, Edom's sons' word,
unto the ground said they,
it raze, it raze, when as it was
Jerusalem her day.
8 Blest shall he be that payeth thee
daughter of Babilon,
who must be waste, that which thou hast
rewarded us upon.
9 O happy he shall surely be
that taketh up, that eke
thy little ones against the stones
doth into pieces break.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

JOHN UNDERHILL, one of the annalists of the Pequot War, was born in Warwickshire, England, it is not known when, and died at Oyster Bay, Long Island, about 1672. He had served in the Netherlands and at Cadiz before his advent in New England with John Winthrop. He soon took a prominent place in the Puritan colony and was representative in the Assembly. Appointed by Sir Henry Vane to be Commander of the Colony's troops, he conducted their operations so efficiently as utterly to break the power of the Pequot Indians in the campaign described with much verve in his brief *News from America* (1638). His companion in this undertaking was Captain John Mason, who will speak for himself presently. His religious opinions and private morals were less acceptable to the colony than his soldierly qualities. He was banished from Boston, and went to England, where we find him in 1641 governor of Exeter and Dover. He returned, however, to America, settling first in Stamford, Conn., then in Flushing, L.I., having in the meantime held an important command in the hostilities carried on by the Colonies against the Indians and Dutch. He was prominent in public affairs until his death. His destruction of the Pequots was so warmly appreciated by the rival Mantinenoc Indians, that they presented him with 150 acres of

land, still held by his descendants. Underhill is most remarkable for his skill in discerning special providences, and in laying to his soul the flattering unction of godliness, while abetting cruel barbarities.

HOW UNDERHILL ESCAPED DEATH AT BLOCK ISLAND.

[From "News from America or a Late Experimental Discovery of New-England," 1638.]

Drawing near to the place of landing, the number that rose from behind the barricado were between fifty or sixty able fighting men — men as straight as arrows, very tall, and of active bodies — having their arrows notched. They drew near to the water-side, and let fly at the soldiers, as though they had meant to have made an end of us all in a moment. They shot a young gentleman in the neck through a collar for stiffness as if it had been an oaken board, and entered his flesh a good depth. Myself received an arrow through my coat-sleeve, a second against my helmet on the forehead; so as if God in his providence had not moved the heart of my wife to persuade me to carry it along with me, (which I was unwilling to do,) I had been slain. Give me leave to observe two things from hence: first, when the hour of death is not yet come, you see God useth weak means to keep his purpose unviolated; secondly, let no man despise advice and counsel of his wife, though she be a woman. It were strange to nature to think a man should be bound to fulfil the humor of a woman, what arms he should

carry ; but you see God will have it so, that a woman should overcome a man. What with Delilah's flattery, and with her mournful tears, they must and will have their desire, when the hand of God goes along in the matter ; and this is to accomplish his own will. Therefore let the clamor be quenched I daily hear in my ears, that New-England men usurp over their wives, and keep them in servile subjection. The country is wronged in this matter, as in many things else. Let this precedent satisfy the doubtful, for that comes from the example of a rude soldier. If they be so courteous to their wives, as to take their advice in warlike matters, how much more kind is the tender, affectionate husband to honor his wife as the weaker vessel ! Yet mistake not. I say not that they are bound to call their wives in council, though they are bound to take their private advice (so far as they see it make for their advantage and their good). Instance Abraham. But to the matter : The arrows flying thick about us, we made haste to the shore ; but the surf of the sea being great, hindered us, so as we could scarce discharge a musket, but were forced to make haste to land. Drawing near the shore through the strength of wind, and the hollowness of the sea, we durst not adventure to run ashore, but were forced to wade up to the middle ; but once having got up off our legs, we gave fire upon them. They finding our bullets to outreach their arrows, they fled before us. In the meanwhile Colonel Hindecot made to the shore, and some of this number also repulsed him at his landing, but hurt no one. We thought they would stand it out with us, but they perceiving we were in earnest, fled, and left their wigwams, or houses, and provision

to the use of our soldiers. Having set forth our sentinels, and laid out our pardues, we betook ourselves to the guard, expecting hourly they would fall upon us; but they observed the old rule, "'Tis good sleeping in a whole skin," and left us free from an alarm.

THE RESULTS OF AN EMBASSY.

[From the Same.]

The Pequeats having slain one Captain Norton, and Captain Stone, with seven more of their company, order was given us to visit them, sailing along the Nahanticot shore with five vessels. The Indians, spying of us, came running in multitudes along the water-side, crying, "What cheer, Englishmen, what cheer? What do you come for?" They, not thinking we intended war, went on cheerfully until they came to Pequeat river. We, thinking it the best way, did forbear to answer them; first, that we might the better be able to run through the work; secondly, that by delaying of them, we might drive them in security, to the end we might have the more advantage of them. But they, seeing we would make no answer, kept on their course, and cried, "What, Englishmen, what cheer, what cheer, are you hoggery, will you cram us?" That is, "Are you angry, will you kill us, and do you come to fight?" That night the Nanhanticot Indians and the Pequeats made fires on both sides of the river, fearing we would land in the night. They made most doleful and woful cries all the night, (so that we could scarce rest,)

hallowing one to another, and giving the word from place to place, to gather their forces together, fearing the English were come to war against them.

The next morning they sent early aboard an ambassador, a grave senior, a man of good understanding, portly carriage, grave and majestical in his expressions. He demanded of us what the end of our coming was. To which we answered, that the governors of the Bay sent us to demand the heads of those persons that had slain Captain Norton and Captain Stone, and the rest of their company, and that it was not the custom of the English to suffer murderers to live ; and therefore, if they desired their own peace and welfare, they will peaceably answer our expectation, and give us the heads of the murderers.

They being a witty and ingenious nation, their ambassador labored to excuse the matter, and answered : "We know not that any of ours have slain any English. True it is," saith he, "we have slain such a number of men ; but consider the ground of it. Not long before the coming of these English into the river, there was a certain vessel that came to us in way of trade. We used them well, and traded with them, and took them to be such as would not wrong us in the least matter. But our sachem or prince coming aboard, they laid a plot how they might destroy him ; which plot discovereth itself by the event, as followeth : They keeping their boat aboard, and not desirous of our company, gave us leave to stand hallooing ashore, that they might work their mischievous plot. But as we stood they called to us, and demanded of us a bushel of wampam-peke, which is their money. This they demanded for his

ransom. This peal did ring terrible in our ears, to demand so much for the life of our prince, whom we thought was in the hands of honest men, and we had never wronged them. But we saw there was no remedy ; their expectation must be granted, or else they would not send him ashore, which they promised they would do if we would answer their desires. We sent them so much aboard, according to demand, and they, according to their promise, sent him ashore, but first slew him. This much exasperated our spirits, and made us vow a revenge. Suddenly after came these captains with a vessel into the river, and pretended to trade with us, as the former did. We did not discountenance them for the present, but took our opportunity and came aboard." The sachem's son succeeding his father, was the man that came into the cabin of Captain Stone, and Captain Stone having drunk more than did him good, fell backwards on the bed asleep. The sagamore took his opportunity, and having a little hatchet under his garment, therewith knocked him in the head. Some being upon the deck and others under, suspected some such thing ; for the rest of the Indians that were aboard had orders to proceed against the rest at one time ; but the English, spying treachery, run immediately into the cook-room, and, with a firebrand, had thought to have blown up the Indians by setting fire to the powder. These devil's instruments spying this plot of the English, leaped overboard as the powder was a-firing, and saved themselves ; but all the English were blown up. This was the manner of their bloody action. Saith the ambassador to us, "Could ye blame us for revenging so cruel a murder ? for we distinguished not between the Dutch

and English, but took them to be one nation, and therefore we do not conceive that we wronged you, for they slew our king; and thinking these captains to be of the same nation and people as those that slew him, made us set upon this course of revenge."

Our answer was: "They were able to distinguish between Dutch and English, having had sufficient experience of both nations; and therefore, seeing you have slain the king of England's subjects, we come to demand an account of their blood, for we ourselves are liable to account for them."

The answer of the ambassador was: "We know no difference between the Dutch and the English; they are both strangers to us; we took them to be all one; therefore we crave pardon; we have not wilfully wronged the English."

"This excuse will not serve our turns, for we have sufficient testimony that you know the English from the Dutch. We must have the heads of those persons that have slain ours, or else we will fight with you."

He answered: "Understanding the ground of your coming, I will entreat you to give me liberty to go ashore, and I shall inform the body of the people what your intent and resolution is; and if you will stay aboard, I will bring you a sudden answer."

We did grant him liberty to get ashore, and ourselves followed suddenly after before the war was proclaimed. He seeing us land our forces, came with a message to entreat us to come no nearer, but stand in a valley, which had between us and them an ascent, that took our sight from them; but they might see us to hurt us, to our prejudice. Thus, from the first

beginning to the end of the action, they carried themselves very subtlely; but we, not willing to be at their direction, marched up to the ascent, having set our men in battalia. He came and told us he had inquired for the sachem, that we might come to a parley; but neither of both of the princes were at home; they were gone to Long Island.

Our reply was: "We must not be put off thus; we know the sachem is in the plantation, and therefore bring him to us, that we may speak with him, or else we will beat up the drum, and march through the country and spoil your corn."

His answer: "If you will but stay a little while, I will step to the plantation and seek for them."

We gave them leave to take their own course, and used as much patience as ever men might, considering the gross abuse they offered us, holding us above an hour in vain hopes. They sent an Indian to tell us that Mommenoteck was found, and would appear before us suddenly. This brought us to a new stand the space of an hour more. There came a third Indian persuading us to have a little further patience, and he would not tarry, for he had assembled the body of the Pequeats together, to know who the parties were that had slain these Englishmen. But seeing that they did in this interim convey away their wives and children, and bury their chiefest goods, we perceived at length they would fly from us; but we were patient and bore with them, in expectation to have the greater blow upon them. The last messenger brought us this intelligence from the sachem, that if we would but lay down our arms, and approach about thirty paces from them, and meet the heathen

prince, he would cause his men to do the like, and then we shall come to a parley.

But we seeing their drift was to get our arms, we rather chose to beat up the drum and bid them battle. Marching into a champaign field, we displayed our colors ; but none would come near us, but, standing remotely off, did laugh at us for our patience. We suddenly set upon our march, and gave fire to as many as we could come near, firing their wigwams, spoiling their corn, and many other necessaries that they had buried in the ground we raked up, which the soldiers had for booty. Thus we spent the day burning and spoiling the country. Towards night embarked ourselves. The next morning, landing on the Nahanticot shore, where we were served in like nature, no Indians would come near us, but run from us, as the deer from the dogs. But having burnt and spoiled what we could light on, we embarked our men and set sail for the Bay. Having ended this exploit, came off, having one man wounded in the leg ; but certain numbers of theirs slain, and many wounded.

This was the substance of the first year's service.

THE ATTACK ON THE INDIAN FORT.

[From the Same.]

Let the ends and aims of a man be good, and he may proceed with courage. The bush may be in the fire, but so long as God appears to Moses out of the bush, there is no great danger. More good than hurt will come out of it. Christ knows how to honor

himself, and to do his people good, though it be by contrary means, which reason will not fathom. Look but to faith, and that will make us see plainly, that though afflictions for the present are grievous, as doubtless it was with these two captive maids,[1] yet sweet and comfortable is the issue with all Gods's saints, as it was with them. But to go on.

Having embarqued our soldiers, we weighed anchor at Seabrooke Fort, and set sail for the Narraganset Bay, deluding the Pequeats thereby, for they expected us to fall into Pequeat River; but crossing their expectation, bred in them a security: we landed our men in the Narraganset Bay, and marched over land above two days journey before we came to Pequeat; quartering the last night's march within two miles of the place, we set forth about one of the clock in the morning, having sufficient intelligence that they knew nothing of our coming. Drawing near to the Fort yielded up ourselves to God, and entreated his assistance in so weighty an enterprise. We set on our march to surround the Fort, Captain John Mason, approaching to the west end, where it had an entrance to pass into it, myself marching to the south-side, surrounding the fort; placing the Indians, for we had about three hundred of them, without side of our soldiers in a ring battalia, giving a volley of shot upon the fort. So remarkable it appeared to us, as we could not but admire at the providence of God in it, that soldiers so unexpert in the use of their arms, should give so complete a volley, as though the finger of God had touched both match and flint: which volley being

[1] English girls taken by the Pequots and subsequently freed by exchange.

given at break of day, and themselves fast asleep for the most part, bred in them such a terror, that they brake forth into a most doleful cry, so as if God had not fitted the hearts of men for the service, it would have bred in them a commiseration towards them. But every man being bereaved of pity fell upon the work without compassion, considering the blood they had shed of our native country-men, and how barbarously they had dealt with them, and slain first and last about thirty persons. Having given fire, we approached near to the entrance which they had stopped full, with arms of trees, or brakes. Myself approaching to the entrance found the work too heavy for me, to draw out all those which were strongly forced in. We gave order to one Master Hedge, and some other soldiers to pull out those brakes, having this done, and laid them between me and the entrance, and without order themselves, proceeded first on the south end of the fort. But remarkable it was to many of us; men that run before they are sent, most commonly have an ill reward. Worthy reader, let me entreat you to have a more charitable opinion of me (though unworthy to be better thought of) than is reported in the other book. You may remember there is a passage unjustly laid upon me, that when we should come to the entrance, I should put forth this question: Shall we enter? Others should answer again; What came we hither for else? It is well known to many, it was never my practice in time of my command, when we are in garrison, much to consult with a private soldier, or to ask his advice in point of war, much less in a matter of so great a moment as that was, which experience had often taught me,

was not a time to put forth such a question, and therefore pardon him that hath given the wrong information. Having our swords in our right hand, our carbines or muskets in our left hand, we approached the fort, Master Hedge being shot through both arms, and more wounded. Though it be not commendable for a man to make mention of any thing that might tend to his own honor; yet because I would have the providence of God observed, and his name magnified, as well for myself as others, I dare not omit, but let the world know, that deliverance was given to us that command, as well as to private soldiers. Captain Mason and myself entering into the wigwams, he was shot and received many arrows against his head-piece, God preserved him from any wounds; myself received a shot in the left hip, through a sufficient buff coat, that if I had not been supplied with such a garment, the arrow would have pierced through me; another I received between neck and shoulders, hanging in the linen of my head-piece. Others of our soldiers were shot, some through the shoulders, some in the face, some in the head, some in the legs: Captain Mason and myself losing each of us a man, and had near twenty wounded. Most courageously these Pequeats behaved themselves: but seeing the fort was too hot for us, we devised a way how we might save ourselves and prejudice them. Captain Mason, entering into a wigwam, brought out a fire-brand, after he had wounded many in the house. Then he set fire on the west-side where he entered, myself set fire on the south end with a train of powder, the fires of both meeting in the centre of the fort blazed most terribly, and burnt all in the space of half

an hour. Many courageous fellows were unwilling to come out, and fought most desperately through the palisadoes, so as they were scorched and burnt with the very flame, and were deprived of their arms, in regard the fire burnt their very bowstrings, and so perished valiantly. Mercy they did deserve for their valor, could we have had opportunity to have bestowed it. Many were burnt in the fort, both men, women, and children. Others forced out, and came in troops to the Indians, twenty and thirty at a time, which our soldiers received and entertained with the point of the sword. Down fell men, women, and children: those that scaped us, fell into the hands of the Indians, that were in the rear of us; it is reported by themselves, that there were about four hundred souls in this fort, and not above five of them escaped out of our hands. Great and doleful was the bloody sight to the view of young soldiers that never had been in war, to see so many souls lie gasping on the ground so thick in some places, that you could hardly pass along. It may be demanded, Why should you be so furious (as some have said) should not Christians have more mercy and compassion? But I would refer you to David's war, when a people is grown to such a height of blood, and sin against God and man, and all confederates in the action, there he hath no respect to persons, but harrows them, and saws them, and puts them to the sword, and the most terriblest death that may be: sometimes the Scripture declareth women and children must perish with their parents; some time the case alters: but we will not dispute it now. We had sufficient light from the word of God for our proceedings. . . .

JOHN MASON.

John Mason, a captain in the Pequot War, was born in England in 1600, and died at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1672. Like Underhill, his companion in arms, he had seen service in the Netherlands before he came to America in 1630. After five years at Dorchester, he moved to Connecticut and was one of the founders of Windsor. Two years later, the attacks of the Pequot Indians on the colonists called for retaliatory measures; and Mason, having been put at the head of ninety men, was instructed to attack the Indians at the mouth of the Pequot, now the Thames River. Securing the coöperation of the Mohegan and Narragansett Indians, timid and worthless allies, he attacked and destroyed the Pequot forts on the Mystic. This and subsequent engagements practically annihilated the tribe in Connecticut, and there was peace for forty years, for more than thirty of which Mason was major of the colonial troops, and from 1660 to 1670 Deputy Governor of Connecticut. He lived first at Saybrook, then at Norwich, exercising also the functions of a magistrate. His account of the war, prepared at the request of the Colonial General Court, was first published by Increase Mather (1677). It is impersonal, dignified, yet direct, and especially noteworthy for the Joshua-like confidence which it displays in Jehovah's personal, minute, and never

flagging interest in the Pequot campaign. A life of the sturdy soldier may be found in Sparks' *American Biography*.

THE TAKING OF THE FORT AT MYSTIC.

[From "A Brief History of the Pequot War." Circa 1670.]

. . . There was a great commander in Belgia who did the States great service in taking a city; but by going beyond his commission lost his life. His name was Grubbendunk. But if a war be managed duly by judgment and discretion as is requisite, the shows are many times contrary to what they seem to pursue. Whereof the more an enterprise is dissembled and kept secret, the more facile to put in execution; as the proverb, "The farthest way about is sometimes the nearest way home." I shall make bold to present this as my present thoughts in this case: In matters of war, those who are both able and faithful should be improved; and then bind them not up into too narrow a compass. For it is not possible for the wisest and ablest senator to foresee all accidents and occurrents that fall out in the management and pursuit of a war; nay, although possibly he might be trained up in military affairs; and truly much less can he have any great knowledge who hath had but little experience therein. What shall I say? God led his people through many difficulties and turnings; yet by more than an ordinary hand of providence he brought them to Canaan at last.

On Friday morning we set sail for Narragansett Bay, and on Saturday toward evening we arrived at our desired port, there we kept the Sabbath.

On the Monday the wind blew so hard at north-west that we could not go on shore; as also on the Tuesday until sunset; at which time Captain Mason landed and marched up to the place of the chief sachem's residence; who told the sachem, "That we had not an opportunity to acquaint him with our coming armed in his country sooner; yet not doubting but it would be well accepted by him, there being love betwixt himself and us; well knowing also that the Pequots and themselves were enemies, and that he could not be unacquainted with those intolerable wrongs and injuries these Pequots had lately done unto the English; and that we were now come, God assisting, to avenge ourselves upon them; and that we did only desire free passage through his country." Who returned us this answer, "That he did accept of our coming, and did also approve of our design; only he thought our numbers were too weak to deal with the enemy, who were (as he said) very great captains and men skilful in war." Thus he spake somewhat slighting of us.

On the Wednesday morning, we marched from thence to a place called Nayanticke, it being about eighteen or twenty miles distant, where another of those Narragansett sachems lived in a fort; it being a frontier to the Pequots. They carried very proudly towards us; not permitting any of us to come into their fort.

We beholding their carriage and the falsehood of Indians, and fearing least they might discover us to

the enemy, especially they having many times some of their near relations among their greatest foes ; we therefore caused a strong guard to be set about their fort, giving charge that no Indian should be suffered to pass in or out. We also informed the Indians, that none of them should stir out of the fort upon peril of their lives : so as they would not suffer any of us to come into their fort, so we would not suffer any of them to go out of the fort.

There we quartered that night, the Indians not offering to stir out all the while.

In the morning there came to us several of Miantomo his men, who told us, they were come to assist us in our expedition, which encouraged divers Indians of that place to engage also ; who suddenly gathering into a ring, one by one, making solemn protestations how gallantly they would demean themselves, and how many men they would kill.

On the Thursday about eight of the clock in the morning, we marched thence towards Pequot, with about five hundred Indians ; but through the heat of the weather and want of provisions some of our men fainted. And having marched about twelve miles, we came to Pawcatuck River, at a ford where our Indians told us the Pequots did usually fish ; there making a halt, we stayed some small time, the Narragansett Indians manifesting great fear, insomuch that many of them returned, although they had frequently despised us, saying that we durst not look upon a Pequot, but themselves would perform great things ; though we had often told them that we came on purpose and were resolved, God assisting, to see the Pequots, and to fight with them, before we returned, though we

perished. I then enquired of Onkos, what he thought the Indians would do? Who said, The Narragansetts would all leave us, but as for himself he would never leave us: and so it proved. For which expressions and some other speeches of his, I shall never forget him. Indeed he was a great friend and did great service.

And after we had refreshed ourselves with our mean commons, we marched about three miles, and came to a field which had lately been planted with Indian corn. There we made another halt, and called our council, supposing we drew near to the enemy: and being informed by the Indians that the enemy had two forts almost impregnable; but we were not at all discouraged, but rather animated, insomuch that we were resolved to assault both their forts at once. But understanding that one of them was so remote that we could not come up with it before midnight, though we marched hard; whereat we were much grieved, chiefly because the greatest and bloodiest sachem there resided, whose name was Sassacous; we were then constrained, being exceedingly spent in our march with extreme heat and want of necessaries, to accept of the nearest.

We then marching on in a silent manner, the Indians that remained fell all into the rear, who formerly kept the van (being possessed with great fear); we continued our march till about one hour in the night: and coming to a little swamp between two hills, there we pitched our little camp; much wearied with hard travel, keeping great silence, supposing we were very near the fort; as our Indians informed us; which proved otherwise. The rocks were our pil-

lows ; yet rest was pleasant. The night proved comfortable, being clear and moonlight. We appointed our guards, and placed our sentinels at some distance ; who heard the enemy singing at the fort, who continued that strain until midnight, with great insulting and rejoicing, as we were afterwards informed. They seeing our pinnaces sail by them some days before, concluded we were afraid of them and durst not come near them ; the burden of their song tending to that purpose.

In the morning, we awaking and seeing it very light, supposing it had been day, and so we might have lost our opportunity, having purposed to make our assault before day, roused the men with all expedition, and briefly commended ourselves and design to God, thinking immediately to go to the assault ; the Indians showing us a path, told us that it led directly to the fort. We held on our march about two miles, wondering that we came not to the fort, and fearing we might be deluded. But seeing corn newly planted at the foot of a great hill, supposing the fort was not far off, a champaign country being round about us, then making a stand, gave the word for some of the Indians to come up. At length Onkos and one Wequash appeared. We demanded of them, Where was the fort ? They answered, On the top of that hill. Then we demanded, Where were the rest of the Indians ? They answered, Behind, exceedingly afraid. We wished them to tell the rest of their fellows, that they should by no means fly, but stand at what distance they pleased, and see whether Englishmen would now fight or not. When Captain Underhill came up, who marched in

the rear ; and commending ourselves to God, divided our men, there being two entrances into the fort, intending to enter both at once ; Captain Mason leading up to that on the north-east side, who approaching within one rod, heard a dog bark and an Indian crying "Owanux ! Owanux !" which is "Englishmen ! Englishmen !" We called up our forces with all expedition, gave fire upon them through the palisado ; the Indians being in a dead, indeed their last sleep. Then we wheeling off fell upon the main entrance, which was blocked up with bushes about breast high, over which the captain passed, intending to make good the entrance, encouraging the rest to follow. Lieutenant Seeley endeavored to enter ; but being somewhat cumbered, stepped back and pulled out the bushes and so entered, and with him about sixteen men. We had formerly concluded to destroy them by the sword and save the plunder.

Whereupon Captain Mason seeing no Indians, entered a wigwam ; where he was beset with many Indians, waiting all opportunities to lay hands on him, but could not prevail. At length William Heydon espying the breach in the wigwam, supposing some English might be there, entered; but in his entrance fell over a dead Indian ; but speedily recovering himself, the Indians, some fled, others crept under their beds. The captain going out of the wigwam saw many Indians in the lane or street ; he making towards them, they fled, were pursued to the end of the lane, where they were met by Edward Pattison, Thomas Barber, with some others ; where seven of them were slain, as they said. The cap-

tain facing about, marched a slow pace up the lane he came down, perceiving himself very much out of breath ; and coming to the other end near the place where he first entered, saw two soldiers standing close to the palisado with their swords pointed to the ground. The captain told them that we should never kill them after that manner. The captain also said, We must burn them ; and immediately stepping into the wigwam where he had been before, brought out a fire-brand, and putting it into the mats with which they were covered, set the wigwams on fire. Lieutenant Thomas Bull and Nicholas Omsted beholding, came up ; and when it was thoroughly kindled, the Indians ran as men most dreadfully amazed.

And indeed such a dreadful terror did the Almighty let fall upon their spirits, that they would fly from us and run into the very flames, where many of them perished. And when the fort was thoroughly fired, command was given, that all should fall off and surround the fort ; which was readily attended by all ; only one Arthur Smith being so wounded that he could not move out of the place, who was happily espied by Lieutenant Bull, and by him rescued.

The fire was kindled on the north-east side to windward ; which did swiftly overrun the fort, to the extreme amazement of the enemy, and great rejoicing of ourselves. Some of them climbing to the top of the palisado ; others of them running into the very flames ; many of them gathering to windward, lay pelting at us with their arrows ; and we repaid them with our small shot. Others of the

stoutest issued forth, as we did guess, to the number of forty, who perished by the sword. . . .

Thus were they now at their wits' end, who not many hours before exalted themselves in their great pride, threatening and resolving the utter ruin and destruction of all the English, exulting and rejoicing with songs and dances. But God was above them, who laughed his enemies and the enemies of his people to scorn, making them as a fiery oven. Thus were the stout-hearted spoiled, having slept their last sleep, and none of their men could find their hands. Thus did the Lord judge among the heathen, filling the place with dead bodies !

And here we may see the just judgment of God, in sending even the very night before this assault, one hundred and fifty men from their other fort, to join with them of that place, who were designed, as some of themselves reported, to go forth against the English, at that very instant when this heavy stroke came upon them, where they perished with their fellows. So that the mischief they intended to us, came upon their own pate. They were taken in their own snare, and we through mercy escaped. And thus in little more than one hour's space was their impregnable fort with themselves utterly destroyed, to the number of six or seven hundred, as some of themselves confessed. There were only seven taken captive, and about seven escaped.

Of the English, there were two slain outright, and about twenty wounded. Some fainted by reason of the sharpness of the weather, it being a cool morning, and the want of such comforts and necessaries as were needful in such a case; especially our

surgeon was much wanting, whom we left with our barks in Narragansett Bay, who had order there to remain until the night before our intended assault.

THE MASSACRE OF PAWCATUCK.

[From the Same.]

Thus did the Lord scatter his enemies with his strong arm. The Pequots now became a prey to all Indians. Happy were they that could bring in their heads to the English; of which there came almost daily to Windsor, or Hartford. But the Pequots growing weary thereof, sent some of the chief that survived to mediate with the English; offering that if they might but enjoy their lives, they would become the English vassals, to dispose of them as they pleased. Which was granted them. Whereupon Onkos and Myantonimo were sent for, who with the Pequots met at Hartford. The Pequots being demanded, How many of them were then living, answered, About one hundred and eighty, or two hundred. There were then given to Onkos, Sachem of Moheag, eighty; to Myantonimo, Sachem of Narragansett, eighty; and to Nynigrett, twenty, when he should satisfy for a mare of Edward Pomroye's killed by his men. The Pequots were then bound by covenant: That none should inhabit their native country, nor should any of them be called Pequots any more, but Moheags and Narragansetts forever. Shortly after, about forty of them went to Moheag; others went to Long Island; the rest

settled at Pawcatuck, a place in Pequot country, contrary to their late covenant and agreement with the English.

Which Connecticut taking into consideration, and well weighing the several inconveniences that might ensue; for the prevention whereof, they sent out forty men under the command of Captain John Mason, to supplant them, by burning their wigwams, and bringing away their corn, except they would desert the place [Pawcatuck]; Onkos with about one hundred of his men in twenty canoes, going also to assist in the service. . . .

We were so suddenly upon them that they had not time to convey away their goods. We viewed their corn, whereof there was plenty, it being their time of harvest; and coming down to the water-side to our pinnace with half of Onkos's his men, the rest being plundering the wigwams, we looking towards a hill not far remote, we espied about sixty Indians running towards us; we supposing they were our absent men, the Moheags that were with us not speaking one word, nor moving towards them until the other came within thirty or forty paces of them. Then they ran and met them and fell on pell-mell striking and cutting with bows, hatchets, knives, etc., after their feeble manner. Indeed it did hardly deserve the name of fighting. We then endeavored to get between them and the woods, that so we might prevent their flying; which they perceiving, endeavored speedily to get off under the beach: we made no shot at them, nor any hostile attempt upon them. Only seven of them who were Nynigrett's men, were taken. Some of them grow-

ing very outrageous, whom we intended to have made shorter by the head, and being about to put it in execution, one Otash, a sachem of Narragansett, brother to Myantonimo, stepping forth, told the captain, They were his brother's men, and that he was a friend to the English, and if he would spare their lives we should have as many murderers' heads in lieu of them which should be delivered to the English. We considering that there was no blood shed as yet, and that it tended to peace and mercy, granted his desire; and so delivered them to Onkos to secure them until his engagement was performed, because our prison had been very much pestered with such creatures.

We then drew our bark into a creek, the better to defend her; for there were many hundreds, within five miles, waiting upon us. There we quartered that night. In the morning, as soon as it was light, there appeared in arms at least three hundred Indians on the other side the creek. Upon which we stood to our arms; which they perceiving, some of them fled, others crept behind the rocks and trees, not one of them to be seen. We then called to them, saying, We desired to speak with them, and that we would down our arms for that end. Whereupon they stood up. We then informed them, That the Pequots had violated their promise with the English, in that they were not there to inhabit, and that we were sent to supplant them. They answered, saying, The Pequots were good men, their friends, and they would fight for them and protect them. At which we were somewhat moved, and told them, It was not far to the head of the creek where we would

meet them, and then they might try what they could do in that respect.

They then replied, That they would not fight with Englishmen, for they were Spirits, but would fight with Onkos. We replied, That we thought it was too early for them to fight, but they might take their opportunity; we should be burning wigwams, and carrying corn aboard all that day. And presently beating up our drum, we fired the wigwams in their view. And as we marched, there were two Indians standing upon a hill jeering and reviling of us. Mr. Thomas Stanton, our interpreter, marching at liberty, desired to make a shot at them; the captain demanding of the Indians, What they were? who said, They were murderers; then the said Stanton having leave, let fly, shot one of them through both his thighs; which was to our wonderment, it being at such a vast distance.

We then loaded our bark with corn; and our Indians their canoes, and thirty more which we had taken, with kettles, trays, mats, and other Indian luggage. That night we went all aboard, and set sail homeward. It pleased God in a short time to bring us all in safety to the place of our abode; although we stroke and stuck upon a rock. The way and manner how God dealt with us in our delivery was very remarkable; the story would be somewhat long to trouble you with at this time, and therefore I shall forbear.

Thus we may see how the face of God is set against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. Our tongue shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long; for they are con-

founded, they are brought to shame that sought our hurt! Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doth wondrous things; and blessed be his holy name forever! Let the whole earth be filled with his glory! Thus the Lord was pleased to smite our enemies in the hinder parts, and to give us their land for an inheritance. Who remembered us in our low estate, and redeemed us out of our enemies' hands. Let us therefore praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men!

ADDITION.

I shall add a word or two by way of Comment.

Our commons were very short, there being a general scarcity throughout the colony of all sorts of provision, it being upon our first arrival at the place. We had but one pint of strong liquors among us in our whole march, but what the wilderness afforded (the bottle of liquor being in my hand); and when it was empty, the very smelling to the bottle would presently recover such as fainted away, which happened by the extremity of the heat. And thus we marched on in an uncouth and unknown path to the English, though much frequented by Indians. And was not the finger of God in all this, by his special providence to lead us along in the way we should go? Nay, though we knew not where their forts were, how far it was to them, nor the way that led to them, but by what we had from our Indian guides; whom we could not confide in, but looked at them as uncer-

tain. And yet notwithstanding all our doubts, we should be brought on the very fittest season ; nay, and which is yet more, that we should be carried in our march among a treacherous and perfidious people, yea, in our allodgment so near the enemy, all night in so populous a country, and not the least notice of us, seemeth somewhat strange, and more than ordinary. Nay, that we should come to their very doors: What shall I say? God was pleased to hide us in the hollow of his hand. I still remember a speech of Mr. Hooker at our going aboard : That they should be bread for us. And thus when the Lord turned the captivity of his people, and turned the wheel upon their enemies, we were like men in a dream ; then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongues with singing ; thus we may say the Lord hath done great things for us among the heathen, whereof we are glad. Praise ye the Lord !

I shall mention two or three special providences that God was pleased to vouchsafe to particular men ; viz. two men being one man's servants, namely, John Dier and Thomas Stiles, were both of them shot in the knots of their handkerchiefs, being about their necks, and received no hurt. Lieutenant Seeley was shot in the eyebrow with a flat-headed arrow, the point turning downwards : I pulled it out myself. Lieutenant Bull had an arrow shot into a hard piece of cheese, having no other defence. Which may verify the old saying, "A little armor would serve if a man knew where to place it." Many such providences happened ; some respecting myself; but since there is none that witness to them, I shall forbear to mention them.

The year ensuing, the colony being in extreme want of provision, many giving twelve shillings for one bushel of Indian corn ; the court of Connecticut employing Captain Mason, Mr. William Wadsworth and Deacon Stebbin, to try what providence would afford, for their relief in this great strait. Who, notwithstanding some discouragement they met with from some English, went to a place called Pocomtuck, where they procured so much corn at reasonable rates, that the Indians brought down to Hartford and Windsor fifty canoes laden with corn at one time. Never was the like known to this day! So although the Lord was pleased to show his people hard things ; yet did he execute judgment for the oppressed, and gave food to the hungry. Oh, let us meditate on the great works of God ! ascribing all blessing and praise to his great name, for all his great goodness and salvation ! Amen, Amen.

FINIS.

JOHN COTTON.

John Cotton, one of the most distinguished of the early New England clergy, was born in Derby, England in 1585, and died in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1652. Like most of the Puritan divines he enjoyed a university education at Cambridge, where he attained promotion and distinction, being especially noted for his oratorical and rhetorical abilities. He was ordained priest, and became vicar at Boston in Lincolnshire about 1612, a position which he kept for more than twenty years, though not without episcopal intervention. His troubles under Laud's régime culminated in his flight to London and in his escape to the New England Boston in 1633. Within a fortnight he was appointed teacher in the First Church, and was connected with that congregation till his death. Though he was the ripest scholar in New England, well versed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew and grounded in the Calvinistic theology, despite his coquetting with Mrs. Hutchinson's anti-nomianism, his style is so lacking in attractive qualities as to make the compliments showered on him by contemporaries almost incomprehensible. To them he was an Attic Muse, a silver trumpet, Solon, St. Paul and Polycarp all in one. Certainly with his nearly fifty books he was an indefatigable writer, a stimulus to provincial scholars, but he was also

a stimulus to controversial intolerance. In his greatest controversy, that with Roger Williams, which produced perhaps his most important book "The Bloody Tenent Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb," the world has pronounced its verdict: He was a great man, the foil to a greater.

ADVICE TO COLONISTS.

[From "God's Promise to His Plantation," London, 1630. A Sermon preached as a Farewell to Winthrop's Company.]

Use 1. To exhort all that are planted at home, or intend to plant abroad, to look well to your plantation, as you desire that the sons of wickedness may not afflict you at home, nor enemies abroad, look that you be right planted, and then you need not to fear, you are safe enough: God hath spoken it, I will plant them, and they shall not be moved, neither shall the sons of wickedness afflict them any more.

Quest. What course would you have us take?

Answ. Have special care that you ever have the Ordinances planted amongst you, or else never look for security. As soon as God's Ordinances cease, your security ceaseth likewise; but if God plant his Ordinances among you, fear not, he will maintain them. *Isay* 4. 5, 6. *Upon all their glory there shall be a defence;* that is, upon all God's Ordinances: for so was the Ark called *the Glory of Israel.* 1 *Sam.* 4. 22.

Secondly, have a care to be implanted into the

Ordinances, that the word may be ingrafted into you, and you into it: If you take rooting in the Ordinances, grow up thereby, bring forth much fruit, continue and abide therein, then you are vineyard of red wine, and the Lord will keep you, *Isay* 27. 2. 3. that no sons of violence shall destroy you. Look into all the stories whether divine or human, and you shall never find that God ever rooted out a people that had the Ordinances planted amongst them, and themselves planted into the Ordinances: never did God suffer such plants to be plucked up; on all their glory shall be a defence.

Thirdly, be not unmindful of our *Jerusalem* at home, whether you leave us, or stay at home with us. *Oh pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love her. Psal.* 122. 6. *They shall all be confounded and turned back that hate Sion, Psal.* 129. 5. As God continueth his presence with us, (blessed be his name) so be ye present in spirit with us, though absent in body: Forget not the womb that bare you and the breast that gave you suck. Even ducklings hatched under an hen, though they take the water, yet will still have recourse to the wing that hatched them: how much more should chickens of the same feather, and yolk? In the amity and unity of brethren, the Lord hath not only promised, but commanded a blessing, even life forevermore: *Psal.* 133. 1, 2.

Fourthly, go forth, every man that goeth, with a public spirit, looking not on your own things only, but also on the things of others: *Phil.* 2. 4. This care of universal helpfulness was the prosperity of the first plantation of the Primitive Church, *Acts* 4. 32.

Fifthly, have a tender care that you look well to the plants that spring from you, that is, to your children, that they do not degenerate as the Israelites did; after which they were vexed with afflictions on every hand. How came this to pass? *Jer.* 2. 21. *I planted them a noble vine, holy, a right seed how then art thou degenerate into a strange vine before me?* Your ancestors were of a noble divine spirit, but if they suffer their children to degenerate, to take loose courses, then God will surely pluck you up: Otherwise if men have a care to propagate the Ordinances and Religion to their children after them, God will plant them and not root them up. For want of this, the seed of the repenting *Ninivites* was rooted out.

Sixthly, and lastly, offend not the poor natives, but as you partake in their land, so make them partakers of your precious faith: as you reap their temporals, so feed them with your spirituals: win them to the love of Christ, for whom Christ died. They never yet refused the Gospel, and therefore more hope they will now receive it. Who knoweth whether God have reared this whole Plantation for such an end:

Use 2. Secondly, for consolation to them that are planted by God in any place, that find rooting and establishing from God, this is a cause of much encouragement unto you, that what he hath planted he will maintain, every plantation his right hand hath not planted shall be rooted up, but his own plantation shall prosper, and flourish. When he promiseth peace and safety, what enemies shall be able to make the promise of God of none effect? Neglect not walls,

and bulwalks, and fortifications for your own defence; but ever let the name of the Lord be your strong tower; and the word of his promise the rock of your refuge. His word that made heaven and earth will not fail, till heaven and earth be no more. *Amen.*

[From a Letter written from Boston, Mass., Dec. 3, 1634, to Some English Clergyman giving Reasons for the Emigration of Puritan Clergymen.]

Our Saviour's warrant is clear and strong (as we conceive) in our case, that when we are distressed in our course in one country (*ne quid dicam gravius,*) we should flee to another. To chose rather to bear witness to the truth by imprisonment than by banishment, is indeed sometimes God's way; but not in case men have ability of body and opportunity to remove, and no necessary engagement for to stay. Whilst Peter was young, he might gird himself and go whither he would; but when he was old and unfit for travel, then indeed God called him rather to suffer himself to be girt of others, and led along to prison and to death. Nevertheless, in this point I conferred with the chief of our people, and offered them to bear witness to the truth I had preached and practised amongst them, even unto bonds, if they conceived it might be any confirmation to their faith and patience. But they dissuaded me that course, as thinking it better for themselves, and for me, and for the church of God, to withdraw myself from the present storm, and to minister in this country to such of their town as

they had sent before hither, and such others as were willing to go along with me, or to follow after me; the most of the (*obliterated*) choosing rather to dwell in the (*a line and a half obliterated*) there. What service myself or brother Hooker might do to our people or other brethren in prison, (especially in close prison, which was feared,) I suppose we both of us, by God's help, do the same, and much more, and with more freedom from hence, as occasion is offered; besides all our other service to the people here, which yet is enough, and more than enough, to fill both our hands, yea and the hands of many brethren more, such as yourself, should God be pleased to make way for your comfortable passage to us. To have tarried in England for the end you mention, to appear in defence you mention, to appear in defence of that cause for which we were questioned, had been, as we conceive it in our case, to limit witness-bearing to the cause (which may be done more ways than one,) to one only way, and that such a way as we did not see God calling us unto. Did not Paul bear witness against the Levitical ceremonies, and yet choose rather to depart quickly out of Hierusalem, because the most of the Jews would not receive his testimony concerning Christ in that question, than to stay at Hierusalem to bear witness to that cause unto prison and death? Not that we came hither to strive against ceremonies, or to fight against shadows; there is no need of further labor in that course. Our people here desire to worship God in spirit and in truth; and our people left in England know as well the grounds and reasons of our suffering against these things, as our sufferings themselves; which we be-

seech the Lord to accept and bless in our blessed Saviour. How far our testimony there hath prevailed with any others to search more seriously into the cause, we do rather observe in thankfulness and silence, than speak of to the prejudice of our brethren.

A DEFENCE OF PERSECUTION.

[From "An Answer of Mr. John Cotton of Boston in New England, to the Aforesaid Arguments against Persecution for Cause of Conscience," printed in Williams' "Bloody Tenent."]

Your second head of reasons is taken from the profession and practice of famous princes, King James, Stephen of Poland, King of Bohemia.

Whereunto a treble answer may briefly be returned.

First, we willingly acknowledge, that none is to be persecuted at all, no more than they may be oppressed for righteousness sake.

Again, we acknowledge that none is to be punished for his conscience, though misinformed, as hath been said, unless his error be fundamental, or seditiously and turbulently promoted, and that after due conviction of his conscience, that it may appear he is not punished for his conscience, but for sinning against his conscience.

Furthermore, we acknowledge none is to be constrained to believe or profess the true religion till he be convinced in judgment of the truth of it: but yet

restrained he may (be) from blaspheming the truth, and from seducing any unto pernicious errors.

2. We answer, what princes profess or practice, is not a rule of conscience: they many times tolerate that in point of State policy, which cannot justly be tolerated in point of true Christianity.

Again, princes many times tolerate offenders out of very necessity, when the offenders are either too many, or too mighty for them to punish, in which respect David tolerated Joab and his murthers, but against his will.

3. We answer further, that for those three princes named by you, who tolerated religion, we can name you more and greater who have not tolerated Heretics and Schismatics, notwithstanding their pretence of conscience, and arrogating the crown of martyrdom to their sufferings.

Constantine the Great at the request of the general Council of Nice, banished Arius with some of his fellows. Sozom. lib. i. Eccles. Hist. cap. 19. 20. The same Constantine made a severe law against the Donatists. And the like proceedings against them were used by Valentinian, Gratian, and Theodosius, as Augustine reporteth in Epist. 166. Only Julian the Apostate granted liberty to Heretics as well as to Pagans, that he might by tolerating all weeds to grow, choke the vitals of Christianity, which was also the practice and sin of Valens the Arian.

Queen Elizabeth, as famous for her government as any of the former, it is well known what laws she made and executed against Papists. Yea and King James (one of your own witnesses) though he was slow in proceeding against Papists (as you say) for

conscience sake, yet you are not ignorant how sharply and severely he punished those whom the malignant world calleth Puritans, men of more conscience and better faith than he tolerated.

I come now to your third and last argument, taken from the judgment of ancient and later writers, yea even of Papists themselves, who have condemned persecution for conscience sake.

You begin with Hilary, whose testimony we might admit without any prejudice to the truth: for it is true, the Christian Church did not persecute, but is persecuted. But to excommunicate an Heretic, is not to persecute; that is, it is not to punish an innocent, but a culpable and damnable person, and that not for conscience, but for persisting in error against light of conscience, whereof it hath been convinced.

It is true also what he saith, that neither the Apostles did, nor may we propagate (the) Christian Religion by the sword: but if Pagans cannot be won by the word, they are not to be compelled by the sword. Nevertheless, this hindreth not, but if they or any others should blaspheme the true God, and his true religion, they ought to be severely punished: and no less do they deserve, if they seduce from the truth to damnable heresies or idolatry.

SPECIMENS OF SCRIPTURAL EXPOSITION.

[From "A Brief Exposition of the Whole Book of Canticles, or Song of Solomon." London, 1642.]

[From Chapter II.]

Stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.] I, the Church is here faint and sick, and ready to swoon, for desire of further fellowship with Christ, and for her own help desireth, *Verse 5.*

First, Flagons of wine to stay her.

Secondly, Apples to comfort her; as indeed apples do comfort the heart and stomach, prevents swooning, and restrains poison:* Thus *Daniel*, through abundance of Revelations was faint and sick, and desirous of more clear knowledge of his visions, and of the Church's deliverance, and round the † Angel ready to refresh and strengthen him: and the other members of the Church feeling such sweet taste of Christ's presence amongst them in the captivity, were (doubtless) earnestly desirous of more full enjoying him perfectly,

* Fernelius, a physician.

† Dan. 8. 27. and 10–12. Verse 15–19.

First, by the Ministry of the Prophets, as by flagons of wine.

Secondly, by the Magistracy of *Daniel* and his fellows, whom the King set up Dan. 2. 48, 49.

for inferior magistrates, as by apples, the fruit of the apple trees.

[From Chapter IV.]

Thy hair as a flock of Goats that appear from mount Gilead.]

Hair, though it hang long upon the head, yet it may in time either,

First, fall of itself.

Secondly, be cut off: so were the common Christians of that time (as it were) hair,

1. For multitude.
2. Hanging on Christ the head.
3. Falling many of them from him:

* Joh. 6. 66. First,* either of themselves, Or

* Mat. 27. 20. Joh. 12. 42. 43. Secondly, cut off by the practices of the Priests:* hence it was that Jesus durst not commit himself to them.

Joh. 2. 23 -25. *As a flock of Goats,*] which are wont,

First, to assemble themselves in companies: so did the people gather after Christ.

* Mat. 9. 36. Secondly, to be without a shepherd, as this people were.*

Thirdly, to feed afar off, and that somewhat dangerously, upon Rocks.

* Mar. 8. 3. * Joh. 9. 22. So the people came from far to hear Christ,* and were in danger for feeding on him.*

[From Chapter V.]

Verse 11. *His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.*

His head is as the most fine gold.] Christ comes now to be described in his members more particularly: This head of gold Christ shewed on the earth in the person of *Frederick*, the second Emperor of *Rome*, a Prince of much purity and worth, as an head of the Church of fine gold: He contended with many Popes about the headship of the Church, advanced the headship of Christ and of himself, his Vice-gerents, above the counterfeit head of the Pope's Supremacy. He wrastled for Christ against them with much difficulty, yet prevailed; so that even in the popish schools his election of God was agreed and condescended unto by sundry.

His locks are bushy, or curled, and black as a raven.] Curled black hair is a sign of heat and courage, and wit in him that it groweth upon: such was the Emperor himself, and such were the common Christians of that age that did depend upon their Emperor; they stuck close to him; learned men with wit, more than former ages had yielded, and soldiers with courage maintained his person and cause.

WHO SHOULD BEAR THE KEYS.

[From "THE | KEYES | Of the Kingdom of | HEAVEN, | and | Power thereof, according to the | VVord of God. | By | That learned and Judicious Divine, | Mr. John Cotton, Teacher of the Church | at *Boston*, in *New England*, | Tending to reconcile some present differences about | DISCIPLINE," etc. London, 1644.]

[Chap. VII.]

Obj. 2. The body of the Church is the Spouse of Christ, the Lamb's wife, and ought not the wife to rule the servants and stewards in the house, rather than they her? Is it not meet the Keys of Authority should hang at her girdle rather than at theirs?

Answ. There is a difference to be put between Queens, Princesses, Ladies of great Honor (such as the Church is to Christ, *Psal.* 45. 9), and country huswives, poor men's wives. Queens and great persons have several offices and officers for every business and service about the house, as Chamberlains, Stewards, Treasurers, Comptrollers, Ushers, Bailiffs, Grooms, and Porters, who have all the authority of ordering the affairs of their lord's house on their hands. There is not a key left in the Queen's hand of any office, but only of power and liberty to call for what she wanteth according to the King's royal allowance; which if she exceed, the officers have power to restrain her by order from the King.

But country huswives, and poor men's wives, whose husbands have no Officers, Bailiffs, or Stewards, to oversee and order their estates, they may carry the keys of any office at their own girdles, which the husband keepeth not in his own hand, not because poor huswives have greater authority in the house than queens; but because of their poverty and mean estate, they are fain to be instead of many servants to their husbands.

OF BROWNISTS, ETC.

[From the way of Congregational Churches Clared, by Mr. John Cotton, London, 1648.]

[Part I. Chap. II.]

. . . As there is a vast difference between the Episcopacy of England, and the Superintendency of Germany (the one ruling by Monarchical Power, the other by the consent of the Aristocratical Presbytery:) so neither is there such correspondency between the German Anabaptism, and the English Brownism, as to make Brownism a native branch of Anabaptism.

. . . Answ. The dissolution of ice and snow into water, doth indeed argue strongly their original from water, because they are easily resolved into it without putrefaction or corruption. But so is not the Separatist resolved into a German Anabaptist, without a further degree of corruption and putrefaction. It is no argument a man is bred of worms, because he is next resolved into worms; for he is

not so resolved without putrefaction. Say not, a man is resolved at last into dust from whence he was first taken; and yet the resolution is not made without putrefaction. For man is not made of dust naturally, but by a transcendent creating power above Nature. But the Dissuader maketh the Separation a native branch of Anabaptism.

Besides, I suppose, it is not an obvious thing to hear of an Anabaptist turned Separatist, though some Separatists have turned Anabaptists; which argueth there is not such a mutual frequent transition from the one to the other, as is yearly found of ice and snow into water, and of water into ice or snow again. . . .

[Part I. Chap. III. Sec. III.]

Touching the Line of the Pedigree of the Independents in New England.

. . . That the Separatists were our fathers we have justly denied it above; seeing they neither begat us to God nor to the Church nor to their Schism. That we are (through Grace) begotten to God and to his Church, we receive (many of us) from the blessing of Christ upon the Ministry of England. That we grew weary of the burden of Episcopacy and Conformity we received from the Word of God by the help of the Nonconformists there. That we laid aside the Book of Common Prayer we received from the serious meditation of the Second Commandment and not from the writings of the Separatists, though they also had taken up the same conclusion upon

other premises. The particular visible Church of a congregation to be the first subject of the power of Keys we received by the light of the Word from Mr. Parker, Mr. Baynes and Dr. Ames, from whom also (from two of them at least) we received light out of the Word for the matter of the visible Church to be visible saints; and for the form of it to be a mutual covenant, whether an explicit or implicit profession of faith, and subjection to the Gospel of Christ in the society of the Church or Presbytery thereof. And these be the chief doctrines and practices of our way so far as it differeth from other Reformed Churches, and having received these not from the Separatists but from the Lord Jesus by gracious saints and faithful witnesses of Jesus the consanguinity of our tenets with any the like found among the Separatists will not demonstrate the Separatists to be our fathers.

[Part I. Chap. V. Sec. II.]

Of the Fruits of Congregational Discipline in our Churches in New England.

For the fruits of congregational discipline as it hath been exercised amongst us (though in much weakness) the Lord hath not left us without testimony from heaven:

First, in making these churches a little sanctuary (through his grace) to many thousands of his servants who fled over hither to avoid the unsupportable pressures of their consciences by the Episcopal tyranny.

Secondly, in blessing the ministery of our preach-

ers here with like fruits of conversion (as in our native country) of sundry elder and younger persons, who came over hither no out of respect to conscience, or spiritual ends, but out of respect to friends or outward enlargements: but have here found that grace, which they sought not for.

Thirdly, in discovering and suppressing those errors of Antinomians, and Familists, which brake forth here amongst us, and might have proceeded to the subversion of many souls, had not the blessing of Christ upon the vigilancy of Congregational discipline, either prevented or removed, or healed the same.

Fourthly, it hath been also a testimony from Heaven of God's blessing upon our way, that many thousands in England in all the Quarters of the Kingdom, have been awakened to consider the cause of Church discipline, for which we have suffered this hazardous and voluntary banishment into this remote wilderness: and have therefore by letters conferred with us about it, and been (through mercy) so far enlightened, as to desire an utter subversion of Episcopacy, and conformity, yea and the Honorable Houses of Parliament, the Lord hath been pleased to help them so far to consider of our sufferings, and of the causes thereof, as to conclude a necessity of reformation of the ecclesiastical state (among other causes) by reason of the necessity put upon so many English subjects to depart from all our employments and enjoyments in our native country for conscience sake.

On my Reverend and dear Brother, Mr THOMAS HOOKER, *late Pastor of the Church at Hartford on Connectiquot.*

To see three things was holy Austin's wish,
Rome in her Flower, Christ Jesus in the Flesh,
And Paul i'th Pulpit; Lately men might see,
Two first, and more, in Hooker's Ministry.

Zion in Beauty, is a fairer sight,
Than Rome in Flower, with all her Glory dight:
Yet Zion's Beauty did most clearly shine,
In Hooker's Rule, and Doctrine; both Divine.

Christ in the Spirit, is more than Christ in Flesh,
Our Souls to quicken, and our States to bless:
Yet Christ in Spirit brake forth mightily,
In Faithful Hooker's searching Ministry.

Paul in the Pulpit, Hooker could not reach,
Yet did He Christ in Spirit so lively Preach:
That living Hearers thought He did inherit
A double Portion of Paul's lively spirit.

Prudent in Rule, in Argument quick, full:
Fervent in Prayer, in Preaching powerful:
That well did learned Ames record bear,
The like to Him He never wont to hear.

'Twas of Geneva's Worthies said, with wonder,
(Those Worthies Three:) Farell was wont to thunder;
Viret, like Rain, on tender grass to shower,
But Calvin, lively Oracles to pour.

All these in Hooker's spirit did remain:
A Son of Thunder, and a shower of Rain,
A pourer forth of lively Oracles,
In saving souls, the sum of miracles.

Now blessed Hooker, thou art set on high,
Above the thankless world, and cloudy sky:
Do thou of all thy labor reap the Crown,
Whilst we here reap the seed, which thou hast sowen.

TRIBUTES TO COTTON.

The early New England divines, as is well known, formed what Dr. Holmes was fond of terming a Brahmin caste. They were thoroughly banded together and upheld their theocracy in every way possible, among others by paying sincere, if extravagant tributes to those of their number who had been gathered to their reward in heaven. Several of these tributes will be given in our pages. John Cotton, who has just appeared as an elegist of his friend Hooker, was especially honored by his surviving brethren, and we present three representative specimens of their hyperbolical praise. The first is from the short sketch by the Rev. Samuel Whiting (1597–1679) of Lynn; the second from the longer life by the Rev. John Norton (1606–1663), progenitor of a distinguished New England family and famous as a theologian; the third, in verse, is the production of the Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge (1622–1684), the first graduate of Harvard, who is not strictly an American writer since he resided in the country only a few years.

[From Whiting's Sketch.]

I could speak much more; but at this present want strength. But this I say; he may be a pattern to us

all, and happy they that come nearest him in those things wherein he most followed Christ. I am not like to live to see such another in New England, though I know God is able to double the spirit of that Elias upon him that succeeds him, and upon many others in our native country and here. It is well for both the Bostons that they have had such a light, if they walk in the light, and continue in that word of Christ and light of grace and truth, that he held out to them. I end all with that of our Saviour concerning John Baptist, "he was a burning and a shining light"; and God grant the after words be not verified of both Englands and both Bostons. I speak my fears, but would be glad to entertain better hopes.

[From Norton's "Abel being Dead yet Speaketh; or the Life and Death of Mr. John Cotton," London, 1658.]

. . . He was a general Scholar, studious to know all things, the want whereof might in one of his profession be denominated ignorance; and piously ignorant of those things, the nescience whereof made him more learned. One man is not born to all things. No calling (besides divine requisites) calleth for more abilities, or a larger measure of humane knowledge, than the ministry; deservedly therefore is his praise great in all the churches, that he not only gave himself thereunto, but exceeded many that had done virtuously therein. The greater part of the *Encyclopaideia* he excelled in. Those arts which the uni-

versity requireth such a proficiency from her graduates in, he both digested and refined by his more accurate knowledge of them. He was a good Hebrician, in Greek a critick, and could with great facility both speak and write Latin in a pure and elegant Ciceronian style; a good historian, no stranger to the Fathers, Councils, or School-men; abundantly exercised in commentators of all sorts. His library was great, his reading and learning unanswerable, himself a living and better library. Though he was a constant student, yet he had all his learning out of his books. He was a man of much communion with God, and acquaintance with his own heart, observing the daily passages of his life. He had a deep sight into the mystery of Gods grace, and man's corruption, and large apprehensions of these things. . . .

With Solon, as he grew old, so was he continually a learner; and with Quintilian he terminated his life and his reading both together. The constant work of his ministry was great, if not too great for one man. A candle may spend too fast, and the improvement of the light whilst it is yet burning admits of degrees; besides his preaching in season and out of season, he was daily pressed, if not oppressed, with the care and service of the churches, attendance to personal cases, and manifold other employments inevitably put upon him, both from abroad and at home; whence the time remaining (which is not a little to be lamented) was insufficient to attend doctrinal and especial polemical scripts, such as the cause of the truth, occurrents of Providence and his peculiar engagements called for. He was free to give his judgment when desired, but declined arbitration

and umpirage in civil differences between man and man as heterogeneous both to his office and spirit. His course, like that of celestial bodies, was always in motion, but still careful to keep within his proper sphere. Calvin was not more solicitous not to be found idle; no man more vigilant to contain himself within his measure. It was religion to him both to run and to run lawfully within the white lines and boundaries of his agonistical race. He was doing, and so doing. . . .

He began the Sabbath at evening, therefore then performed family-duty after supper, being larger than ordinary in exposition. After which he catechised his children and servants, and then returned into his study. The morning following, family-worship being ended, he retired into his study until the bell called him away. Upon his return from meeting he returned again into his study (the place of his labor and prayer), unto his private devotion; where, having a small repast carried him up for his dinner, he continued till the tolling of the bell. The public service being over, he withdrew for a space to his prementioned oratory for his sacred addresses unto God, as in the forenoon, then came down, repeated the sermon in the family, prayed, after supper sung a Psalm, and towards bed-time betaking himself again to his study, he closed the day with prayer. Thus he spent the Sabbath continually.

BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE'S ELEGY.

Upon the Tomb of the Most Reverend Mr. John Cotton. [From Cotton Mather's "Magnalia."]

Here lies magnanimous humility;
Majesty, meekness; Christian apathy
On soft affections; liberty in thrall;
A noble spirit, servant unto all;
Learning's great masterpiece, who yet would sit
As a disciple, at his scholars' feet:
A simple serpent or serpentine dove,
Made up of wisdom, innocence and love:
Neatness embroider'd with itself alone,
And civils canonized in a gown;
Embracing old and young, and low and high,
Ethics embodied in divinity;
Ambitious to be lowest, and to raise
His brethren's honor on his own decays;
(Thus doth the sun retire into his bed,
That being gone the stars may show their head;)
Could wound at argument without division,
Cut to the quick, and yet make no incision:
Ready to sacrifice domestic notions
To churches' peace and ministers' devotions:
Himself, indeed (and singular in that)
Whom all admired he admired not:
Liv'd like an angel of a mortal birth,
Convers'd in heaven while he was on earth:
Though not, as Moses, radiant with night
Whose glory dazzl'd the beholder's sight,

Yet so divinely beautified, you 'ld count
He had been born and bred upon the Mount !
A living, breathing Bible ; tables where
Both covenants at large engraven were ;
Gospel and law in 's heart had each its column ;
His head an index to the sacred volume ;
His very name a title-page ; and next
His life a commentary on the text.
O, what a monument of glorious worth,
When, in a new edition, he comes forth,
Without erratas, may we think he 'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity !
A man of might, at heavenly eloquence,
To fix the ear, and charm the conscience ;
As if Appollos were reviv'd in him,
Or he had learned of a seraphim ;
Spake many tongues in one ; one voice and sense
Wrought joy and sorrow, fear and confidence :
Rocks rent before him, blind receiv'd their sight ;
Souls levell'd to the dunghill, stood upright :
Infernal furies burst with rage to see
Their prisoners captiv'd into liberty :
A star that in our eastern England rose,
Thence hurri'd by the blast of stupid foes,
Whose foggy darkness and benumbed senses
Brookt not his dazzling fervent influences :
Thus did he move on earth, from east to west ;
There he went down, and up to heaven for rest.
Nor from himself, whilst living, doth he vary,
His death hath made him an ubiquitary :
Where is his sepulchre is hard to say,
Who, in a thousand sepulchres, doth lay
(Their hearts, I mean, whom he hath left behind)

In them his sacred reliques, now, enshrin'd.
But let his mourning flock be comforted,
Though Moses be, yet Joshua is not dead:
I mean renowned Norton; worthy he,
Successor to our Moses, is to be.
O happy Israel in America,
In such a Moses, such a Joshua!

ROGER WILLIAMS.

Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was born in Wales in 1599, and died in the colony he had founded in 1683, one of the longest lived of the New England pioneers. Of his family and early life we know little; but he had an influential patron in the great lawyer Coke, who got him admission to the famous Charterhouse School in 1621, and also to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he was graduated. He took orders in the English Church, but being intimately associated with Cotton and Hooker joined the advanced Puritans, and leaving England in 1630 reached Boston early the next year. Though esteemed both as a preacher and a scholar he soon fell under suspicion of heresy. A few months after his installation as assistant at Salem he was constrained to seek shelter in the relatively tolerant Plymouth, where also he was made assistant pastor and formed friendly connections with Indian chiefs, whose language he quickly acquired. But Plymouth, too, proved narrow for independent thought, and after two years he returned to Salem with some devoted adherents. Soon after began his memorable struggle for liberty of conscience, complicated by an unpopular assertion of the rights of the Indians to their land. He was charged with heresy, and ordered to quit the colony. It was even proposed to arrest him and send him to England,

but he escaped this by a flight through the wilderness. He obtained a grant of land from the Narragansett chiefs, Canonicus and Miantonomoh, on the present site of Providence, where, with friends from Salem, he settled in June, 1636. His influence over the Indians was of immense value to all the New England colonies in the Pequot War. He went to England in 1643, and obtained a charter for Rhode Island the following year, publishing while abroad a *Key into the Language of America*, a linguistic work of much value and his famous *Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience*. This was speedily answered by John Cotton in *The Bloody Tenent Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb* (1647), to which Williams replied effectively in *The Bloody Tenent Made yet More Bloody by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to Wash it White* (1652). The controversy was, however, conducted with rare urbanity on both sides. Williams also wrote, while on his first visit to England, an admirable reply to the reasons given for his banishment, in *Mr. Cotton's Letter Examined and Answered*. On his return to the colonies he secured a treaty with the Narragansetts, and took an active part in the government of his colony in whose interest he again visited England (1651–1654). The charter that he secured was so liberal that the Revolution could leave it unaltered. His last years were occupied largely by a zealous controversy with Quakers, whom, however, he steadfastly refused to persecute. For three days the old man of seventy-three wrestled with them in the Quaker meeting-house at Newport, whither he had rowed himself from Providence for the occasion. His record of this is an unreadable

quarto with the genial title *George Fox Digged out of his Burrowes* (1676). Williams combined, in singular degree, gentleness and strength, mobility and permanence, a controversial and a tolerant spirit. As a writer he is unequal, as most of his contemporaries were, but many passages of great beauty and eloquence may be culled from his works. Some of his letters are especially noteworthy for the dignity and nobility of the thought expressed. His writings are republished by the Narragansett Club.

THE

BLOUDY TENENT,

Of Persecution, for cause of
Conscience, discussed, in
A Conference *betweene*

TRUTH and PEACE

VVHO,

In all tender Affection, present to the High Court of *Parliament*, (as the *Result* of their *Discourse*) *these*, (amongst other *Passages of highest consideration.*

Printed in the Year 1644.

TO EVERY COURTEOUS READER.

[From the Above.]

While I plead the cause of truth and innocence against the bloody doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience, I judge it not unfit to give alarm to myself, and all men to prepare to be persecuted or hunted for cause of conscience.

Whether thou standest charged with ten or but two talents, if thou huntest any for cause of conscience, how canst thou say thou followest the Lamb of God who so abhorred that practice?

If Paul, if Jesus Christ were present here at London, and the question were proposed what religion would they approve of: the Papists, Prelatists, Presbyterians, Independents, &c. would each say, Of mine, of mine.

But put the second question, if one of the several sorts should by major vote attain the sword of steel: what weapons doth Christ Jesus authorize them to fight with in his cause? Do not all men hate the persecutor, and every conscience true or false complain of cruelty, tyranny? &c.

Two mountains of crying guilt lie heavy upon the backs of all that name the name of Christ in the eyes of Jews, Turks, and Pagans.

First, the blasphemies of their idolatrous inventions, superstitions, and most unchristian conversations.

Secondly, the bloody irreligious and inhuman oppressions, and destructions under the mask or veil of the name of Christ, &c.

O how like is the jealous Jehovah, the consuming fire, to end these present slaughters in a greater slaughter of the holy witnesses? Rev. 11.

Six years preaching of so much truth of Christ (as that time afforded in King Edward's days) kindles the flames of Queen Mary's bloody persecutions.

Who can now but expect that after so many scores of years preaching and professing of more truth, and amongst so many great contentions amongst the very best of Protestants, a fiery furnace should be heat, and who sees not now the fires kindling?

I confess I have little hopes till those flames are over, that this discourse against the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience should pass current (I say not amongst the wolves and lions, but even amongst the sheep of Christ themselves) yet *liberavi animam meam*, I have not hid within my breast my soul's belief: and although sleeping on the bed either of the pleasures or profits of sin thou thinkest thy conscience bound to smite at him that dares to waken thee? Yet in the midst of all these civil and spiritual wars (I hope we shall agree in these particulars.)

First, however the proud (upon the advantage of an higher earth or ground) o'erlook the poor and cry out schismatics, heretics, &c. shall blasphemers and seducers 'scape unpunished? &c. Yet there is a sorer punishment in the Gospel for despising of Christ than Moses, even when the despiser of Moses was put to death without mercy, Heb. 10. 28, 29. He that believeth not shall be damned, Mark 16. 16.

Secondly, whatever worship, ministry, ministration, the best and purest are practiced without faith and true persuasion that they are the true institutions of

God, they are sin, sinful worships, ministries, &c. And however in civil things we may be servants unto men, yet in divine and spiritual things the poorest peasant must disdain the service of the highest prince. Be ye not the servants of men, 1 Cor. 14. (vii : 23.)

Thirdly, without search and trial no man attains this faith and right persuasion, 1 Thes. 5 : Try all things.

In vain have English Parliaments permitted English Bibles in the poorest English houses, and the simplest man or woman to search the Scriptures, if yet against their souls' persuasion from the Scripture, they should be forced (as if they lived in Spain or Rome itself without the sight of a Bible) to believe as the Church believes.

Fourthly, having tried, we must hold fast, 1. Thessal. 5. upon the loss of a crown, Revel. 13 (iii : 11.) we must not let go for all the flea bitings of the present afflictions, &c. having bought truth dear, we must not sell it cheap, not the least grain of it for the whole world, no not for the saving of souls, though our own most precious ; least of all for the bitter sweetening of a little vanishing pleasure.

For a little puff of credit and reputation from the changeable breath of uncertain sons of men.

For the broken bags of riches on eagles' wings : for a dream of these, any or all of these which on our deathbed vanish and leave tormenting stings behind them : Oh, how much better is it from the love of truth, from the love of the Father of lights, from whence it comes, from the love of the Son of God, who is the way and truth, to say as he, John 18. 37 : For this end was I born, and for this end came I into the world that I might bear witness to the truth.

[From the Same. Chapter I.]

Truth. — In what dark corner of the world (sweet Peace) are we two met? How hath this present evil world banished me from all the coasts and quarters of it? And how hath the righteous God in judgment taken thee from the earth? Rev. 6. 4.

Peace. — 'Tis lamentably true (blessed Truth) the foundations of the world have long been out of course: the gates of earth and hell have conspired together to intercept our joyful meeting and our holy kisses. With what a wearied, tired wing have I flown over nations, kingdoms, cities, towns to find out precious Truth?

Truth. — The like inquiries in my flights and travels have I made for Peace, and still am told, she hath left the earth, and fled to heaven.

Peace. — Dear Truth, what is the earth but a dungeon of darkness, where Truth is not?

Truth. — And what's the Peace thereof but a fleeting dream, thine ape and counterfeit?

[From the Same. Chapter II.]

Truth. — Sweet Peace, what hast thou there?

Peace. — Arguments against persecution for cause of conscience.

Truth. — And what there?

Peace. — An answer to such arguments, contrarily maintaining such persecution for cause of conscience.

Truth. — These arguments against such persecution, and the answer pleading for it, written (as love hopes) from godly intentions, hearts, and hands, yet in a marvellous different style and manner. The arguments against persecution in milk, the answer for it (as I may say) in blood.

The author of these arguments (against persecution) (as I have been informed) being committed by some then in power, close prisoner to Newgate, for the witness of some truths of Jesus, and having not the use of pen and ink, wrote these arguments in milk, in sheets of paper, brought to him by the woman his keeper, from a friend in London, as the stopples of his milk bottle.

In such paper written with milk nothing will appear, but the way of reading it by fire being known to this friend who received the papers, he transcribed and kept together the papers, although the author himself could not correct, nor view what himself had written.

It was in milk, tending to soul nourishment, even for babes and sucklings in Christ.

It was in milk, spiritually white, pure and innocent, like those white horses of the word of truth and meekness, and the white linen or armor of righteousness, in the army of Jesus. Rev. 6. & 19.

It was in milk, soft, meek, peaceable and gentle, tending both to the peace of souls, and the peace of States and Kingdoms.

Peace. — The answer (though I hope out of milky pure intentions) is returned in blood: bloody and slaughterous conclusions; bloody to the souls of all men, forced to the religion and worship which

every civil state or common-weal agrees on, and compels all subjects to in a dissembled uniformity.

Bloody to the bodies, first of the holy witnesses of Christ Jesus, who testify against such invented worships.

Secondly, of the nation and peoples slaughtering each other for their several respective religions and consciences.

TO GOVERNOR WINTHROP OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROVIDENCE, the 24th of the 8th [1636 ?]

SIR, WORTHY AND WELL BELOVED, — I was abroad about the Pequot business when your letter arrived, and since messengers have not fitted, &c.

I therefore now thankfully acknowledge your wisdom and gentleness in receiving so lovingly my late rude and foolish lines: you bear with fools gladly because you are wise.

I still wait upon your love and faithfulness for those poor papers, and cannot but believe that your heart, tongue, and pen should be one, if I were Turk or Jew, &c.

Your six queries I welcome, my love forbidding me to surmise that a Pharisee, a Sadducee, an Herodian, &c., wrote them; but rather that your love and pity framed them as a physician to the sick, &c.

He that made us these souls and searcheth them, that made the ear and eye, and therefore sees and hears I lie not, but in his presence have sadly sequestered myself to his holy tribunal, and your interroga-

tories, begging from his throne those seven fiery lamps and eyes, his holy Spirit, to help the scrutiny, desirous to suspect myself above the old serpent himself, and remembering that he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool. Prov. 28.

While I answer let me importune from your loving breast that good opinion that you deal with one (however so and so, in your judgment yet) serious, and desirous in the matters of God's Sanctuary to use (as the double weights of the Sanctuary teach us) double diligence.

Your first query then is this.

What have you gained by your new-found practices? &c.

I confess my gains cast up in man's exchange are loss of friends, esteem, maintenance, &c., but what was gain in that respect I desire to count loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: &c. To His all glorious Name I know I have gained the honor of one of his poor witnesses, though in sackcloth.

To your beloved selves and others of God's people yet asleep, this witness in the Lord's season at your waking shall be prosperous, and the seed sown shall arise to the greater purity of the kingdom and ordinances of the Prince of the kings of the earth.

To myself (through his rich grace) my tribulation hath brought some consolation and more evidence of his love, singing Moses his song and the Lamb's, in that weak victory which (through His help) I have gotten over the beast, his picture, his mark, and number of his name, Revel. 15. 2. 3.

If you ask for numbers, the witnesses are but two:

Revel. 11., and how many millions of Christians in name, and thousands of Christians in heart, do call the truths (wherein yourself and I agree in witnessing) new found practices?

Gideon's army was thirty-two thousand; but cowardice returned twenty-two thousand back, and nine thousand seven hundred worldlings sent but three hundred to the battle.

I will not by prophecy exasperate, but wish (in the black and stormy day) your company be not less than Gideon's to fight (I mean with the Blood of the Lamb and Word of Witness) for what you profess to see.

To your second, viz.: Is your spirit as even as it was seven years since?

I will not follow the fashion either in commending or condemning of myself. You and I stand at one dreadful, dreadful tribunal: yet what is past I desire to forget, and to press forward towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ.

And for the evenness of my spirit.

Toward the Lord, I hope I more long to know and do His holy pleasure only, and to be ready not only to be banished, but to die in New England for the name of the Lord Jesus.

Towards yourselves, I have hitherto begged of the Lord an even spirit, and I hope ever shall, as

First, reverently to esteem of, and tenderly to respect the persons of many hundreds of you, &c.

Secondly, To rejoice to spend and be spent in any service, (according to my conscience) for your welfares.

Thirdly, To rejoice to find out the least swerving

in judgment or practice from the help of any, even the least of you.

Lastly, to mourn daily, heavily, uncessantly, till the Lord look down from Heaven, and bring all his precious living stones into one New Jerusalem.

To your third, viz. : Are you not grieved that you have grieved so many ?

I say with Paul, I vehemently sorrow for the sorrow of any of Zion's daughters, who should ever rejoice in her King, &c., yet I must (and O that I had not cause) grieve because so many of Zion's daughters see not and grieve not for their souls' defilements, and that so few bear John company in weeping after the unfolding of the seals, which only weepers are acquainted with.

You thereupon propound a fourth, Do you think the Lord hath utterly forsaken us ?

I answer Jehovah will not forsake His people for His great name's sake 1. Sam. 12. That is, the fire of His love towards those whom once He loves is eternal, like Himself: and thus far be it from me to question His eternal love towards you, &c. Yet if you grant that ever you were as Abraham among the Chaldees, Lot among the Sodomites, the Kenites among the Amalekites, as Israel in Egypt or Babel, and that under pain of their plagues and judgments you were bound to leave them, depart, fly out, (not from the places as in the type,) but from the filthiness, of their sins, &c., and if it prove, as I know assuredly it shall, that though you have come far, yet you never came out of the wilderness to this day: then, I beseech you, remember that yourselves, and so also many thousands of God's people, must yet

mournfully read the 74, 79, 80, and 89 Psalms, the Lamentations, Daniel 11th, and Revel. 11th, 12th, 13th, and this, Sir, I beseech you do more seriously then ever, and abstract yourself with a holy violence from the dung heap of this earth, the credit and comfort of it, and cry to Heaven to remove the stumbling blocks, such idols, after which sometimes the Lord will give His own Israel an answer.

Sir, You request me to be free with you, and therefore blame me not if I answer your request, desiring the like payment from your own dear hand, at any time, in any thing.

And let me add, that amongst all the people of God, wheresoever scattered about Babel's banks, either in Rome or England, &c., your case is the worst by far, because while others of God's Israel tenderly respect such as desire to fear the Lord, your very judgment and conscience leads you to smite and beat your fellow servants, expel them your coasts, &c., and therefore, though I know the elect shall never finally be forsaken, yet Sodom's, Egypt's, Amalek's, Babel's judgments ought to drive us out, to make our calling out of this world to Christ, and our election sure in him.

Sir, Your fifth is, From what spirit, and to what end do you drive?

Concerning my spirit, as I said before, I could declaim against it, but whether the spirit of Christ Jesus, for whose visible kingdom and ordinances I witness, &c, or the spirit of Antichrist (1 John 4) against whom only I contest, do drive me, let the Father of Spirits be pleased to search, and (worthy Sir) be you also pleased by the word to search: and

I hope you will find that as you say you do, I also seek Jesus who was nailed to the gallows, I ask the way to lost Zion, I witness what I believe I see patiently (the Lord assisting) in sackcloth, I long for the bright appearance of the Lord Jesus to consume the man of sin: I long for the appearance of the Lamb's wife also, New Jerusalem: I wish heartily prosperity to you all, Governor and people, in your civil way, and mourn that you see not your poverty, nakedness, &c., in spirituals, and yet I rejoice in the hopes that as the way of the Lord to Apollo, so within a few years (through, I fear though, many tribulations) the way of the Lord Jesus, the first and most ancient path, shall be more plainly discovered to you and me.

Lastly, You ask whether my former condition would not have stood with a gracious heart, &c.?

At this query, Sir, I wonder much, because you know what sins, yea all manner of sins, (the sin unto death excepted,) a child of God may lie in, instance I need not.

Secondly, When it comes to matter of conscience that the stroke lies upon the very judgment, that the thing practiced is lawful, &c., as the polygamy of the Saints, the building of the Temple, (if David had gone on,) the many false ministries and ministrations (like the ark upon the new cart) which from Luther's times to this day, God's children have conscientiously practiced. Who then can wonder (and yet indeed who can not but wonder) how a gracious heart, before the Lord's awakening, and calling, and drawing out, may lie in many abominations?

Two instances I shall be bold to present you with.

First, do you not hope Bishop Usher hath a gracious heart; and secondly, Do you not judge that your own heart was gracious even when (with the poisoned shirt on your back) you, &c.?

But while another judgeth the condition fair, the soul that fears, doubts, and feels a guilt hath broken bones, &c. Now, worthy Sir, I must call up your wisdom, your love, your patience, your promise and faithfulness, candid ingenuity, &c. My heart's desire is abundant, and exceeds my pen. My head and actions willing to live (as the Apostle Paul) χαλῶς ἐν πᾶσι. Where I err, Christ be pleased to restore me, where I stand, to establish. If you please I have also a few queries to yourself, without your leave I will not: but will ever mourn, (the Lord assisting,) that I am no more (though I hope ever) yours, R: Will:

Sir, Concerning natives: the Pequots and Nayantaquits resolve to live and die together, and not to yield up one. Last night tidings came that the Mohawks, (the cannibals,) have slain some of our countrymen at Connecticut. I hope it is not true.

To John Winthrop, Governor, &c.

[For his Much Honored Mr. Governor, John Winthrop.]

Providence, [June, 1638.]

Sir, — I sometimes fear that my lines are as thick and over busy as the musketoes, &c., but your wisdom will connive, and your love will cover, &c.

Two things at present for information.

First in the affairs of the Most High; his late dreadful voice and hand: that audible and sensible voice, the Earthquake.

All these parts felt it, (whether beyond the Narragansett I yet learn not), for myself I scarce perceived ought but a kind of thunder and a gentle moving, &c., and yet it was no more this way to many of our own and the natives' apprehensions, and but one sudden short motion.

The younger natives are ignorant of the like: but the elder inform me that this is the fifth within these four score years in the land: the first about three score and ten years since: the second some three score and four years since, the third some fifty-four years since, the fourth some forty-six since: and they always observed either plague or pox or some other epidemical disease followed; three, four or five years after the Earthquake, (or Naunaumemoauke, as they speak).

He be mercifully pleased himself to interpret and open his own riddles, and grant if it be pleasing in his eyes) it may not be for destruction, and but (as the Earthquake before the Jailor's conversion) a means of shaking and turning of all hearts, (which are his,) English or Indian, to him. To further this (if the Lord please) the Earthquake sensibly took about a thousand of the natives in a most solemn meeting for play, &c.

Secondly, a word in mine own particular, only for information. I owe between 50 and 60*li* to Mr. Cradock for commodities received from Mr. Mayhew. Mr. Mayhew will testify that (being Mr. Cradock's agent) he was content to take payment, what (and

when) my house at Salem yielded: accordingly I long since put it into his hand, and he into Mr. Jollies', who beside my voluntary act and his attachment since, sues as I hear for damages, which I question: since I have not failed against contract and content of the first agent, but the holy pleasure of the Lord be done: unto whose merciful arms (with all due respects) I leave you, wishing heartily that mercy and goodness may ever follow you and yours.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

Sir, to your dear companion, Mr. Deputy, Mr. Bellingham, and theirs, all respective salutes, &c.

TO THE TOWN OF PROVIDENCE.

AUGUST 31, 1648.

WORTHY FRIENDS, that ourselves and all men are apt and prone to differ, it is no new thing. In all former ages, in all parts of the world, in these parts, and in our dear native country and mournful state of England, that either part or party is most right in his own eyes, his cause right, his carriage right, his arguments right, his answers right, is as woefully and constantly true as the former. And experience tells us, that when the God of peace have taken peace from the earth, one spark of action, word or carriage is too powerful to kindle such a fire as burns up towns, cities, armies, navies, nations, and kingdoms. And since, dear friends, it is an honor for men to cease from strife; since the life of love is sweet, and union is as strong as sweet; and since you

have been lately pleased to call me to some public service and my soul hath been long musing how I might bring water to quench, and not oil or fluid to the flame, I am now humbly bold to beseech you, by all those comforts of earth and heaven which a placable and peaceable spirit will bring to you, and by all those dreadful alarms and warnings, either amongst ourselves, in deaths and sicknesses, or abroad in the raging calamities of the sword, death and pestilence; I say, I humbly and earnestly beseech you to be willing to be pacifiable, willing to be reconcilable, willing to be sociable, and to listen to the (I hope not unreasonable) motion following: —

To try out matters by disputes and writings is sometimes endless; to try out arguments by arms and swords is cruel and merciless; to trouble the state and Lords of England is most unreasonable, most chargeable; to trouble our neighbors of other colonies seems neither safe nor honorable. Methinks, dear friends, the colony now looks with the torn face of two parties, and that the greater number of Portsmouth, with other loving friends adhering to them, appear as one grieved party; the other three towns, or greater part of them, appear to be another: Let each party choose and nominate three: Portsmouth and friends adhering three, the other party three, one out of each town; let authority be given to them to examine every public difference, grievance, and obstruction of justice, peace, and common safety; let them, by one final sentence of all, or the greater part of them, end all, and set the whole into an unanimous posture and order, and let them set a censure upon any that shall oppose their sentence. One log, without your gentle

help, I cannot stir; it is this: How shall the minds of the towns be known? How shall the persons chosen be called? Time and place appointed in any expedition? For myself, I can thankfully embrace the help of Mr. Coddington or Mr. Clarke, joined or apart, but how many are there who will attend, (as our distempers are) to neither? It is, gentlemen, in the power of the body to require the help of any of her members, and both King and Parliament plead, that in extraordinary cases they have been forced to extraordinary ways for common safety. Let me be friendly construed, if (for expedition) I am bold to be too forward in this service, and to say that if within twenty days of the date thereof, you please to send to my house, at Providence, the name of him whom you please to nominate, at your desire I will acquaint all the persons chosen with place and time, unto which in your name I shall desire their meeting within ten days, or thereabouts, after the receipt of your letter. I am your mournful and unworthy ROGER WILLIAMS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FAMOUS LETTER TO GOVERNOR ENDICOTT.

[PUBLISHED IN "THE BLOODY TENENT YET MORE BLOODY." 1651.]

AUGUST, 1651.

THE Maker and Searcher of our hearts knows with what bitterness I write, as with bitterness of soul I have heard such language as to proceed from

yourself and others, who formerly have fled from (with crying out against) persecutors! [You will say this is your conscience: You will say you are persecuted, and you are persecuted for your conscience. No; you are Conventiclers, heretics, blasphemers, seducers. You deserve to be hanged; rather than one shall be wanting to hang him I will hang him myself. I am resolved not to leave an heretic in the country; I had rather so many whores and whoremongers and thieves came amongst us]. Oh, sir, you cannot forget what language and dialect this is, whether not the same unsavory and ungodly, blasphemous and bloody, which the Gardiners and Bonners, both former and latter used to all that bowed not to the state golden image of what conscience soever they were. And indeed, sir, if the Most High be pleased to awaken you to render unto his holy Majesty his due praises, in your truly broken-hearted confessions and supplications, you will then proclaim to all the world, that what professions soever you made of the Lamb, yet these expressions could not proceed from the dragon's mouth.

Oh remember, and the most holy Lord bring it to your remembrance, that you have now a great price in your hand, to bring great glory to his holy name, great rejoicing to so gracious a Redeemer (in whom you profess is all your healing and salvation), great rejoicing to the holy Spirit of all true consolation, whom yet so long you who have grieved and sadded, great rejoicing to those blessed spirits (attending upon the Lamb, and all his, and terrible to his persecutors), great rejoicing and instruction to all that love the true Lord Jesus (notwithstanding their

wanderings among so many false Christs), mourning and lamenting after him in all parts of the world where his name is sounded. Your talents are great, your fall hath been so; your eminency is great, the glory of the Most High in mercy or justice toward you will be great also.

Oh remember it is a dangerous combat for the potsherds of the earth to fight with their dreadful Potter. It is a dismal battle for poor naked feet to kick against the pricks; it is a dreadful voice from the King of kings, and Lord of lords, "Endicott, Endicott, why huntest thou me? why imprisonest thou me? why finest, why so bloodily whippest, why wouldest thou (did not I hold thy bloody hands) hang and burn me?" Yea, sir, I beseech you remember that it is a dangerous thing to put this to the may be, to the venture or hazard, to the possibility. Is it possible (may you well say) that since I hunt, I hunt not the life of my Saviour, and the blood of the Lamb of God? I have fought against many several sorts of consciences, is it beyond all possibility and hazard, that I have not fought against God, that I have not persecuted Jesus in some of them?

Sir, I must be humbly bold to say, that 'tis impossible for any man or men to maintain their Christ by their sword, and to worship a true Christ! to fight against all consciences opposite to theirs, and not to fight against God in some of them, and to hunt after the precious life of the true Lord Jesus Christ. Oh remember whither your principles and consciences must in time and opportunity force you. 'Tis but worldly policy and compliance with men and times (God's mercy overruling) that holds your hands

from murdering of thousands and ten thousands were your power and command as great as once the bloody Roman Emperors' was. . . .

Oh remember once again (as I began), and I humbly desire to remember with you, that every gray hair now on both our heads is a Boanerges, a son of thunder, and a warning piece to prepare us for the weighing of our last anchors, and to be gone from hence, as if we had never been.

'Twas mercy infinite, that stopped provoked justice from blowing out our candle's in our youths, but now the feeding substance of the candle's gone, and 'tis impossible without repentance to recall our actions! nay, with repentance to recall our minutes past us.

TO MY HONOR'D, KIND FRIEND, MR. JOHN WINTHROP, GOVERNOR, AT HARTFORD, ON CONNECTICUT.

PROVIDENCE, 6, 12, 59–60.

SIR, — Loving respects to yourself and Mrs. Winthrop, &c. Your loving lines in this cold dead season were as a cup of your Connecticut cider, which we are glad to hear abounds with you, or of that western metheglin, which you and I have drunk at Bristol together, &c. Indeed, it is the wonderful power and goodness of God, that we are preserved in our dispersions among these wild, barbarous wretches. I hear not of their excursions this winter, and should rejoice if, as you hint, Uncas and his brother were removed to Long Island, or any where, or else, as I have somtimes motioned, a truce for some good term of

years might be obtained amongst them. But how should we expect that the streams of blood should stop among the dregs of mankind when the bloody issues flow so fresh and fearfully among the finest and most refined sons of men and sons of God. We have not only heard of the four northern nations, Dania, Swedia, Anglia, and Belgium, all Protestants, (heretics and dogs, with the Pope &c.) last year tearing and devouring one another, in the narrow straits and eminent high passages and turns of the sea and world: but we also have a sound of the Presbyterians' rage new burst out into flames of war from Scotland, and the independent and sectarian army provoked again to new appeals to God, and engagements against them.

Thus, while this last Pope hath plied with sails and oars, and brought all his popish sons to peace, except Portugal, and brought in his grand engineers, the Jesuits, again to Venice, after their long just banishment, we Protestants are woefully disposed to row backward, and bring our sails aback-stays, and provoke the holy, jealous Lord, who is a consuming fire, to kindle again those fires from Rome and hell, which formerly consumed (in Protestant countries) so many precious servants of God. The late renowned Oliver, confessed to me, in close discourse about the Protestants' affairs, &c. that he yet feared great persecutions to the Protestants from the Romanists, before the downfall of the Papacy. The histories of our fathers before us tell us what huge bowls of the blood of the saints that great whore hath been drunk with, in (now) Protestant dominions. Sure her judgment will ring through the world, and it is hoped it is not

far from the door. Sir, you were, not long since, the son of two noble fathers, Mr. John Winthrop and Mr. H. Peters. It is said they are both extinguished. Surely, I did ever, from my soul, honor and love them even when their judgments led them to afflict me. Yet the Father of Spirits spares us breath, and I rejoice, Sir, that your name (amongst the New England magistrates printed, to the Parliament and army by H. Nort. Rous, &c.,) is not blurred, but rather honored, for your prudent and moderate hand in the late Quakers' trials amongst us. And it is said that in the late Parliament yourself were one of the three in nomination for General Governor over New England, which however that design ripened not, yet your name keeps up a high esteem, &c. I have seen your hand to a letter to this colony, as to your late purchase of some land at Narragansett. The fight of your hand hath quieted some jealousies amongst us, that the Bay, by this purchase, designed some prejudice to the liberty of conscience amongst us. We are in consultation how to answer that letter, and my endeavor shall be, with God's help, to welcome, with both our hands and arms, your interest in these parts, though we have no hope to enjoy your personal residence amongst us. I rejoice to hear that you gain, by new plantations, upon this wilderness. I fear that many precious souls will be glad to hide their heads, shortly, in these parts. Your candle and mine draws towards its end. The Lord graciously help us to shine in light and love universally, to all that fear his name, without that monopoly of affection to such of our own persuasion only; for the common enemy, the Romish wolf,

is very high in resolution, and hope, and advantage to make a prey on all, of all sorts that desire to fear God. Divers of our neighbors thankfully re-salute you. We have buried, this winter, Mr Olney's son, whom, formerly, you heard to be afflicted with a lethargy. He lay two or three days wholly senseless, until his last groans. My youngest son, Joseph, was troubled with a spice of epilepsy. We used some remedies, but it hath pleased God, by his taking of tobacco, perfectly, as we hope, to cure him. Good Mr. Parker, of Boston, passing from Prudence Island, at his coming on shore, on Seekonk land, trod awry upon a stone or stick, and fell down, and broke the small bone of his leg. He hath lain by of it all this winter, and the last week was carried to Boston in a horse litter. Some fears there was of a gangrene. But, Sir, I use too much boldness and prolixity. I shall now only subscribe myself

Your unworthy friend,
ROGER WILLIAMS.

Sir, my loving respects to Mr. Stone, Mr. Lord, Mr. Allen, Mr. Webster, and other loving friends.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER CONCERNING AN INTERCOLONIAL DISPUTE.

PROVIDENCE, 22 June, 1670, (Ut. Vulgo.)

MAJOR MASON, — My honored dear and ancient friend. My due respects and earnest desires to God for your eternal peace, etc.

I crave your leave and patience to present you with

some few considerations occasioned by the late transactions between your colony and ours.[1] The last year you were pleased, in one of your lines to me, to tell me that you longed to see my face once more before you died : I embrace your love, though I feared my old lame bones, and yours, had arrested travelling in this world, and therefore I was and am ready to lay hold on all occasions of writing as I do at present. . . .

Sir, I am not out of hopes but that while your aged eyes and mine are yet in their orbs, and not yet sunk down into their holes of rottenness, we shall leave our friends and countrymen, our children and relations and this land in peace behind us. To this end, Sir, please you with a calm and steady and a christian hand, to hold the balance and to weigh these few considerations, in much love and due respect presented.

First, when I was unkindly and unchristianly, as I believe, driven from my house and land and wife and children (in the midst of a New-England winter, now about thirty-five years past) at Salem, that ever honored Governor Mr. Winthrop privately wrote to me to steer my course to Narragansett-Bay and Indians for many high and heavenly and public ends, encouraging me from the freeness of the place from any English claims or patents. I took his prudent motion as an hint and voice from God and waiving all other thoughts and motions, I steered my course from Salem (though in winter snow which I feel yet) unto these parts, wherein I may say *Peniel*, that is, I have seen the face of God.

[1] Over a question of jurisdiction — Rhode Island protested against invasions by Connecticut.

Second, I first pitch't, and began to build and plant at Seekonk, now Rehoboth, but I received a letter from my ancient friend, Mr. Winslow, then Governor of Plymouth, professing his own and others' love and respect to me, yet lovingly advising me, since I was fallen into the edge of their bounds and they were loth to displease the Bay, to remove but to the other side of the water and then he said I had the country free before me and might be as free as themselves and we should be loving neighbors together. These were the joint understandings of these two eminently wise and christian Governors and others, in their day, together with their counsel and advice as to the freedom and vacancy of this place, which in this respect and many other providences of the most holy and only wise, I called *Providence*. * * *

5. Considering (upon frequent exceptions against Providence men) that we had no authority for civil government, I went purposely to England and upon my report and petition, the Parliament granted us a charter of government for these parts, so judged vacant on all hands. And upon this the country about us was more friendly, and wrote to us and treated us as an authorised colony; only the differences of our consciences much obstructed. The bounds of this our first charter I (having ocular knowledge of persons, places and transactions) did honestly and conscientiously, as in the holy presence of God, draw up from Pawcatuck river, which I then believed and still do, is free from all English claims and conquests; * * *

10. Alas, Sir, in calm midnight thoughts, what are these leaves and flowers, and smoke and shadows, and dreams of earthly nothings, about which we poor

fools and children, as David saith, disquiet ourselves in vain? Alas, what is all the scuffling of this world for but, *come will you smoke it?* What are all the contentions and wars of this world about, generally, but for greater dishes and bowls of porridge, of which, if we believe God's spirit in Scripture, Esau and Jacob were types? . . .

. . . I know you are both of you hot, I fear myself also. If both desire, in a loving and calm spirit, to enjoy your rights I promise you, with God's help, to help you to them in a fair and sweet and easy way. — My receipt will not please you all. If it should so please God to frown upon us that you should not like it, I can but humbly mourn and say with the Prophet that which must perish, must perish. And as to myself in endeavouring after your temporal and spiritual peace, I humbly desire to say, if I perish, I perish — It is but a shadow vanished, a bubble broke, a dream finish't — eternity will pay for all.

Sir, I am your old and true friend and servant,

ROGER WILLIAMS.

VERSES.

[FROM "A KEY INTO THE LANGUAGE OF AMERICA." 1643.]

IF birds that neither sow nor reap
  Nor store up any food,
Constantly find to them and theirs
  A maker kind and good!

If man provide eke for his birds,
In yard, in coops, in cage,
And each bird spends in songs and tunes
His little time and age!

What care will man, what care will God,
For 's wife and children take?
Millions of birds and worlds will God
Sooner than his forsake.

Years thousands since God gave command,
As we in Scripture find,
That earth and trees and shrubs should bring
Forth fruits each in his kind.

The wilderness remembers this;
The wild and howling land
Answers the toiling labor of
The wildest Indian's hand.

But man forgets his maker, who
Framed him in righteousness,
A Paradise in Paradise now worse
Than Indian wilderness.

When sun doth rise the stars do set,
Yet there 's no need of light,
God shines a sun most glorious,
When creatures all are night.

The very Indian boys can give
To many stars their name,
And know their course, and therein do
Excel the English tame.

English and Indians none inquire,
Whose hand these candles hold,
Who gives these stars their names, himself
More bright ten thousand-fold.

THOMAS HOOKER.

Thomas Hooker, one of the most eloquent and influential of the early Puritan clergy, was born in Markfield, Leicestershire, in 1586, and died in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1647. Like many of his fellow ministers, he was a Cambridge graduate and fellow, and was advancing to distinction when, in 1630, he was silenced by Archbishop Laud. He was Anglican in doctrine, but objected to the ceremonial of the English Church. He taught school for a time with John Eliot, the future apostle to the Indians, as his assistant, but he was still subjected to persecution, and fled to Holland, whence he emigrated in 1633 to New England in the same ship with John Cotton and the almost equally distinguished Samuel Stone. Five weeks after his landing, Hooker obtained a pastorate, and three years later migrated with his entire congregation to the Connecticut River, where they founded Hartford. Hooker was identified with all the great political and religious movements in the young colony, especially with the framing of the famous constitution. He was a man of commanding character, in politics liberal and almost democratic, but in his church ruling with a rod of iron as prophet, priest, and king, as confessor, too, and exhorter of the minatory type. His power to foretell events seems to have been believed in both by himself and by his parishioners. His style is often less involved, and

therefore more forcible and readable than that of many of his contemporaries, for he constantly remembered the limitations of the human ear, and framed his discourses accordingly. His sermons and numerous treatises must have been read with a fearful joy of terror, so long as the theology that they represented was a matter of belief or even of profession.

A SURVEY of the Summe of Church-Discipline, WHEREIN the Way of the CHURCHES of NEW ENGLAND is Warranted out of the Word, and all Exceptions of Weight, which are made against it, answered: WHEREBY also it will appear to the Judicious Reader, that something more must be said, then yet hath been, before their Principles can be shaken, or they should be unsetled in their practice, By THOS. HOOKER, late Pastor of the Church at *Hartford* upon *Connecticott* in N.E. [London, 1648.]

[FROM THE PREFACE.[1]]

TRUTH is the Daughter of time, was the saying of old, and our daily experience gives in evidence and proof hereof, to every man's ordinary observation. Only as in other births, so here, the barrenness and fruitfulness of several ages, depend merely upon God's good pleasure; who opens and shuts the womb of truth from bearing, as he sees fit, according to the counsel of his own will.

Not that there is any change in the truth, but the alteration grows, according to men's apprehensions,

[1] The marginal references are omitted. The long title is not typographically exact.

to whom it is more or less discovered, according to God's most just judgment, and their own deservings.

Sometimes God makes an eclipse of the truth at midday, that so he might express his wrath from Heaven, against the unthankfulness, prophaneness, and atheism of a malignant world.

Hence it was he let loose those hellish delusions, immediately after the Ascension of our Saviour ; That though his life and conversation gave in evidence beyond gainsaying, that he was true man : Though the miracles and wonders he wrought in his life and death, resurrection and ascension, were witnesses undeniable, that he was true God : yet there arose a wretched generation of heretics, in the first, second, and third hundred years, who adventured not only against the express verdict of the Scripture, but against sense and experience, fresh in the observation and tradition of living men, with more than Satanical impudency to deny both the natures of our blessed Saviour.

Some denied the deity of our Saviour, and would have him mere man. As Ebrion, Cerinthus, Montanus, &c. Others deny him to be true man, as the Gnostici, Valentiniani, Marrionitæ.

Sometimes when men entertain the truth in profession, but not in the love of it, and that endeared affection, that is due thereunto, the Lord gives men up to the activity of error, as the Apostle speaks, because they did not love, that the truth should be truth, they embraced falsehood instead of truth, that so they might be deluded and damned. This made way for Antichrist, and did midwife that man of sin into the world, and by little and little advanced him

into his throne. For while men did verbally acknowledge the nature and offices of our Saviour, they did begin, though subtilly, yet really, to usurp the honor and exercise of all to themselves.

First, They began to encroach upon the *Priestly Office* of our Saviour, and not only to pray for the dead, but to pray to them, and to attribute too much to the martyrs and their worth; and to derogate from the merits, and that plentiful and perfect redemption wrought alone by the Lord Jesus. The Spouse of Christ thus, like the unwise virgins, was taken aside with the slumber of idolatry, till at last she fell fast asleep as the following times give in abundant testimony. . . .

And thus at once they usurped upon the *Prophetical* and justled our Saviour also out of his *Regal office*, for so they are linked together by the Prophet. He is our King, he is our Law-giver; it is in his power and pleasure to provide his own laws, and appoint the ways of his own worship.

Thus were the *Offices* of our Saviour secretly and cunningly undermined till at last that man of sin, seeing his time, and taking his advantage, adventured openly and impudently to challenge the chair of supremacy.

Boniface the Third obtained by policy and treachery, at the hand of Phocas for himself and his successors, that the Bishop of Rome, should be the head and chief Bishop of all Christian Churches.

But the one sword was not sufficient for Hildebrand, He rested not, until by his hellish contrivements he had got two swords, to fill both his hands withal, and a triple-crown upon his head, and carried it with mighty violence against the imperial majesty:

that whereas no Pope in former times might be chosen without the confirmation of the Emperor: so now no Emperor might be chosen without the confirmation of the Pope: as appears in the story of Henry the Emperor.

Thus while the Pope pretended to be the Vicar and Vicegerent of Christ, to supply his absence here on earth, by being *caput ministeriale:* in issue he justled him out of the room and right of his *Headship*.

He makes canons to bind conscience, and so assumes the place of the chief Prophet; Gives dispensations, sends out indulgences, sells pardons, retains, and remits sins, improves the treasury of the Church to that end, and so challengeth the place of being chief Priest. Lastly, arrogates the plenitude and supremacy of power in causes ecclesiastic and civil, no less than two swords will satisfy, to fill both his hands, and a triple-crown to load his head withal, and thereby arrogates to be head of the Church.

When God had revenged the contempt of the authority of his son, by delivering up such contemners to the tyranny and slavery of Antichrist, by the space of many hundred years: That by their own experience they came to know the difference betwixt the service of God, and the slavery of men: the golden scepter of Christ, and the iron rod of Antichrist; who tortured their consciences upon a continual rack, held their souls smoking over the mouth of the bottomless pit, put them into hell, and plucked them out at his pleasure, whence men desired to die, rather than to live.

They then began to sigh for some deliverance from

this spiritual, more than Egyptian bondage; and being thus prepared to lend a listening ear unto the truth, God sent them some little reviving in their extremities, a day-star arising in this their darkness.

He stirred up the spirit of the Waldenses, Armachanus, Wickliff, Huss, and Jerome of Prague, who openly proclaimed the usurpations of that man of sin, stoutly asserted the fulness and sufficiency of the Scriptures, cleared and maintained the deciding authority thereof in all the ways and worship of God, and so set up the Lord Jesus, as the only *Prophet* of his Church.

After them succeeded Luther, who made a spoil of the Pope's treasury, marred wholly his market, and the sale of his indulgencies, and so wonderfully cooled and quenched the fire of Purgatory, and the Pope's kitchen: that his holiness, and the wretched rabble of all his black-guard, were forced to improve all their power and policy to crush the credit of that champion, and the authority of that doctrine which he taught, but all in vain. . . .

Only the *Supremacy of that Kingly Power*, upon which the Pope had encroached, and maintained the possession thereof so long, was yet retained and fortified (as reason would) with greatest resolution, nor could he suffer the appearance of any approach or battery to be erected, that might seem to hazard the safety of that, but he sets him fully and fiercely against Reformation, which sticks like the cunny-skin at the head principally.

Hence for the surprisal of so strong a piece, the Lord in his providence provided many means to make approaches thereunto by little and little. The Coun-

cils of Constance and Basel justled the Pope to the wall, and took the wall of him, made him lower than the council, but let him enjoy his headship over all his officers and particular churches.

King Henry the Eighth, he further clipped his wings in temporals, shook off and renounced that supremacy that he had arrogated and erected over kings and kingdoms in former ages: Only that is storied of him as his mistake, he cut off the head of Popery, but left the body of it (in Arch-Bishops, Primates, Metropolitans, Archdeacons,) yet within his realm, and the Churches there established.

He that will estrange his affection because of the difference of apprehension in things difficult he must be a stranger to himself one time or other. If men would be tender and careful to keep off offensive expressions they might keep some distance in opinion in some things without hazard to truth or love, but when men set up their sheaves (though it be but in a dream as Joseph's was) and fall out with every one that will not fall down and adore them, they will bring much trouble into the world, but little advantage to the truth or peace. . . .

The sum is, we doubt not what we practice, but it's beyond all doubt that all men are liars and we are in the number of those poor feeble men, either we do or may err, though we do not know it. What we have learned we do profess, and yet profess still to live that we may learn. . . .

That the discourse comes forth in such a homely dress and coarse habit, the reader must be desired to consider it comes out of the wilderness where curiosity is not studied. Planters if they can provide cloth to

go warm, they leave the cuts and lace to those that study to go fine.

As it is beyond my skill, so I profess it is beyond my care to please the niceness of men's palates with any quaintness of language. They who covet more sauce than meat they must provide cooks to their mind. It was a cavil cast upon Hierom, that in his writings he was *Ciceronianus non Christianus*. My rudeness frees me wholly from this exception . . . if I would I could not lavish out in looseness of language and, as the case stands, if I could answer any man's desire in that daintiness of speech I would not do the matter that injury which is now under my hand: *Ornari res ipsa negat*. . . . The substance and solidity of the frame is that which pleaseth the builder; it's the painter's work to provide varnish.

PART III, CHAPTER III. OF CENSURES.

The Lord Christ being a tender-hearted father to his Church as his family and household, he hath not only provided wholesome and choice diet, his holy and spiritual ordinances for the food and refreshing of the souls of his faithful . . . but he hath laid in purgatives as well as restoratives, and out of his infinite wisdom, who knows, to how many corrupt distempers, as so many hurtful and noisome diseases the saints are subject unto, he hath appointed Church-censures as good physic to purge out what is evil. . . . And his yearning compassion hath made him here so careful that he hath appointed each particular brother as a skilful apothecary to help forward the spiritual health of all

in confederacy with him. Hence all the members are made (as we have heard) watchmen over the welfare of their brethren, and by virture of their consociation and combination have power over each other and a judicial way of process against each other in case of any sinful aberration. . . . Private offenses appear only to few, one or more ; and therefore they only are to proceed against them, in covering and hiding them from the apprehensions of others, as much as may be ; provided they can thereby attain an healing of them . . . but if the offense be famous and notorious at the first practice of it, as open drunkenness, swearing, stealing, lying, or that a brother, according to the rule of Christ, by reason of another's obstinacy be constrained to tell it to the Church and make it public . . . the offense must first be brought to the Elders and by them debated and delivered to the Church. . . . To them it appertains to judge whether the things be of weight and worth, and so need and require the presence and assistance of the body to express their judgment against them, and the party guilty of them or no, for if they be petty businesses and altogether unfit and unworthy to trouble the congregation withal, it is in their power to prevent such causeless and needless disturbance, and therefore to suppress any further proceeding therein. . . . But when all things are cleared, the native and naked state of the controversy laid forth and presented in the severals of it, even the meanest in the congregation will generally be able to see cause to join their judgments with the truth. . . . In the examination of controversies (because the eagerness of some spirits is inordinate in the pursuit of an offense too rigidly, and the pride of all men's hearts

generally is such, that though they can do shamefully, yet they are loath to bear the shame of it ; and therefore out of their waywardness and wilyness of heart are ready to wimble and wind out devices, that they may put by the dint of a discovering and convincing argument) he that complains must know two rules.

First that he must not dare to complain to the Elder of a Church unless he can plainly and peremptorily lay in his accusation of another, touching such speeches and carriages of which upon thorough search he is well assured . . . because I would prevent such weak and windy kind of expressions as too often we meet withal out of men's too-sudden pangs and heedless mistakes. "I take it so" ; "I conceive it so" ; "It was so reported" ; "I met with it on that manner" etc., when upon the search all these vanish as mistakes. The Word is, we must rebuke convictingly Matt. 18 : 15.

Secondly, as his accusation must be plain so his proofs must be direct and pregnant . . . there must be two witnesses to establish every word, except the things be otherways evidenced sufficiently as by confession of the party, etc.

On the Elders' parts two rules, if attended, make great riddance of occasions and prevent distempers. First, let the accusation be presently and exactly recorded together with the answer thereunto in like manner : for experience teacheth that in multiplicity of debates parties are apt to forget or else not willing to remember, and sometimes ready to mistake, add, alter, vary in expression, as they see there may any advantage come to their own or disadvantage to the contrary cause . . . secondly, let the Elders confine all

parties to the point in hand and not suffer them by extravagancies to darken the truth, disturb the proceedings and bring confusion to the whole debate. They are also, by their authority put into their hands, to forbid and restrain all personal and passionate expressions, and to constrain both sides to speak to the cause, and only to the cause in hand. . . .

The execution of the sentence issues in four things. First the cause exactly recorded is as fully and nakedly to be presented to the consideration of the Congregation. Secondly the Elders are . . . to express their judgment and determination thereof, so far as appertains to themselves. Thirdly, unless the people be able to convince them of error and mistakes in their sentence they are bound to join their judgment with theirs to the completing of the sentence. Fourthly, the sentence thus completely issued, is to be solemnly passed and pronounced upon the delinquent by the ruling Elder whether it be the sentence of admonition or excommunication.

"HELL TORMENTS, HOW IN SOME SORT TO JUDGE OF THEM."

[From "The Soul's Preparation for Christ; or a Treatise of Contrition." London, 1632.]

First, judge the lion by his paw, judge the torments of hell by some little beginning of it; and the dregs of God's vengeance, by some little sips of it; and judge how unable thou art to bear the whole by thy inability to bear a little of it in this life, in the terror of conscience (as the wise man saith) *A wounded spirit who can bear?* When God lays the flashes of hell fire upon thy soul, thou canst not endure it: Whatsoever a man can inflict upon a poor wretch, may be borne; but when the Almighty comes in battle array against a poor soul, how can he undergo it? witness the Saints that have felt it, as also witness the wicked themselves, that have had some beginnings of hell in their consciences. When the Lord hath let in a little horror of heart into the soul of a poor sinful creature, how is he transported with an insupportable burthen? *When it is day, he wisheth it were night, and when it is night, he wisheth it were day.* All the friends in the world cannot comfort him: nay, many have sought to hang themselves, to do any thing rather than to suffer a little vengeance of the Almighty: and one man is roaring and yelling, as if he were now in hell already, and admits of no comfort: if the drops be so heavy, what will the whole sea of God's vengeance be? If he cannot bear the one, how can he bear the other?

Secondly, consider thine own strength, and compare it with all the strength of the creatures, and so if all the creatures be not able to bear the wrath of the Almighty, (as Job saith) *Is my strength the strength of stones? or is my flesh as brass that must bear thy wrath!* As if he had said, It must be a stone, or brass that must bear thy wrath. Though thou wert as strong as brass or stones, thou couldst not bear it: when the mountains tremble at the wrath of the Lord, shall a poor worm or bubble, and a shadow endure it?

Conceive thus much, if all the diseases in the world did seize on one man, and if all torments that all the tyrants in the world could devise, were cast upon him; and if all the creatures in heaven and earth did conspire the destruction of this man; and if all the devils in hell did labor to inflict punishments upon him, you would think this man to be in a miserable condition. And yet all this is but a beam of God's indignation. If the beams of God's wrath be so hot, what is the full sun of his wrath, when it shall seize upon the soul of a sinful creature in full measure?

GOD'S MERCY AND HIS JUSTICE.

[From the Same.]

Secondly, if this will not work upon you, if you have no good nature in you, consider that God is just too; if mercy cannot prevail with you, you shall have justice enough, and that without mercy; you must not think to slight God's mercy, and carry it away

in that fashion. But God is a just God, as he is a gracious God, he will be revenged of you. If any stubborn heart shall say, God is merciful, and therefore we may live as we list, and be as careless as we please: take heed, that just law that hath been contemned, and those righteous statutes that have been broken, and God that hath been provoked by you will be revenged of you. Did ever any provoke the Lord and prosper? and shall you begin? Where is Nimrod, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Pharaoh, and Herod, and those proud persons that set their mouths against God, and their hearts against heaven; what is now become of them? they are now in the lowermost pit of hell.

"THE TEXT SAITH SO."

[From the Same.]

How many notorious vile wretches may say, Good Lord, what will become of our families, and villages? we are all opposers of God and his grace, shall *all be damned?* I dare not say what God will do to thee, the text saith so. This methinks might lie as poison and rats-bane upon the heart of a sinful creature: the Lord in mercy look upon you, and make sin as lothsome and bitter unto you, as ever it hath been sweet and pleasant. You see how the matter will go with you: you that thus jibe and jest at the Saints, and sport yourselves in sin; the time may come that it will be a dry feast, as it was with Dives that was drunk, and *fared deliciously every day;*

he had a dry feast in hell, and could not have *a drop of water to cool his tongue*. So it will be with you; you must either buckle and mourn for sin, or else burn forever.

GOD'S ENDLESS MERCY.

[From the Same.]

O therefore let us admire and bless this good God, and not quarrel with his Ministers, nor providence, and say, Other men have comfort, and therefore why am I so troubled and disquieted? How now? it is endless mercy that thou livest, therefore down with thy proud heart, and stifle those distempers of spirit, and say, The Lord hath broken and wounded me, but blessed be his name, that I may come to Church, and that he hath not dealt with me as I have deserved, but in goodness and mercy; I hope God in his season will do good to my soul.

Secondly, let us be wise to nourish this same blessed work in our hearts for ever; let us have our hearts more and more strengthened, because thereby our hearts will be more and more enabled to bear and undergo any thing; if you have but a little glimpse of hope, cover it: and labor to maintain it, and if ever God let in any glimpse of mercy into our hearts, let it not go out: it is ever good to take that way that God takes; the Lord sustains our hearts with hope: hope is the sinews of the soul, therefore strengthen it.

As a mariner that is tossed with a tempest in a dark night, when he sees no stars, he casts anchor, and that cheers him; this hope is the anchor of the soul,

whereby it looks out, and expects mercy from God: the poor soul seeth no light nor comfort, nothing but the wrath of an angry God; and he saith, God is a just God, and a jealous God; even that God whose truth I have opposed is displeased with me. Then the soul is tossed and troubled, and runs upon the rocks of despair; how shall the soul be supported in this condition? You will find this true one day, therefore look to it before. You vile drunkards are now sailing in a fair gale of pleasure, and carnal delight, but when the Lord's wrath shall seize upon you, when he shall let in the flashes of hell fire, then you are tossed, sometimes up to heaven, now down to hell. Therefore cast anchor now, and this hope will uphold you, for this *hope is called the anchor of the soul.*

THOMAS SHEPARD.

Thomas Shepard, a distinguished Puritan divine and "soul-melting preacher," was born in Colchester, England, in 1605, and died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1649. A university graduate, like most of his fellows, he was ordained priest in the English Church, and silenced in 1630 by Laud. He remained in England till 1635, emigrated then to America, was settled in Boston, and soon after succeeded Hooker at Cambridge, taking an active part in the Antinomian controversy and in the founding of Harvard University. He was thrice married. The grief which he expresses in the extract here given was for his second spouse, a daughter of his predecessor at Cambridge. It is a uniquely naïve tribute to mutual ministration. Shepard was a voluminous writer, intoxicated with the thought of the immanent presence of God, and distilling the essence of Calvinism for the most cultured congregation in New England. Grim as was his theology, he seems to have been personally most affable, though he reveals himself in his autobiography as somewhat morbid. As a writer he shows the simpler virtues and some of the artifices of style. As a theologian his repute endured longer than that of most of his fellow Brahmins. An edition of his writings, for use and not for curiosity, was issued, with a memoir by Rev. John A. Albro, in 1853.

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.[1]

DEDICATION.

TO MY DEARE SON,

THOMAS SHEPARD,

With whom I leave these records of God's great kindness to him, not knowing that I shall live to tell them myselfe with my own mouth, that so he may learne to know and love the great & most high God,

THE GOD OF HIS FATHER.

[From the Introduction.]

And thus after about eleven weeks' sail from Old England, we came to New England shore: where the mother fell sick of a consumption and you, my child, were put to nurse to one Goodwife Hopkins, who was very tender of thee; and after we had been here divers weeks, on the 7th of February or thereabout, God gave thee the ordinance of baptism, whereby God is become thy God, and is beforehand with thee, that whenever you shall return to God,

[1] Edited by Nehemiah Adams, 1832. The Dedication is not an exact reproduction.

he will undoubtedly receive you ; and this is a most high and happy privilege ; and therefore bless God for it. And now after this had been done, thy dear mother died in the Lord, departing out of this world to another, who did lose her life by being careful to preserve thine ; for in the ship thou wert so feeble and froward both in the day and night, that hereby she lost her strength, and at last her life. She hath made also many a prayer and shed many a tear in secret for thee ; and this hath been often her request that if the Lord did not intend to glorify Himself by thee, that He would cut thee off by death rather than to live to dishonor Him by sin ; and therefore know it that if you shall turn rebel against God and forsake God, and care not for the knowledge of Him nor to believe in His Son the Lord will make all these mercies, woes ; and all thy mother's prayers, tears, and death to be a swift witness against thee at the great day.

Thus the Lord taking away thy dear mother's life, the Lord takes care for thee and preserved thee in health until the Spring, May 1, 1636. And now the hand of the Lord was stretched out against my child ; so that he had for divers weeks a sore mouth, both within and without ; cheeks and lips full of blisters, so as that he could eat no meat, only suck the breast, by which only he lived a long time, which I did think would have been its death again ; but the Lord being sought unto recovered him again, and then the humor fell into his eyes, . . . which was such a misery that methought now I had rather that the Lord would take away my child by death than let it lead a blind and a miserable life ; but the Lord

saw my sorrows, my tears, my poor prayers which were in bitterness for him ; and after that I had concluded I must have a blind child to be a constant sorrow to me till my death, and was made to be contented to bear the indignation of the Lord because I had sinned, resolving now to fear, nor care nor grieve no more but to be thankful, nay to love the Lord, presently I say upon this by a poor weak means, vizt. the oil of white paper, the Lord restored my child to his sight suddenly and strangely, I may almost say miraculously again, which was no small joy to me and no little encouragement to do the Lord's work that took so much care for me and mine. Now consider, my son, and remember to lift up thy eyes to heaven, to God in everlasting praises of him and dependence upon him ; and take heed thou dost not make thy eyes windows of lust, but give thy eyes, nay thy heart and whole soul and body to him that hath been so careful of thee when thou couldst not care for thyself.

HERETICS AND PEQUOTS.

No sooner were we thus set down and entered into Church fellowship; but the Lord exercised us and the whole country with the opinions of Familists begun by Mrs. Hutchinson, raised up to a great height by Mr. Vane, too suddenly chosen Governor, and maintained too obscurely by Mr. Cotton, and propagated too boldly by the members of Boston, and some in other churches, by means of which divisions by those opinions, the ancient received truth

came to be darkened, God's name to be blasphemed, the church's glory diminished, many godly grieved, many wretches hardened, deceiving and being deceived, growing worse and worse; . . . At this time I cannot omit the goodness of God as to myself so to all the country in delivering us from the Pekoat furies. . . . those upon the river first gathered about seventy men and sent them into the Pekoat country to make that the seat of war and to revenge the death of those innocents whom they barbarously and most unnaturally slew. . . . they intended to assault Sasukus Fort, but falling short of it the second night the providence of God guided them to another nearer, full of stout men and there brought soldiers, being, as it were, cooped up there, to the number of three or four hundred in all for the Divine slaughter by the hand of the English. . . . Until the Lord had utterly consumed the whole company except four or five girls they took prisoners and dealt with them at Seabrooke as they dealt with ours at Wethersfield, and it is verily thought scarce one man escaped. . . .

THE FOUNDING OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

Thus the Lord having delivered the country from war with Indians and Familists (who arose and fell together), he was pleased to direct the hearts of the magistrates . . . to think of erecting a school or college and that speedily to be a nursery of knowledge in these deserts and supply for posterity, and because this town (then called Newtown) was hereto [by]

God's great care and goodness kept spotless from the contagion of the opinions, therefore at the desire of some of our town the deputies of the Court having got Mr. Eaton to attend the school, the Court for that and sundry other reasons determined to erect the college here, which was no sooner done but the chief of the magistrates and elders sent to England to desire help to forward this work, but they all neglecting us (in a manner) the Lord put it into the heart of one Mr. Harvard, who died worth £1600, to give half of his estate to the erecting of the school. This man was a scholar and pious in his life and enlarged toward the country and the good of it in life and death, but no sooner was this given but Mr. Eaton (professing valiantly yet falsely and most deceitfully the fear of God) did lavish out a great part of it, and being for his cruelty to his scholars, especially to one Briscoe, as also for some other wantonness in life not so notoriously known, driven the country; the Lord about a year after graciously made up the breach by one Mr. Dunstar, a man pious, painful, and fit to teach and very fit to lay the foundations of the domestical affairs of the college; whom God hath much honored and blest. . . . But thus the Lord hath been very good unto me in planting the place I lived in with such a mercy to myself, such a blessing to my children and the country, such an opportunity of doing good to many by doing good to students, as the school is.

A DOMESTIC OBITUARY, OCTOBER, 1637.

The year after those wars in the country God having taken away my first wife, the Lord gave me a second, the eldest daughter of Mr. Hooker, a blessed store; and the Lord hath made her a great blessing to me to carry on matters in the family with much care and wisdom and to seek the Lord God of her father. . . .

But the Lord hath not been wont to let me live long without some affliction or other; and yet ever mixed with some mercy. And therefore, April the 2d, 1646, as he gave me another son, John, so he took away my most dear, precious, meek, and loving wife; having left behind her two hopeful branches, my dear children, Samuel and John. This affliction was very heavy to me; for in it the Lord seemed to withdraw his tender care for me and mine, which he graciously manifested by my dear wife; also refused to hear prayer, when I did think he would have hearkened and let me see his beauty in the land of the living, in restoring of her to health again; also, in taking her away in the prime time of her life, when she might have lived to have glorified the Lord long; also, in threatening me to proceed in rooting out my family, and that he would not stop, having begun here, as in Eli, for not being zealous enough against the sins of his son, and I saw that if I had profited by former afflictions of this nature, I should not have had this scourge; but I am the Lord's, and he may do with me what he will; he did teach me to prize a little grace, gained by a cross, as a sufficient recompense

for all outward losses; but this loss was very great; she was a woman of incomparable meekness of spirit, toward myself especially, and very loving; of great prudence to take care for and order my family affairs, being neither too lavish nor sordid in any thing, so that I knew not what was under her hands: She had an excellency to reprove for sin, and discern the evils of men. She loved God's people dearly, and [was] studious to profit by their fellowship, and therefore loved their company. She loved God's word exceedingly, and hence was glad she could read my notes, which she had to muse on every week. She had a spirit of prayer beyond ordinary of her time and experience. She was fit to die long before she did die, even after the death of her first-born, which was a great affliction to her. But her work not being done then, she lived almost nine years with me, and was the comfort of my life to me; and the last sacrament before her lying-in seemed to be full of Christ, and thereby fitted for heaven. She did oft say she should not outlive this child; and when her fever first began (by taking some cold) she told me so, that we should love exceedingly together, because we should not live long together. Her fever took away her sleep; want of sleep wrought much distemper in her head, and filled it with fantasies and distractions, but without raging. The night before she died, she had about six hours' unquiet sleep. But that so cooled and settled her head, that when she knew none else, so as to speak to them, yet she knew Jesus Christ, and could speak to him; and therefore, as soon as she awakened out of sleep, she brake out into a most heavenly, heart-breaking prayer, after Christ,

her dear Redeemer, for the spirit of life, and so continued praying until the last hour of her death, "Lord, though I [am] unworthy, Lord, one word, one word," etc.; and so gave up the ghost: thus God hath visited and scourged me for my sins, and sought to wean me from this world. But I have ever found it a difficult thing to profit even but a little by the sorest and sharpest afflictions.

SELECTIONS FROM THE "MEDITATIONS AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES."

January 9 [1640]. As I was walking in my study, musing on my sermon in Q, 10. That God's mercy was himself, as his justice also was; the one to the men that come to Christ; and to those that are out of Christ, the other. Hence I considered, when I come to Christ there is no wrath or justice to devour, but sweet love. Wrath there is for refusing him, not else. It was then objected, But it is to the Elect only. The Lord let me then see I had nothing to do with that but to look on his truth, which is to them that come to him, that he would stand as a rock between the scorching sun and their souls. Hence my heart was sweetly ravished, and began to long to die, and think of being with him. And my heart said, Remember to comfort yourself thus, when you come to lie on your sick bed, to lie under this rock, as in a hot day. If one saw a

rock in a hot day, should he say, that rock will cool me if I be elected to it, and God has purposed it; so keep off in fears? No, God has purposed thus to be a rock to all that come to him, and are drawn by his love. . . .

January 19. I saw my loose walking without God; and so was put to a stand, what to say of myself. I saw that hypocrites are far from humbling, because far from conviction: they hope something there is in them. But I brought my heart to consider thus, If my state is good, then there is cause of deeper mourning for abusing the Lord, so good; or my state is not good, and then there is cause of breaking because I am so wretched still; and so I went to prayer. . . .

March 17. I began to question, whether Christians generally were so good as they seemed to be? I thought, [1] They were not so good as the Lord would have them to be, from two arguments. (1) From the want of assurance generally among men. Which argues God is angry, when he doth not appear according as he doth use to do to them who love his name. (2) Because men are better generally under the rod, than under mercy. We see what an admirable Spirit there is under sore afflictions, which men cannot attain to, or keep, but then. Now [2dly] I thought that men were not so good as they appeared to be, (1) Because very few are recovered to that frame before death, which God will bring them to, that get assurance. Few recover holiness by mercy, or feel the eternal good of sore afflictions. (2) Because many eminent professors fall off and fall away. If they continue long, by some trial or other

they are made transparent. (3) Because, though others of less holiness may be upright; yet for us that have more means, not to be more holy and humble, nay not so humble and holy as those that want means, cannot stand with uprightness, generally. My counsel therefore is, Let all take heed of being led by example of men, and thinking, We are good because we are like them that be so. . . .

On the evening of this day [July 9] before the sacrament, I saw it my duty to sequester myself from all other things for the Lord the next day. And (1) I saw, I was to pitch on the right end, (2) on the means, all things to lead me to that end. I saw mine own ends were, to procure honor, pleasure, gain to myself and not the Lord: and I saw how impossible it was for me to attain those ends I should attain, viz., To seek the Lord for himself, to lay up all my honor, pleasure, etc., in him. Or if I did, it was for myself, because good unto me. So the Lord helped me thus. To see,

(1) If honor, pleasure was good; Oh, how good was he who gave them, and could have cut me short of them? And so my heart was raised up a little unto God.

(2) I saw my blessedness did not chiefly lie in receiving good and comfort from God, and in God; but in holding forth the glory of God and his virtues. For 'tis, I saw, an amazing, glorious object, to see God in a creature; God speak, God act; the Deity not being the creature and turned into it, but filling of it, shining through it; to be covered with God, as with a cloud; or as a glass lantern, to have his beams penetrate through it. Nothing is good but

God ; and I am no further good, than as I hold forth God. The Devil overcame Eve to damn herself by telling her she should be like God. O that's a glorious thing ! And should not I be holy, and so be like him indeed ?

Hereupon I found my heart more sweetly drawn to close with God, thus as my end, and to place my happiness in it. And also I saw, it was my misery to hold forth sin and Satan and self in my course. And I saw one of those two things I must do. Now because my soul wanted pleasure, I purposed thus to hold forth God, and did hope it should be my pleasure so to do, as it would be my pain to do otherwise. . . .

November 14. On the Sabbath day, at night, after sermon, I saw I had preached to others, and had not fed myself. And I seeing it did arise from weakness of faith and light, the Lord suggested the one hundred and third Psalm to me, "He heals all thine infirmities," which quieted my soul somewhat.

December 18. I saw it my duty so to lament my sin, as that my sorrow should swallow up all the joy I took in anything in this world. And here I remembered what it was to afflict one's soul, viz. to make sin as bitter as affliction, and to make it my affliction.

THE FATE OF THE EVIL SOUL.

[From *The Sincere Convert*, 1641, Chap. III.]

What will become of thine immortal soul when thou art dead ? Thou sayest : "I know not, I hope well." I tell thee therefore that which may send

thee mourning to thy house, and quaking to thy grave; if thou diest in this estate, thou shalt not die like a dog, nor yet like a toad; but after death comes judgment; then farewell friends when dying; and farewell God forever when thou art dead. . . .

Then shall God surrender up thy forsaken soul into the hands of devils, who being thy jailors, must keep thee till the great day of account; so that as thy friends are scrambling for thy goods, and worms for thy body, so devils shall scramble for thy soul. For as soon as ever a wicked man is dead, he is either in Heaven or in Hell. Not in Heaven, for no unclean thing comes there; if in Hell then amongst devils; there shall be thine eternal lodging, and hence thy forlorn soul shall lie mourning for the time past, now, 't is too late to recall again; groaning under the intolerable torments of the wrath of God present, and amazed at the eternity of misery and sorrow that is to come, waiting for that fearful hour when the last trump shall blow, and then body and soul meet to bear that wrath, that fire that shall never go out. Oh, therefore suspect and fear the worst of thyself now! . . .

. . . In regard of the fearful sentence that then shall be passed upon thee: "Depart, thou cursed creature, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels!" Thou shalt then cry out: "O mercy Lord! O a little mercy!" "No," will the Lord Jesus say, "I did indeed once offer it you, but you refused; therefore Depart!"

Then thou shalt plead again: "Lord, if I must depart, yet bless me before I go!"

"No, no, Depart, thou cursed!"

"O, but Lord, if I must depart cursed let me go to some good place!"

"No! Depart, thou cursed, into hell fire!"

"O Lord, that's a torment I cannot bear; but if it must be so, Lord, let me come out again quickly!"

"No, Depart, thou cursed, into everlasting fire!"

"O Lord, if this be thy pleasure that here I must abide let me have good company with me!"

"No! Depart, thou cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels!"

This shall be thy sentence, the hearing of which may make the rocks to rent. . . .

. . . Thus (I say) thou shalt lie blaspheming, with God's wrath like a pile of fire on thy soul burning, and floods, nay seas, nay more, seas of tears (for thou shalt forever lie weeping) shall never quench it. And here, which way soever thou lookest, thou shalt see matter of everlasting grief. Look up to heaven, and there thou shalt see (Oh!) that God is forever gone. Look about thee, thou shalt see devils quaking, cursing God; and thousands, nay, millions of sinful damned creatures crying and roaring out with doleful shriekings: "O the day that ever I was born!" Look within thee, there is a guilty conscience gnawing. Look to time past; O those golden days of grace and sweet seasons of mercy are quite lost and gone! Look to time to come; there thou shalt behold evils, troops and swarms of sorrows, and woes and raging waves and billows of wrath coming roaring upon thee. Look to time present; oh, not an hour or moment of ease or refreshing, but all curses meet together, and feeding upon one poor, lost, immortal Soul, that never can

be recovered again! No God, no Christ, no Spirit to comfort thee, no minister to preach unto thee; no friend to wipe away thy continual tears, no sun to shine upon thee, not a bit of bread, not one drop of water to cool thy tongue!

NINE EASY WAYS TO HELL.

[From the Same, Chap. V.]

The gate is strait, and therefore a man must sweat and strive to enter; both the entrance is difficult and the progress of salvation too. Jesus Christ is not got with a wet finger. It is not wishing and desiring to be saved will bring men to Heaven; Hell's mouth is full of good wishes. It is not shedding a tear at a sermon, or blubbering now and then in a corner, and saying over thy prayers, and crying God's mercy for thy sins, will save thee. It is not a "Lord, have mercy upon us," will do thee good. It is not coming constantly to church; these are easy matters. But it is a tough work, a wonderful hard matter to be saved. Hence the way to heaven is compared to a race, where a man must put forth all his strength and stretch every limb and all to get forward. Hence a Christian's life is compared to wrestling, Eph. vi. 12. All the policy and power of Hell buckle together against a Christian, therefore he must look to himself, or else he falls. Hence it is compared to fighting, 2 Tim. iv. 7, as man must fight against the Devil, the world, himself, who shoot poisoned bullets in the soul, where a man must kill or be killed. God hath

not lined the way to heaven with velvet, nor strewed it with rushes. He will never feed a slothful humor in man, who will be saved if Christ and Heaven will drop into their mouths, and if any would bear their charges thither. If Christ might be bought for a few cold wishes and lazy desires, he would be of small reckoning among men, who would say: "Lightly come, lightly go." Indeed Christ's yoke is easy in itself, and when a man is got into Christ, nothing is so sweet; but for a carnal, dull heart, it is hard to draw in it. . . .

Now there are nine easy Ways to Heaven (as men think) all of which lead to Hell.

1. The common broad Way, wherein a whole parish may all go abreadth in it; tell these people they shall be damned; their answer is, "Then woe to many more besides me."

2. The Way of Civil Education; whereby many wild natures are by little and little tamed, and like wolves are chained up easily while they are young.

3. Balaam's Way of good Wishes; whereby many people will confess their ignorance, forgetfulness, and that they can not make such shows as others do, but they thank God their hearts are as good, and God for his part accepts (say they) the will for the deed. And, "My son, give me thine heart;" the heart is all in all, and so long they hope to do well enough. Poor deluded creatures, thus to think to break through armies of sins, devils, temptations, and to break open the very gates of heaven with a few good wishes! They think to come to their journey's end without legs, because their hearts are good to God.

4. The Way of Formality; whereby men rest in the performance of most or of all external duties without inward life. Every man must have some religion, some fig-leaves to hide their nakedness. Now this religion must be either true religion, or the false one; if the true he must either take up the power of it, but that he will not, because it is burdensome; or the form of it, and this being easy, men embrace it as their God, and will rather lose their lives than their religion thus taken up. . . .

5. The Way of Presumption; whereby men having seen their sins, catch hold easily upon God's mercy, and snatch comforts before they are reached out unto them. There is no word of comfort in the Book of God intended for such as regard iniquity in their hearts, though they do not act it in their lives. Their only comfort is that the sentence of damnation is not yet executed upon them.

6. The Way of Sloth; whereby men lie still and say "God must do all." If the Lord would set up a pulpit at the ale-house door, it may be they would hear oftener. If God will always thunder, they will always pray; if he strike them now and then with sickness, God shall be paid with good words and promises enough, that they will be better if they live; but as long as peace lasts they will run to Hell as fast as they can; and if God will not catch them they care not, they will not return. . . .

7. The Way of Carelessness, when men feeling many difficulties, pass through some of them, but not all, and what they can not get now, they feed themselves with a false hope they shall hereafter. They are content to be called precisians and fools, and

crazy brains, but they want brokenness of heart, and they will pray (it may be) for it, and pass by that difficulty ; but to keep the wound always open, this they will not do, to be always sighing for help, and never to give themselves rest till their hearts are humbled ; that they will not. These have a name to live, yet are dead.

8. The Way of Moderation or honest Discretion, which indeed is nothing but luke-warmness of the soul, and that is when a man contrives and cuts out such a way to Heaven, as he may be hated of none, but please all, and so do any thing for a quiet life and so sleep in a whole skin. . . .

9. And lastly, the Way of Self-Love ; whereby a man fearing terribly he shall be damned, useth diligently all means whereby he shall be saved. Here is the strongest difficulty of all, to row against the stream, and to hate a man's self, and then to follow Christ fully. . . .

JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

[From "The Parable of the Ten Virgins Opened and Applied," Part II. xix. Section xiii. 1659.]

Motive 1. Consider the lamentable end of one who dies unready ; some (not all) the Lord leaves for terrors to the secure world, who are as good as men risen from the dead, to tell men of the vanity of their sinful courses, who looking upon time past, they see that it is irrevocably lost and passed, away

as a dream, and lost as a shadow; look upon time present, they felt their souls left naked, their accounts not made, an end come to all their hopes and comforts here, their body sick, their conscience trembling, if not tearing their hearts hard, God departed, the grave opened for their filthy carcasses, and devils waiting for their secure souls. And now, say such, what profit have I for all my vanity under the sun? Look to time to come; there they see the throne set, the Lord Jesus on it, their souls standing naked before him, whose grace was great toward them whiles they lived, but whose face is now a consuming fire; and they behold eternity, even that eternal black gulf between them and the Lord; and here they lie wishing they had taken their time, professing now their time is lost, beseeching others to take warning by them, desiring the prayers of others, yet thinking, though Noah and Samuel should stand before the Lord for them, there is no hope. Come and see them. Do not cast away mercy, cast not away that blood, which is worthy to be gathered up by blessed angels in vessels of gold; lament and return, and the Lord will to you: . . .

Motive 2. Consider thou hast but a short time to prepare in, and the time will be then, when thou dost least think of it, Luke xii, 46. The Lord's arrows are now flying abroad; if you did think you should be next smitten down dead, you would prepare; but you think the Lord delays his coming; O, remember that time thou dost least think of, Christ will come. . . .

"ALL SHALL BE IN VAIN."

[From the Same, Part II. xix. Section xvi.]

— And hence exceeding wrath is shown, in denying for a time to hear prayer many times; now look upon the condition of poor sinners dying without Christ; they shall then cry, and cry earnestly, and yet not prevail; if the wrath of God did break out at this time, and lie heavy, and the Lord say, Now cry, and I will deliver; it was no such sorrow, though bitter enough, to lie under wrath one moment; but to cry, and cry vehemently, Lord, Lord, and never be heard, O, who can bear this? then torments are intolerable; hath the Lord no pity? then cries are many, and hearts are faint; hath Christ no bowels? hath this Lamb no more meekness, gentleness? Yes, that there is; but such is his terror now, they are shut up from you; and so shall ever be, though you shall cry, and weep as many tears, and more too than the sea hath drops; and when you cannot come before his face, the gate being shut, you shall cry, that the rocks and mountains may fall upon you to hide you from this wrath of the Lamb; and you shall then cry, Behold, and see, if ever sorrow were like mine! but all shall be in vain!

NATHANIEL WARD.

Nathaniel Ward, a Colonial clergyman and pamphleteer, who is best known as the "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," was probably born in Haverhill, England, about 1578, and died at Shenfield, England, in 1652. Son of John Ward, a noted Puritan minister, he was graduated at Cambridge, in 1603, and educated for the law, but after practice in England, and travel on the Continent, he studied theology, and in 1618 became chaplain to a company of English merchants at Elbing, Prussia. Returning to England, he served in London, and in 1628 was given a parish in Essex. Here his pronounced Puritanism caused him to be summoned before Laud, but he escaped excommunication. He was, however, deprived of his living in 1633, went to New England in 1634, and served as assistant pastor at Agawam (Ipswich), till ill-health obliged him to surrender the charge in 1636. At Ipswich he helped to compile the first code of laws, *The Body of Liberties* (1641), which was fearless and somewhat radical in adapting legal philosophy to the needs of a democratic community. The *Simple Cobbler* was begun in 1645 and printed in January, 1647, before Ward's return to England. Three other editions, with important additions and changes, speedily followed. It was reprinted in 1713 and again in 1843

at Boston. Under the Commonwealth, Ward was made minister of the church at Shenfield (1648), and held that office till his death, publishing several religio-political pamphlets, none of which is noteworthy. The *Simple Cobbler* is a small book, easily read through, and in spite of its bitterness, and its lack of toleration, so full of quaint originality, grim humor and power, that it is probably the most interesting literary performance with which we have to deal in this volume.

THE

SIMPLE COBLER

OF

AGGAWAM IN AMERICA

WILLING

To help 'mend his Native Country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-Leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take.

And as willing never to be paid for his work, by Old English wonted pay.
It is his trade to patch all the year long, gratis
Therefore I pray Gentlemen keep your purses.

By Theodore de la Guard

In rebus arduis ac tenui spe, fortissima quaeque consilia tutissima sunt. Cic.

In English

When boots and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
Coblers must thrust their awles up to the hefts.

This is no time to feare *Apelles gramm:*
Ne Sutor quidem ultra crepidam.

LONDON

Printed by *J. D. & R. I. for Stephen Bowtell*, at the signe of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley, 1647.

AGAINST TOLERATION.

Either I am in an appolexy, or that man is in a lethargy who doth not now sensibly feel God shaking the heavens over his head and the earth under his feet. . . . Satan is now in his passions, he feels his passion approaching, he loves to fish in royled waters. Though that dragon cannot sting the vitals of the elect mortally, yet that Beelzebub can fly-blow their intellectuals miserably. The finer religion grows, the finer he spins his cobwebs, he will hold pace with Christ so long as his wits will serve him. . . . We have been reputed a Colluvies of wild Opinionists, swarmed into a remote wilderness to find elbow-room for our fanatic doctrines and practices. I trust our diligence past, and constant sedulity against such persons and courses, will plead better things for us. I dare take upon me to be the herald of New England so far as to proclaim to the world in the name of our colony, that all Familists, Antinomians, Anabaptists, and other enthusiasts, shall have free liberty to keep away from us, and such as will come to be gone as fast as they can, the sooner the better. . . .

Here is lately brought us an extract of a Magna Charta so called, compiled between the sub-planters of a West Indian Island; whereof the first article of consituplation, firmly provides free stable room and litter for all kind of consciences, be they never so

dirty or jadish ; making it actionable, yea, treasonable, to disturb any man in his religion, or to discommend it, whatever it be. . . . If the devil might have his free option I believe he would ask nothing else but liberty to enfranchise all false religions and to embondage the truth ; nor should he need. . . .

My heart hath naturally detested four things ; The Standing of the Apochrypha in the Bible ; Foreigners dwelling in my country, to crowd our native subjects into the corners of the earth ; Alchymized coins ; Toleration of divers religions or of one religion in segregant shapes. He that willingly assents to the last, if he examines his heart by daylight, his conscience will tell him he is either an Atheist or an Heretic or an Hyprocrite or at best a captive to some lust. Poly-piety is the greatest impiety in the world. . . . I lived in a city, where a Papist preached in one church, a Lutheran in another, a Calvinist in a third ; a Lutheran one part of the day, a Calvinist the other, in the same pulpit ; the religion of that place was but motley and meager, their affections, leopard-like. . . . To authorize an untruth, by a toleration of State is to build a sconce against the walls of heaven to batter God out of His chair. . . .

A WISE STATE WILL COMPOSE, NOT TOLERATE DIFFERENCES IN RELIGION.

That State is wise, that will improve all pains and patience rather to compose, then tolerate differences in religion. There is no divine truth, but hath much

celestial fire in it from the Spirit of Truth : nor no irreligious untruth, without its proportion of antifire from the spirit of error to contradict it : the zeal of the one, the virulency of the other, must necessarily kindle combustions. Fiery diseases seated in the spirit, imbroil the whole frame of the body: others more external and cool, are less dangerous. They which divide in religion, divide in God ; they who divide in him, divide beyond *Genus Generalissimum*, where there is no reconciliation, without atonement ; that is, without uniting in him, who is One, and in his Truth, which is also one.

Wise are those men who will be persuaded rather to live within the pale of truth where they may be quiet, than in the purlieus, where they are sure to be haunted ever and anon, do authority what it can. Every singular opinion, hath a singular opinion of itself ; and he that holds it a singular opinion of himself, and a simple opinion of all contra-sentients : he that confutes them, must confute at three at once, or else he does nothing ; which will not be done without more stir than the peace of the State or Church can endure.

And prudent are those Christians, that will rather give what may be given, then hazard all by yielding nothing. To sell all peace of country, to buy some peace of conscience unseasonably, is more avarice than thrift, imprudence than patience : they deal not equally, that set any truth of God at such a rate ; but they deal wisely that will stay till the market is fallen.

My prognostics deceive me not a little, if once within three seven years, peace prove not such a

penny-worth at most marts in Christendom, that he that would not lay down his money, his lust, his opinion, his will, I had almost said the best flower of his crown for it, while he might have had it, will tell his own heart, he played the very ill husband.

Concerning tolerations I may further assert.

That persecution of true religion and toleration of false, are the *Jannes* and *Jambres* to the Kingdom of Christ, whereof the last is far the worst. *Augustine's* tongue had not owed his mouth one pennyrent though he had never spake word more in it, but this, *Nullum malum pejus libertate errandi.*

Frederick Duke of *Saxon*, spake not one foot beyond the mark when he said. He had rather the earth should swallow him up quick, than he should give a toleration to any opinion against any truth of God.

He that is willing to tolerate any religion, or discrepant way of religion, besides his own, unless it be in matters merely indifferent, either doubts of his own, or is not sincere in it.

He that is willing to tolerate any unsound opinion, that his own may also be tolerated, though never so sound, will for a need hang God's Bible at the Devil's girdle.

Every toleration of false religions, or opinions hath as many errors and sins in it, as all the false religions and opinions it tolerates, and one sound one more.

That state that will give liberty of conscience in matters of religion, must give liberty of conscience and conversation in their moral laws, or else the fiddle will be out of tune, and some of the strings crack.

He that will rather make an irreligious quarrel with

other religions than try the Truth of his own by valuable arguments, and peaceable sufferings; either his religion, or himself is irreligious.

Experience will teach Churches and Christians, that it is far better to live in a state united, though a little corrupt, then in a state, whereof some part is incorrupt, and all the rest divided.

I am not altogether ignorant of the eight rules given by orthodox divines about giving tolerations, yet with their favour I dare affirm,

That there is no Rule given by God for any state to give an affirmative toleration to any false religion, or opinion whatsoever; they must connive in some cases, but may not concede in any.

That the state of England (so far as my intelligence serves) might in time have prevented with ease and may yet without any great difficulty deny both toleration, and irregular connivences *salva Republica*.

That if the state of England shall either willingly tolerate, or weakly connive at such courses, the church of that kingdom will sooner become the devil's dancing-school, than God's temple: The Civil State a bear-garden, than an exchange: The whole Realm a Pais base than an England. And what pity it is, that that country which hath been the staple of truth to all Christendom, should now become the aviary of errors to the whole world, let every fearing heart judge.

I take liberty of conscience to be nothing but a freedom from sin and error. *Conscientia in tantum libera in quantum ab errore liberata.* And liberty of error nothing but a prison for conscience. Then small will be the kindness of a state to build such prisons for their subjects.

The Scripture saith, there is nothing makes free but truth, and truth saith, there is no truth but one: If the States of the World would make it their sumoperous care to preserve this one truth in its purity and authority it would ease you of all other political cares. I am sure Satan makes it his grand, if not only task, to adulterate truth; Falsehood is his sole sceptre, whereby he first ruffled, and ever since ruined the World.

If truth be but one, methinks all the opinionists in England should not be all in that one truth, some of them I doubt are out. He that can extract an unity out of such a disparity, or contract such a disparity into an unity; had need be a better artist, than ever was *Drebell.*

If two centres (as we may suppose) be in one circle, and lines drawn from both to all the points of the compass, they will certainly cross one another, and probably cut through the centres themselves.

There is talk of an universal toleration, I would talk as loud as I could against it, did I know what more apt and reasonable sacrifice England could offer to God for his late performing all his heavenly truths than an universal toleration of all hellish errors, or how they shall make an universal reformation, but by making Christ's academy the Divil's university, where any man may commence heretic *per saltum;* where he that is *filius Diabolicus*, or *simpliciter pessimus*, may have his grace to go to Hell *cum Publico Privilegio;* and carry as many after him, as he can. . . .

It is said, though a man have light enough himself to see the truth, yet if he hath not enough to enlighten others, he is bound to tolerate them, I will engage

my self, that all the devils in *Britanie* shall sell themselves to their shirts, to purchase a lease of this position for three of their lives, under the seale of the Parliament.

It is said, that men ought to have liberty of their conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them of it: I can rather stand amazed than reply to this: it is an astonishment to think that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance. Let all the wits under the heavens lay their heads together and find an assertion worse than this (one excepted) I will petition to be chosen the universal idiot of the world.

It is said, That civill magistrates ought not to meddle with ecclesiastical matters.

I would answer to this so well as I could, did I not know that some papers lately brought out of New-England, are going to the Press, wherein the opinions of the Elders there in a late Synod, concerning this point are manifested, which I suppose will give clearer satisfaction than I can.

The true English of all this their false Latin, is nothing but a general toleration of all opinions: which motion if it be like to take, it were very requisite, that the City would repair *Paul's* with all the speed they can, for an English *Pantheon*, and bestow it upon the sectaries, freely to assemble in, then there may be some hope that London will be quiet in time. . . .

If all be true we hear, never was any people under the sun so sick of new opinions as Englishmen nor of new fashions as Englishwomen. If God help not the one and the devil leave not helping the other, a blind man may easily foresee what will become of both.

CONCERNING WOMEN'S FASHIONS.

Should I not keep promise in speaking a little to Women's fashions, they would take it unkindly. I was loath to pester better matter with such stuff; I rather thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the *Quæ Genus* in the grammar, being deficients, or redundants, not to be brought under any rule: I shall therefore make bold for this once, to borrow a little of their loose-tongued liberty, and misspend a word or two upon their long-waisted, but short-skirted patience: a little use of my stirrup will do no harm. . . .

It is known more than enough, that I am neither niggard, nor cynic, to the due bravery of the true gentry. I honor the woman that can honor herself with her attire; a good text always deserves a fair margent; I am not much offended if I see a trim far trimmer than she that wears it. In a word, whatever christianity or civility will allow, I can afford with London measure: but when I hear a nugiperous gentledame inquire what dress the queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the court; I mean the very newest; with egg to be in it in all haste, whatever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kicked, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honored or humored.

To speak moderately, I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive how those women should have any true grace, or valuable vir-

tue, that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such exotic garbs, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gant bargeese, ill-shapen-shotten shell-fish, Egyptian hieroglyphics, or at the best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English woman should scorn with her heels. It is no marvel they wear drails on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the forepart, but a few squirrels' brains to help them frisk from one ill-favored fashion to another.

> These whim Crown'd shes, these fashion-fancying wits,
> Are empty thin brain'd shells, and fiddling Kits.

The very troublers and impoverishers of mankind, I can hardly forbear to commend to the world a saying of a lady living some time with the Queen of Bohemia ; I know not where she found it, but it is pity it should be lost.

> The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble,
> Women and care, and care and Women, and Women and care and trouble.

The verses are even enough for such odd pegma's. I can make myself sick at any time, with comparing the dazzling splendor wherewith our gentlewomen were embellished in some former habits, with the gut-foundered goosedom, wherewith they are now surcingled and debauched. We have about five or six of them in our colony : if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my fancy of them for a month after. I have been a solitary widower almost twelve years, purposed lately to make a step over to

my native country for a yoke-fellow: but when I consider how women there have tripe-wifed themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, lest their nauseous shapes and the sea, should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly; methinks it should break the hearts of English men, to see so many goodly English women imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them.

It is a more common than convenient saying, that nine tailors make a man: it were well if nineteen could make a woman to her mind. If tailors were men indeed, well furnished but with mere moral principles, they would disdain to be led about like apes, by such mimic marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing for men that have bones in them, to spend their lives in making fiddle-cases for futilous women's fancies; which are the very pettitoes of infirmity, the giblets of perquisquilian toys. I am so charitable to think, that most of that mystery would work the cheerfuller while they live, if they might be well discharged of the tiring slavery of mistiring women. It is no little labor to be continually putting up English women, into outlandish casks; who if they be not shifted anew, once in a few months, grow too sour for their husbands. What this trade will answer for themselves when God shall take measure of tailors' consciences is beyond my skill to imagine. There was a time when,

> The joining of the Red Rose with the White,
> Did set our State into a Damask plight.

But now our roses are turned to *flore de lices*, our carnations to tulips, our gillyflowers to daisies, our city dames, to an indenominable quæmalry of overturcased things. He that makes coats for the moon, had need take measures every noon : and he that makes for women, as often, to keep them from lunacy.

I have often heard divers ladies vent loud feminine complaints of the wearisome varieties and chargeable changes of fashions : I marvel themselves prefer not a bill of redress. I would Essex ladies would lead the chore, for the honor of their county and persons ; or rather the thrice honorable ladies of the court, whom it best beseems : who may well presume of a *Le Roy le veult* from our sober King, a *Les Seigneurs ont assentus* from our prudent peers, and the like *Assentus*, from our considerate, I dare not say wife-worn Commons ; who I believe had much rather pass one such bill, than pay so many tailor's bills as they are forced to do.

Most dear and unparalleled ladies, be pleased to attempt it : as you have the precellency of the women of the world for beauty and feature ; so assume the honor to give, and not take law from any, in matter of attire. If ye can transact so fair a motion among yourselves unanimously, I dare say, they that most renite, will least repent. What greater honor can your honors desire, than to build a promontory precedent to all foreign ladies, to deserve so eminently at the hands of all the English gentry present and to come : and to confute the opinion of all the wise men in the world ; who never thought it possible for women to do so good a work.

If any man think I have spoken rather merrily than

seriously he is much mistaken, I have written what I write with all the indignation I can, and no more than I ought. I confess I veered my tongue to this kind of language *de industria* though unwillingly, supposing those I speak to are uncapable of grave and rational arguments.

I desire all ladies and gentlewomen to understand that all this while I intend not such as through necessary modesty to avoid morose singularity, follow fashions slowly, a flight shot or two off, showing by their moderation, that they rather draw countermont with their hearts, than put on by their examples.

I point my pen only against the light-heeled beagles that lead the chase so fast, that they run all civility out of breath, against these ape-headed pullets, which invent antique fool-fangles, merely for fashion and novelty sake.

In a word, if I begin once to declaim against fashions, let men and women look well about them, there is somewhat in the business ; I confess to the world, I never had grace enough to be strict in that kind ; and of late years, I have found syrup of pride very wholesome in a due dose, which makes me keep such store of that drug by me, that if any body comes to me for a question-full or two about fashions, they never complain of me for giving them hard measure, or under weight.

But I address myself to those who can both hear and mend all if they please : I seriously fear, if the pious Parliament do not find time to state fashions, as ancient Parliaments have done in some part, God will hardly find a time to state religion or peace. They are the surquedries of pride, the wantonness of idle-

ness, provoking sins, the certain prodromies of assured judgment, Zeph. i. 7, 8.

It is beyond all account how many gentlemen's and citizens' estates are deplumed by their feather-headed wives, what useful supplies the pannage of England would afford other countries, what rich returns to itself, if it were not sliced out into male and female fripperies: and what a multitude of misemployed hands might be better improved in some more manly manufactures for the public weal. It is not easily credible, what may be said of the preterpluralities of tailors in London: I have heard an honest man say, that not long since there were numbered between Temple-bar and Charing-Cross, eight thousand of that trade; let it be conjectured by that proportion how many there are in and about London, and in all England they will appear to be very numerous. If the Parliament would please to mend women, which their husbands dare not do, there need not so many men to make and mend as there are. I hope the present doleful estate of the realm will persuade more strongly to some considerate course herein than I now can.

Knew I how to bring it in, I would speak a word to long hair, whereof I will say no more but this: if God proves not such a Barber to it as he threatens, unless it be amended, Esa. vii. 20, before the peace of the state and church be well settled, then let my prophecy be scorned, as a sound mind scorns the riot of that sin, and more it needs not. If those who are termed rattleheads and impuritans, would take up a resolution to begin in moderation of hair, to the just reproach of those that are called Puritans and

Roundheads, I would honor their manliness as much as the others' godliness, so long as I knew what man or honor meant: if neither can find a barber's shop, let them turn in, to Psal. lxviii. 21, Jer. vii. 29, 1 Cor. xi. 14. If it be thought no wisdom in men to distinguish themselves in the field by the scissors, let it be thought no injustice in God, not to distinguish them by the sword. I had rather God should know me by my sobriety, than mine enemy not know me by my vanity. He is ill kept, that is kept by his own sin. A short promise is a far safer guard than a long lock: it is an ill distinction which God is loath to look at, and his angels can not know his saints by. Though it be not the mark of the beast, yet it may be the mark of a beast prepared to slaughter. I am sure men use not to wear such names; I am also sure soldiers use to wear other marklets or notadoes in time of battle.

Of Reformation.

When states are so reformed that they conform such as are profligate into good civility; civil men, into religious morality; when Churches are so constituted, that Faith is ordained pastor, Truth teacher, Holiness and Righteousness ruling elders; Wisdom and Charity deacons; Knowledge, love, hope, zeal, heavenly-mindedness, meekness, patience, watchfulness, humility, diligence, sobriety, modesty, chastity, constancy, prudence, contentation, innocency, sincerity, etc., admitted members, and all their opposites excluded: then there will be peace of country and conscience.

Did the servants of Christ know what it is to live in Reformed Churches with unreformed spirits, under

strict order with loose hearts ; how forms of Religion breed but forms of godliness ; how men by church-discipline learn their church-postures, and there rest : — they would pray as hard for purity of heart, as purity of ordinances. If we mock God in these, He will mock us ; either with defeat of our hopes, or which is worse, when we have what we so much desire, we shall be so much the worse for it. It was a well salted speech, uttered by an English christian of a Reformed Church in the Netherlands : "We have the good orders here, but you have the good christians in England." He that prizes not Old England graces, as much as New-England ordinances, had need go to some other market before he comes hither. In a word, he that is not pastor, teacher, ruler, deacon and brother to himself, and looks not at Christ above all, it matters not a farthing whether he be Presbyterian or Independent ; he may be a zealot in bearing witness to which he likes best, and yet an Iscariot to both, in the witness of his own conscience.

I have upon strict observation seen so much power of godliness and spiritual-mindedness in English christians, living merely upon sermons and private duties, hardly come by, when the Gospel was little more than symptomatical to the state ; such epidemical and lethal formality in other disciplinated churches, that I profess in the hearing of God, my heart hath mourned, and mine eyes wept in secret, to consider what will become of multitudes of my dear countrymen when they shall enjoy what they now covet. Not that good ordinances breed ill consciences, but ill consciences grow stark naught under good ordinances ; insomuch that might I wish an hypocrite the most

perilous place but Hell, I should wish him a membership in a strict Reformed Church: and might I wish a sincere servant of God the greatest grief earth can afford, I should wish him to live with a pure heart, in a church impurely reformed; yet through the improvement of God's Spirit, that grief may sanctify him for God's service and presence, as much as the means he would have, but cannot.

A WORD OF IRELAND.

Not of the Nation universally, nor of any man in it, that hath so much as one hair of Christianity or Humanity growing on his Head or Beard, but only of the truculent Cutthroats, and such as shall take up Arms in their Defence.

These Irish anciently called Anthropophagi, man-eaters, have a tradition among them, that when the Devil showed our Saviour all the Kingdoms of the Earth and their glory, that he would not show him Ireland, but reserved it for himself; it is probably true, for he hath kept it ever since for his own peculiar; the old Fox foresaw it would eclipse the glory of all the rest. He thought it wisdom to keep the Land for a Boggards for his unclean spirits employed in this Hemisphere, and the people, to do his son and heir, I mean the Pope, that service for which Louis the Eleventh kept his Barber Oliver, which makes them so blood-thirsty. They are the very offal of men, dregs of mankind, reproach of Christendom, the bots that crawl on the Beast's tail, I wonder Rome itself is not ashamed of them.

I beg upon my hands and knees that the expedition against them may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our soldiery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us, and cursed be he that shall do that work of the Lord negligently. Cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood: yea, cursed be he that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood, that doth not recompense them double for their hellish treachery to the English, that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their country a dwelling place for Dragons, an Astonishment to Nations. Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand to be spared, that pities or spares them, and let him be accursed, that curseth not them bitterly.

[From the Same.]

Poetry 's a gift wherein but few excell;
He doth very ill that doth not passing well.
But he doth passing well that doth his best,
And he doth best that passeth all the rest.

IN PRAISE OF MISTRESS BRADSTREET.

[Prefixed to "*The Tenth Muse.*" 1650.]

Mercury show'd Apollo, Bartas' book,
Minerva this, and wish'd him well to look,
And tell uprightly, which did which excel:
He view'd and view'd, and vow'd he could not tell.
They bid him hemisphere his mouldy nose,
With 's crack'd leering glasses, for it would pose

The best brains he had in 's old pudding-pan,
Sex weigh'd, which best, the woman or the man?
He peer'd, and por'd, and glar'd, and said for wore,
I'm even as wise now, as I was before.
They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no mar'l
The auth'ress was a right Du Bartas girl.
Good sooth, quoth the old Don, tell me ye so,
I muse whither at length these girls will go.
It half revives my chili frost-bitten blood,
To see a woman once do aught that's good;
And chode by Chaucer's boots and Homer's furs.
Let men look to't, lest women wear the spurs.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

Anne Bradstreet, the chief poetess of Colonial America, was probably born at Northampton, about 1612, and died in Boston, September 16, 1672. She was a daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, and married the future Governor Bradstreet in 1628. With him she went to New England (1630), and in the intervals of household duties involved in the rearing of eight children, became a devoted author, who won for herself from her compatriots the admiring designation, "The Tenth Muse." Her poems were published under a title which gives a tabular view of their contents, to wit: "The Tenth Muse, lately Sprung up in America, or Several Poems Compiled with Great Variety of Wit and Learning, Full of Delight, Wherein especially is Contained a Complete Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies, viz., The Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman. Also a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late troubles. With divers other pleasant and serious Poems, By a Gentlewoman in those parts" (London, 1650). A second, this time American, edition appeared at Boston six years after her death, with additions, among which is *Contemplations*, her best poem. Her complete works were edited by

J. H. Ellis (1867), and for the Society of the Duodecimos, 1897, with an introduction by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, one of Mrs. Bradstreet's descendants.

Mrs. Bradstreet's verses are in the main a storehouse of curious information, the most curious thing about them being the admiration they excited. Cotton Mather said they "would outlast the stateliest marble." Other contemporaries "weltered in delight" or were "sunk in a sea of bliss" at their perusal. They were at least the best of her land and generation. They show an indomitable assertion of a woman's right to thought and learning. The *Four Monarchies* is based on Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, but she drew her chief poetic inspiration from Sylvester's translation of the French epic of Creation by Du Bartas. As one of the first American writers to devote herself to literature for its own sake, she deserves an honored place in the history of New England culture. Nor is it certain that her genuine talents have received just recognition from posterity. She is not a Tenth Muse or a Sappho, but her works are no more disappointing than those of belauded contemporary British poetesses like "the Matchless Orinda" (Mrs. Katharine Phillips). It is quite true that much of her poetry is hopelessly ponderous and dull, in the style of her favorite English master, Joshua Sylvester. It is true also that at first she seems to have no eye for the beauties of nature, and that she gives us no entertaining realistic pictures of primitive New England life. But it is equally true that her work shows improvement, that in all probability Spenser became her master instead

of Sylvester, and that in the stanzas entitled, *Contemplations* she showed a feeling both for nature and for style. Her verses to her husband and her children are heartfelt and simple, and her prose *Observations* show her to have been possessed of a mind not lacking in clearness and depth. She tells us plainly that she found the ways of the New World trying to a woman of gentle rearing, and she shows, perhaps unconsciously, that she could not bring herself to contemplate God entirely on his sterner side. In fine, her writings show her to have been a gifted woman, in whom it is quite possible for latter-day readers to take a respectful interest.

THE PROLOGUE.

To sing of wars, of captains, and of kings,
  Of cities founded, commonwealths begun,
For my mean pen are too superior things:
  Or how they all, or each, their dates have run,
Let poets and historians set these forth,
My obscure lines shall not so dim their worth.

But when my wondering eyes and envious heart
  Great Bartas' sugared lines do but read o'er,
Fool I do grudge the Muses did not part
  'Twixt him and me that ever fluent store: —
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will,
But simple I according to my skill.

From school-boys' tongue no rhetoric we expect,
  Not yet a sweet consort from broken strings,

Nor perfect beauty where 's a main defect :
My foolish, broken, blemished Muse so sings :
And this to mend, alas, no art is able,
'Cause nature made it so irreparable.

Nor can I, like that fluent, sweet-tongued Greek
Who lisped at first, in future time speak plain ;
By art he gladly found what he did seek —
A full requital of his striving pain ;
Art can do much, but this maxim 's most sure :
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits ;
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong ;
For such despite they cast on female wits ;
If what I do prove well, it won't advance —
They 'll say it 's stolen, or else it was by chance.

But sure the antique Greeks were far more mild,
Else of our sex why feignéd they those nine,
And Poesy made Calliope's own child ?
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts Divine ;
But this weak knot they will full soon untie —
The Greeks did naught but play the fools and lie.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are
Men have precedency, and still excel,
It is but vain unjustly to wage war :
Men can do best, and women know it well ;
Preëminence in all and each is yours —
Yet grant some small acknowledgment of ours.

And oh, ye high flown quills that soar the skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e'er you deign these lowly lines your eyes,
Give thyme or parsley wreath ; I ask no bays,
This mean and unrefined ore of mine
Will make you glistering gold, but more to shine

NUMA POMPILIUS.

[From "The Four Monarchies."]

Numa Pompilius next chose they king,
Held for his piety some sacred thing.
To Janus he that famous temple built,
Kept shut in peace, set ope when blood was spilt :
Religious rites amd customs instituted,
And priests and flamens likewise he deputed,
Their augurs strange, their gestures and attire,
And vestal maids to keep the holy fire.
The nymph Aegeria this to him told,
So to delude the people he was bold.
Forty-three years he ruled with generous praise,
Accounted for a god in after days.

OF THE FOUR AGES OF MAN.

Lo, now four other act upon the stage,
Childhood and Youth, the Manly and Old Age :
The first son unto phlegm, grandchild to water,
Unstable, supple, cold and moist 's his nature.
The second, frolic, claims his pedigree

From blood and air, for hot and moist is he.
The third of fire and choler is compos'd,
Vindicative and quarrelsome dispos'd.
The last of earth and heavy melancholy,
Solid, hating all lightness and all folly.
Childhood was cloth'd in white and green to show
His spring was intermixed with some snow :
Upon his head nature a garland set
Of Primrose, Daisy and the Violet.
Such cold mean flowers the spring puts forth betime,
Before the sun hath throughly heat the clime.
His hobby striding did not ride but run,
And in his hand an hour-glass new begun,
In danger every moment of a fall,
And when 't is broke then ends his life and all :
But if he hold till it have run its last,
Then may he live out threescore years or past.
Next Youth came up in gorgeous attire
(As that fond age doth most of all desire),
His suit of crimson and his scarf of green,
His pride in 's countenance was quickly seen ;
Garland of roses, pinks and gillyflowers
Seemed on 's head to grow bedew'd with showers.
His face as fresh as is Aurora fair,
When blushing she first 'gins to light the air.
No wooden horse, but one of mettle tried,
He seems to fly or swim, and not to ride.
Then prancing on the stage, about he wheels,
But as he went death waited at his heels.
The next came up in a much graver sort,
As one that cared for a good report,
His sword by 's side, and choler in his eyes,
But neither us'd as yet, for he was wise ;

Of Autumn's fruits a basket on his arm,
His golden god in 's purse, which was his charm.
And last of all to act upon this stage
Leaning upon his staff came up Old Age,
Under his arm a sheaf of wheat he bore,
An harvest of the best, what needs he more?
In 's other hand a glass ev'n almost run,
Thus writ about: "This out, then am I done."

IN HONOR OF THAT HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCESS QUEEN ELIZABETH OF HAPPY MEMORY.

The Proem.

Although, great queen, thou now in silence lie,
Yet thy loud herald, fame, doth to the sky
Thy wondrous worth proclaim in every clime,
And so hath vowed while there is world or time.
So great 's thy glory and thine excellence
The sound thereof rapts every human sense,
That men account it no impiety
To say thou wert a fleshly deity.
Thousands bring offerings, though out of date,
Thy world of honors to accumulate;
'Mongst hundred hecatombs of roaring verse,
Mine bleating stands before thy royal hearse.
Thou never didst nor canst thou now disdain
To accept the tribute of a loyal brain:
Thy clemency did erst esteem as much
The acclamations of the poor as rich,
Which makes me deem my rudeness is no wrong,
Though I resound thy praises 'mongst the throng.

The Poem.

No phenix pen, nor Spenser's poetry,
No[r] Speed's nor Camden's learned history,
Eliza's works, wars, praise, can e'er compact;
The world's the theatre where she did act.
No memories nor volumes can contain
The eleven olympiads of her happy reign,
Who was so good, so just, so learned, so wise,
From all the kings on earth she won the prize.
Nor say I more than duly is her due;
Millions will testify that this is true.
She hath wiped off the aspersion of her sex,
That women wisdom lack to play the rex.

* * * * * * *

A LOVE-LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

[From the Edition of 1678.]

Phœbus make haste, the day 's too long, begone,
The silent night 's the fittest time for moan;
But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,
And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere:
(And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drown'd
The woful accents of my doleful sound),
If in thy swift career thou canst make stay,
I crave this boon, this errand by the way:
Commend me to the man more lov'd than life,
Show him the sorrows of his widow'd wife,
My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brackish tears,
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears,
And, if he love, how can he there abide?

My interest 's more than all the world beside.
He that can tell the stars or Ocean sand,
Or all the grass that in the meads do stand,
The leaves in th' woods, the hail or drops of rain,
Or in a cornfield number every grain,
Or every mote that in the sunshine hops,
May count my sighs and number all my drops.
Tell him, the countless steps that thou dost trace,
That once a day thy spouse thou mayst embrace ;
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,
Thy rays afar, salute her from the south.
But for one month I see no day (poor soul)
Like those far situate under the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy arise,
O how they joy when thou dost light the skies.
O Phœbus, hadst thou but thus long from thine
Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved shine,
At thy return, if so thou couldst or durst,
Behold a Chaos blacker than the first.
Tell him here 's worse than a confused matter,
His little world 's a fathom under water,
Naught but the fervor of his ardent beams
Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.
Tell him I would say more, but cannot well,
Opressed minds abruptest tales do tell.
Now post with double speed, mark what I say,
By all our loves conjure him not to stay.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

[From the Edition of 1678.]

Some time now past in the autumnal tide,
When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head.
Their leaves and fruits seem'd painted, but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hue,
Rapt were my senses at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure, thought I,
If so much excellence abide below,
How excellent is He that dwells on high!
Whose power and beauty by his works we know;
Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
That hath this underworld so richly dight:
More heaven than earth was here, no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,
Whose ruffling top the clouds seem'd to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine infancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire;
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born,
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn?
If so, all these as naught eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistering sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams was shaded by the leavie tree;
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, What glory 's like to thee?

Soul of this world, this universe's eye,
No wonder, some made thee a deity:
Had I not better known (alas), the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushes,
And, as a strong man, joys to run a race;
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
The earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Birds, insects, animals with vegetive,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive.
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual, and diurnal course,
Thy daily straight, and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
Quaternal seasons caused by thy might:
Hail creature, full of sweetness, beauty and delight.

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
Hath strength, thy shining rays once to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high,
As to approach it, can no earthly mould?
How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light lustre unto thee!
Admir'd, ador'd forever, be that Majesty.

Silent, alone, where none or saw or heard,
In pathless paths I led my wandering feet;
My humble eyes to lofty skies I reared,
To sing some song my mazed Muse thought meet.

My great Creator I would magnify
That nature had thus decked liberally ;
But ah, and ah again, my imbecillity !

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black-clad cricket bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and played on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.
Shall creatures abject thus their voices raise ?
And in their kind resound their Maker's praise :
Whilst I, as mute, can warble forth no higher lays.

* * * * * * *

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,
The stones and trees, insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen ;
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,
A Spring returns, and they more youthful made ;
But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once
he 's laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,
Yet seems by nature and by custom curs'd,
No sooner born, but grief and care makes fall
That state obliterate he had at first :
Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
Because their beauty and their strength last longer ?
Shall I wish there or never to had birth,
Because they 're bigger and their bodies stronger ?

Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade, and die,
And when unmade so ever shall they lie;
But man was made for endless immortality.

* * * * * * *

The mariner that on smooth waves doth glide
Sings merrily, and steers his bark with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great master of the seas;
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that faileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of the sour,
That 's full of friends, of honor, and of treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth e'en for heaven's bower.
But sad affliction comes, and makes him see
Here 's neither honor, wealth, nor safety;
Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp 's all laid in th' dust,
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings 'scape time's rust;
But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

THE AUTHOR TO HER BOOK.

Thou ill-formed offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth didst by my side remain
Till snatched from thence by friends less wise than true
Who thee abroad exposed to public view,
Made thee, in rags, halting, to the press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened, all may judge,
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat — in print — should mother call.
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot still made a flaw.
I stretched thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet.
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But naught save homespun cloth i' th' house I find.
In this array 'mongst vulgars mayst thou roam,
In critics' hands beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known.
If for thy father asked, say thou hadst none;
And for thy mother, she, alas, is poor,
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.

[From "Prose and Verse," Addressed "To My Dear Children." First Printed in 1867.]

In a long fit of sickness which I had on my bed I often communed with my heart, and made my sup-

plication to the Most High, who set me free from that affliction.

But as I grew up to be about fourteen or fifteen I found my heart more carnal, and, sitting loose from God, vanity and the follies of youth take hold of me.

About sixteen the Lord laid his hand sore upon me and smote me with the small-pox. When I was in my affliction, I besought the Lord, and confessed my pride and vanity, and he was entreated of me and again restored me. But I rendered not to him according to the benefit received.

After a short time I changed my condition and was married, and came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it and was joined to the church at Boston.

FOR THE RESTORATION OF MY DEAR HUSBAND FROM A BURNING AGUE, JUNE, 1661.

[FROM THE SAME.]

When fears and sorrows me beset,
Then didst thou rid me out;
When heart did faint and spirits quail,
Thou comforts me about.

Thou rais'st him up I feared to lose,
Regav'st me him again;
Distempers thou didst chase away,
With strength didst him sustain.

My thankful heart, with pen record
The goodness of thy God:
Let thy obedience testify
He taught thee by his rod,

And with his staff did thee support,
That thou by both mayst learn,
And 'twixt the good and evil way
At last thou might'st discern.

Praises to him who hath not left
My soul as destitute,
Nor turned his ear away from me,
But granted hath my suit.

MEDITATIONS DIVINE AND MORAL.

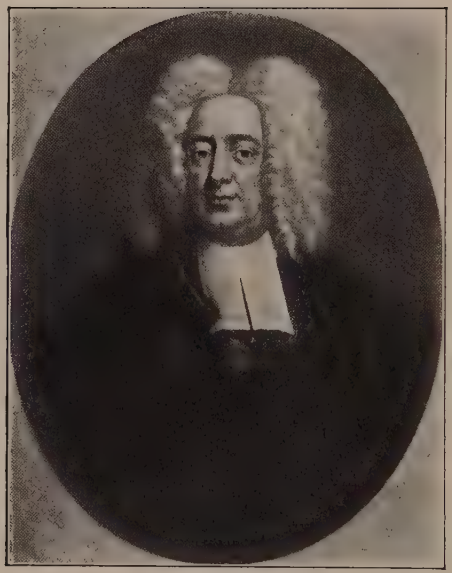
[First printed in 1867.]

IV. A ship that bears much sail, and little or no ballast, is easily overset; and that man, whose head hath great abilities, and his heart little or no grace, is in danger of foundering. . . .

X. Diverse children have their different natures: some are like flesh which nothing but salt will keep from putrefaction; some again like tender fruits that are best preserved with sugar. Those parents are wise that can fit their nurture according to their nature. . . .

LXVIII. The gifts that God bestows on the sons of men, are not only abused, but most commonly employed for a clean contrary end than that which they

were given for ; as health, wealth, and honor, which might be so many steps to draw men to God in consideration of his bounty towards them, but have driven them the further from him, that they are ready to say, We are lords, we will come no more at thee. If outward blessings be not as wings to help us mount upwards, they will certainly prove clogs and weights that will pull us lower downward.



COTTON MATHER

From the painting by R. Pelham

THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICANISM
1650–1710

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INTRODUCTION.

This second volume carries the presentation of American life and thought as expressed in its colonial literature through the first decade of the eighteenth century. It seemed best to include in the general view of colonial literary development given in the introduction to the former volume many of the writers who are presented here, since the logical division of colonial literature is into two periods, while considerations of a practical character render a division into three volumes more desirable.

The year 1688, the date chosen for the close of the first period, corresponds closely with 1676 and the Rebellion of Bacon in political history. The former inaugurated the change which the latter year presaged, and it is at least a curious coincidence that this should be separated by exactly a century from the Declaration of Independence of which it held the presage and the germ. Sixteen hundred and seventy-six was also a year of import alike in New England and in Virginia. It, too, witnessed an outbreak against autocratic misrule, though the storm centre was in Virginia rather than in the Puritan Colonies, and the time was not yet ripe for patriotic insurrection. The same year in New England was the crisis of King Philip's War. So, as the chief historian of our colonial literature, the late Professor

Moses Coit Tyler, has observed, for those two central English communities that year established two great facts: first, that the English colonists already felt themselves so individualized in their national life as to be capable of resisting the authority of England; and, secondly, that they had so developed their colonial existence as to be able to put down any combination of Indians that might be formed against them. It was as evident to them, from that year onward, as it is to us to-day, not merely that their settlement was safe from annihilation through any outward attack, but also, and hardly less evident, at least to the thoughtful, that they were drifting apart from the mother country in their modes of thought and ideals of democracy.

These facts, quite evident to the student of the politics of 1676, soon become evident to the student of literature also. They are unmistakable in Sewall and Beverly. The whole spirit of Sarah Kemble Knight is that of an independent American woman who to-day would be president of a woman's club. There are foreshadowings of the new spirit, too, in earlier authors, more especially in Johnson, and Gookin, and Folger, though doubtless these elements are more obvious to us, who view them in the light of history, than they were to the contemporaries of those writers, who, with the people for whom they wrote, were building better than they knew for the future of America.

This gradual transformation of our literature may be noticed in almost every department of it, but poetry and theology, being by their nature artificial forms of literary expression, had least of the new spirit, and with these we may begin our general

survey. The historians, diarists, chroniclers, with social reformers such as Gookin, lived more in the press of history in the making, and in these we shall find, therefore, most that is distinctively American. It is not difficult to imagine an Increase or a Cotton Mather, a Wigglesworth or an Oakes in England, even in the days of James or of Mary, but we should hardly find there the like of Gookin, and we should probably have to descend considerably beyond the days of Anne before we should find the like of Judge Sewall or of Sarah Knight.

Among the poets we have chosen Urian Oakes as typical of the Fantastic School, or, as Dr. Johnson called it, the Metaphysical School. To his contemporary, Increase Mather, he seemed "one of the greatest lights that ever shone in this part of the world, or that is ever likely to arise on this horizon." Indeed, there have been those, even in our more critical time, to whom this product of our "autochthonous culture" has seemed to exhibit "splendid literary capacity," to be at once "affluent, stately, pathetic, beautiful, and strong." But in the words of Urian Oakes himself, "daring hyperboles have here no place," and the reader is likely to perceive in his verse no high reach of original genius. Wigglesworth, on the other hand, was distinctively original. There is little or nothing like *The Day of Doom* in literature, nor like to be, and in its kind it is so good that its jingling verses cling to the mind even of those to whom their conceptions are most foreign, quaint, or even ludicrous. They are thoroughly genuine, — the product of study, indeed, but of study that has translated itself into the life of the soul with a realistic

vision that may be grotesque but is none the less terrible. No other colonial book was more popular in its own day, and very few are more worthy to be read in our own, for the picture afforded of the ideals by which and through which the more strenuous of our American ancestors wrought out their contribution to the national character in striving for individual salvation.

But we should get a false idea, even of the poetry of this period, if we were to seek its representatives merely in the verse-writers of whom Oakes and Wigglesworth are typical. Neither classical culture nor intensity of religious conviction could keep even poets from the pressing problems of daily life, and so the crude poem of Folger is here to remind us that for these colonists, as for later reformers, the truth of conviction lay in the application of it; that Christianity was not only a scheme of salvation to be studied in Wigglesworth's doggerel verse, but a mode of life to be practised toward the Indians and even toward those fellow-Christians who, having separated from the Separatists, had become to them anathema. In Folger we have one of the first efforts to turn poetry to the use of politics in our American life. He was destined later to find many imitators. In general, however, it is clear that the poetry represented in this volume is a survival of a not very vigorous past. It is not here that we are to look, in the first instance at least, for literature that shall be interpretative of life.

Nor shall we find it any longer even in the theologians. These bore an important part in our first volume; now they are relegated to a minor place. But four of the prose writers from whom this volume con-

tains selections were clergymen, and but two of these, the Mathers, were very typical of their class. The contrast between this period and the preceding is so great as to be surprising until we recognize in it the natural result of the development of independent colonial life. Our prose writers are still in the main New Englanders, either by birth or choice. The biographers of Bacon, and Denton, Alsop, Penn, and Beverly are the only exceptions that find place in this volume. All the more marked then is the change of temper that has come over New England since King Philip's War. At the very outset we find a prototype of the new temper in Edward Johnson, that sturdily characteristic Puritan, whose faith in wonder-working providences was accompanied by a zeal to coöperate in them, alike in ecclesiastical and in civic life. He seems to move in the constant thought of an overruling Providence, yet to lose nothing of his self-dependence, and his attitude to his God finds a sort of counterpart in that assurance which he was selected to present to the English king "of loyalty with a determination to maintain all rights and privileges." The Apostolic Eliot too was a practical statesman and man of action, as well as an indefatigable missionary and somewhat credulous linguist, — sincere, sweet, winning, lovable, full of the dauntless confidence of faith, yet full, too, of a sort of canny wisdom in which we recognize incipient New England. The Mathers belong rather in temper to a generation whose passing away they witnessed. They were of the Brahmin caste, hereditary clergymen and hierarchs, conservatives to the core, lauding old times and bewailing the new, piling up literary monuments

of indefatigable industry for the admiration, if not the edification, of their successors, — prodigious in their learning, philanthropic in their spirit, but sympathizing in their nature with that which was reactionary, ascetic, and pedantic, in a generation that was already beginning to feel the intoxication of liberty. The very bulk of the work of the Mathers makes them loom large in any literary prospect of this period, yet their importance is rather as illustrative of the past than as indicative of what to them was present or future. It is not without interest, however, to find in Cotton Mather a municipal reformer contending against very much the same evils as those that vex the American cities of to-day, and seeking to meet them with the same well-meant exaggeration of exhortation, and the same inability to adapt inherited standards to changing social ideals. This same representative of fantastic pedantry was also, in his advocacy of the application of the principle of collective activity to the problems of moral reform, the precursor by a century and a half of another Boston clergyman, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and he was one of the most resolute advocates of inoculation for smallpox. And Increase Mather representing his colony in England was a forerunner of Franklin.

Turning now to that more numerous and more interesting group of writers who deal with colonial life as they saw it, whether as annalists such as Hubbard and Gookin, as descriptive writers like Denton and Alsop, as diarists like Sewall and Knight, as genially credulous travellers like Josselyn, or as aristocrats of colonial democracy like Penn, we find ourselves immediately in a more congenial atmosphere. Already

in Josselyn there is a breezy frankness of criticism, a sense of humor, that is refreshingly human, a curiosity quite worthy of the Yankee that he was not, as though in his brief sojourn he had been inoculated with the virus of New England, and with something of that credulity that is apt to go with "smartness." This distinctively new note is caught most clearly in our extract dealing with the "Men of Maine." Another New England trait, the minding of other people's business for their good, found one of its first noteworthy representatives in Daniel Gookin, English by birth, Puritan in feeling, but sufficiently catholic in sympathy to cover effectively with the mantle of his charity, not merely the fugitive English regicides, perhaps no very parlous task in the New England of that day, but even, what was a far more serious offence in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, those Christian Indians of whom he had been made superintendent, and of whose doings and sufferings he was the first chronicler, sacrificing, as many a New Englander has done since, popularity and preferment to the imperative demands of his social conscience.

With Indians, but in quite another spirit, deal also those other New Englanders, Wheeler and Hubbard. The latter was a clergyman, which is somewhat significant, as on the whole, although he does appear occasionally in his clerical capacity, he stands rather for lay activities, having been a paid historiographer, and noted among his admiring fellow-colonists as an "elegant writer." His popular account of the Indian Wars displays little of the charitable spirit of Gookin; it betrays the Puritan, but hardly the clergyman. It might easily have been the work of such a

layman as Johnson, but hardly the work of a clerical contemporary of that New England worthy.

Mary Rowlandson's Diary stands quite apart among these historical writings, as a poignant story of personal suffering, told with a detailed simplicity that makes it a real work of primitive, unconscious, and, it must be confessed, uncharming art. The two other New England Diarists embraced in this volume of extracts, Judge Sewall and Mrs. Knight, are of quite different character, both from Mrs. Rowlandson and from one another. The former's voluminous notations appear to have been dictated in part by the not uncommon, though seldom justified, assumption that as nothing human was foreign to his sympathies, so nothing that interested him could fail to interest others. In part it was no doubt a desire to preserve, for his own use, a record of daily happenings and thoughts. In part it appears to have been a sort of confessional to which he confided the records of his moral auto-stethoscope. Perhaps no other production in the whole range of New England's colonial literature contains more of real value or more of curious interest than this work, wholly lacking as it is, for the main, in continuity, proportion, or constructive unity of any kind.

Last of New Englanders, and latest in time of the writers included in this volume, is Sarah Kemble Knight, whose story of her venturesome journey from Boston to New York in the year 1704 has many of those qualities of literary excellence that Sewall's Diary conspicuously lacks, and makes us understand her contemporary reputation as a teacher of composition. She is sprightly, graphic, and tells us more

than we should otherwise know or guess of the customs of colonial life outside of the pulpit, the assembly hall, and the domestic fireside. She must have had some power of imparting the genial liveliness of her style, for she had the honor of training in the rudiments of English that past master among eighteenth century writers, Benjamin Franklin.

Turning now to the South we find that the disparity between the literary output here and in New England is hardly less than in the former volume, and, indeed, if the total bulk of the literature is regarded, the difference is even greater than our extracts indicate. Yet, in some respects the smaller output is the more significant. What is most typical in the literature of the eighteenth century, what brings American literature and thought in closest touch with the world movement of that period, is less the writing that has its roots in New England culture than that which derives itself from the life of the Middle and Southern colonies. Franklin here is typical, and Franklin, though a New Englander by birth and early education, has in him more of Penn and Alsop, Denton and Beverly, than he has of Hooker or Wigglesworth, or even of Sewall or Gookin. The literature of the Middle Colonies is less serious, less intense, less stimulating than that of New England. It has in it far less of learning, but it is in more sympathetic touch with the amenities of life. The conventions of the ministerial pulpit are no longer felt. There is a lighter touch natural to men whose ideals are secular rather than religious ; and just over the border line of this second volume we shall meet in Col. Wm. Byrd of Virginia a writer and a personage who faintly suggests

Voltaire. It is from this point of view that we regret that space did not permit quotations from Gabriel Thomas's sprightly account of West New Jersey and Pennsylvania, but the latter colony got more perhaps of its impress from the character if not from the writing of Penn. It is indeed around Philadelphia that for the next half century interest centres in the literary evolution of America, not, of course, for the bulk of its performance, but for its typical character and the witness that it bears to a more balanced and in a sense a wider culture — the culture of toleration and secularism.

EDWARD JOHNSON.

Captain Edward Johnson, author of the rambling but sturdy and characteristically Puritan "Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England," was born at Herne Hill, Kent, England, in 1599, and died at Woburn, Massachusetts, April 23, 1672. It is thought that he came to New England with Winthrop, in 1630, and certain that he took an active part in organizing the church and the town of Woburn, in 1642. He held public office almost continuously till his death, was town representative, recorder, speaker, colonial commissioner, and something of a soldier. All that can be learned of him is industriously gathered in the late Wm. F. Poole's introduction to his valuable reprint of the "Wonder-Working Providence" (1867). Johnson seems to have been a typical Puritan layman, bold, resourceful, and stern, with a sternness that came from the abiding thought of the immediate presence of a somewhat anthropomorphic God. His historical treatise, which carries the story of Massachusetts through the year 1651, three years before its publication in London, was written to defend the colony against unjust criticisms, and was based on first-hand information. Unfortunately, the author was very uncritical, and while we cannot but admire his strenuously eulogistic tone when he writes of the

great Puritan leaders and their work, we are obliged to smile at the extravagant crudity of his style, upon which he evidently expended much labor. His attempts at verse are peculiarly distressing. But when all is said, he is very interesting, and much is to be pardoned to so sturdy a patriot.

Of the First Preparation of the Merchant Adventurers in the Massachusetts.

[from the "wonder-working providence," london, 1654. chap. ix.]

. . . At the place of their abode they began to build a Town, which is called Salem, after some little space of time having made trial of the sordid spirits of the neighboring *Indians*, the most bold among them began to gather to divers places, which they began to take up for their own; those that were sent over servants, having itching desires after novelties, found a readier way to make an end of their masters' provisions, than they could find means to get more. They that came over their own men had but little left to feed on, and most began to repent when their strong beer and full cups ran as small as water in a large land, but little corn, and the poor *Indians* so far from relieving them, that they were forced to lengthen out their own food with acorns, and that which added to their present distracted thoughts, the ditch between *England* and their now place of abode was so wide, that they could not leap over with a lope-staff, yet some delighting their eye with the rarity of things present, and feeding their

fancies with new discoveries at the Spring's approach, they made shift to rub out the Winter's cold by the fire-side, having fuel enough growing at their doors, turning down many a drop of the bottle, and burning tobacco with all the ease they could, discoursing between one while and another, of the great progress they would make after the Summer's-sun had changed the earths white furr'd gown into a green mantel.

Of the Charges expended by this Poor People, to enjoy Christ in his Purity of his Ordinances.

[from the same. chap. xiii.]

And now they enter the ships, should they have cast up what it would have cost to people *New England* before hand, the most strongest of faith among them would certainly have staggered much, and very hardly have set sail. But behold and wonder at the admirable Acts of Christ, here it is cast up to thy hand, the passage of the persons that peopled New England cost ninety-five thousand pounds, the swine, goats, sheep, neat and horse, cost to transport twelve thousand pounds besides the price they cost, getting food for all persons for the time till they brought the woods to tillage amounted unto forty-five thousand pounds; nails, glass and other iron-work for their meeting houses, and other dwelling houses, before they could raise any means in the country to purchase them, eighteen thousand pounds. Arms, powder, bullet and match, together

with their great artillery, twenty-two thousand pounds: the whole sum amounts unto one hundred ninety two thousand pound, beside that which the Adventurers laid out in England, which was a small pittance compared with this, and indeed most of those that cast into this Bank were the chief Adventurers. Neither let any man think the sum above expended did defray the whole charge of this Army, which amounts to above as much more, only this sum lies still in bank, and the other they have had the income again. This therefore is chiefly presented to satisfy such as think *New England men* have been bad husbands in managing their estates; assuredly here it lies in bank, put out to the greatest advantage that ever any hath been for many hundred of years before, and verily although in casting it up some hundred may be miscounted (for the Author would not willingly exceed in any respect) but to be sure Christ stands by and beholds every mite that (in the obedience of faith) is cast into this Treasury: but what do we answering men? the money is all Christ's, and certainly he will take it well that [his] have so disposed of it to his advantage; by this means he hath had a great income in *England* of late, Prayers, Tears and Praise and some Reformation; *Scotland* and *Ireland* have met with much profit of this Bank, *Virginia*, *Bermodas* and *Barbados* have had a taste, and *France* may suddenly meet with the like. Therefore repent you not, you that have cast in your coin, but tremble all you that with a penurious hand have not only cast in, such as are taking out to hoard it up in your napkins; remember *Ananias* and *Saphirah*, how darest thou do it in these days, when

the Lord hath need of it? Gentle Reader, make use of this memorable Providence of Christ for his *New England* Churches, where had this poor people this great sum of money? the mighty Princes of the Earth never opened their coffers for them, and the generality of these men were mean and poor in the things of this life, but sure it is, the work is done, let God have the glory, who hath now given them food to the full, and some to spare for other Churches.

[FROM THE SAME. CHAP. XIV.]

. . . THE number of ships that transported passengers in this space of time [*to 1643*] as is supposed is 298 [*query 198 as stated in XVI*]. Men women and children passing over this wide ocean as near as at present can be gathered is also supposed to be 21,200 or thereabout.

OF THE FOURTH CHURCH OF CHRIST GATHERED AT BOSTON, 1631.

[FROM THE SAME. CHAP. XX.]

AFTER some little space of time the Church of Christ at Charles Town having their Sabbath assemblies oftenest on the south side of the river, agreed to leave the people on that side to themselves, and to provide another Pastor for Charles Town, which according they did. So that the fourth Church of

Christ issued out of Charles Town, and was seated at Boston being the Center Town and Metropolis of this Wilderness work (but you must not imagine it to be a Metropolitan Church) environed it is with the brinish floods, saving one small isthmus, which gives free access to the neighbor towns; by land on the south side, on the north west, and north east, two constant ferries are kept for daily traffic thereunto; the form of this town is like a heart, naturally situated for fortifications, having two hills on the frontice part thereof next the sea, the one well fortified on the superficies thereof, with store of great artillery well mounted, the other hath a very strong battery built of whole timber, and filled with earth, at the descent of the hill in the extreme point thereof; betwixt these two strong arms lies a large cave or bay, on which the chiefest part of this town is built, over-topped with a third hill; all three like over-topping towers keep a constant watch to fore-see the approach of foreign dangers, being furnished with a beacon and loud babbling guns to give notice by the redoubled echo to all their sister-towns. The chief edifice of this citylike town is crowded on the sea-banks and wharfed out with great industry and cost, the buildings beautiful and large, some fairly set forth with brick, tile, stone and slate, and orderly placed with comely streets, whose continual enlargement presages some sumptuous city. . . . But now behold the admirable acts of Christ. At this his peoples, landing the hideous thickets in this place were such that wolves and bears nursed up their young from the eyes of all beholders, in those very places where the streets are full of girls and boys, sporting up and

down, with a continued concourse of people. Good store of shipping is here yearly built and some very fair ones. Both tar and masts the country affords from its own soil, also store of victual both for their own and foreigner's ships who resort hither for that end. The town is the very mart of the land, French Portugals and Dutch come hither for traffic.

Of the Great Cheerfulness of Their Soldiers in Christ in and under the Penuries of a Wilderness.

[from the same. chap. xxiv.]

This year, 1631, John Winthrop, Esq., was chosen Governor, pickt out for the work by the provident hand of the Most High, and enabled with gifts accordingly; then all the folk of Christ, who have seen his face and been partaker of the same, remember him in this following Meeter.

* * * * * * *

Why leavest thou, John, thy station, in Suffolk, thy own soil?
Christ will have thee a pillar be, for 's people thou must toil.
He chang'd thy heart, then take his part 'gainst prelates proud invading
His Kingly throne, set up alone, in wilderness there shading
His little flocks from Prelates' knocks. Twice ten years rul'd thou hast,
With civil sword at Christ's word, and eleven times been trast,
By name and note, with people's vote, their Governor to be;
Thy means hast spent, 'twas therefore lent, to raise this work by thee.
Well arm'd and strong with sword among Christ's armies marcheth he,
Doth valiant praise, and weak one raise, with kind benignity.

To lead the van, 'gainst Babylon, doth worthy Winthrop call;
Thy Progeny shall battle try, when Prelacy shall fall.
With fluent tongue thy pen doth run, in learned Latin phrase,
To Swedes, French, Dutch, thy Neighbors, which thy lady rhetoric praise.
Thy bounty feeds Christ's servants' needs, in wilderness of wants;
To Indians thou Christ's Gospel now 'mongst heathen people plants.
Yet thou poor dust, now dead and must to rottenness be brought,
Till Christ restore thee glorious, more than can of dust be thought.

* * * * * * *

Those honored persons who were now in place of Government, having the propagation of the Churches of Christ in their eye, labored by all means to make room for inhabitants, knowing well that where the dead carcass is, thither will the eagles resort. But herein they were much opposed by certain persons, whose greedy desire for land much hindered the work for a time, as indeed all such persons do at this very day — and let such take notice how these were cured of this distemper. Some were taken away by death, and then to be sure they had land enough, others fearing poverty and famishment, supposing the present scarcity would never be turned into plenty, removed themselves away, and so never beheld the great good the Lord hath done for his people.

But the valiant of the Lord waited with patience, and in the miss of beer supplied themselves with water, even the most honored, as well as others, contentedly rejoicing in a cup of cold water, blessing the Lord that had given them the taste of that living

water, and that they had not the water that slacks the thirst of their natural bodies, given them by measure, but might drink to the full; as also in the absence of bread they feasted themselves with fish. The women once a day, as the tide gave way, resorted to the mussels, and clambanks, which are a fish as big as horse-mussels, where they daily gathered their families' food with much heavenly discourse of the provisions Christ had formerly made for many thousands of his followers in the wilderness. Quoth one, "My husband hath travelled as far as Plymouth (which is near forty miles), and hath with great toil brought a little corn home with him, and before that is spent the Lord will assuredly provide." Quoth the other, "Our last peck of meal is now in the oven at home a-baking, and many of our godly neighbors have quite spent all, and we owe one loaf of that little we have." Then spake a third, "My husband hath ventured himself among the Indians for corn, and can get none, as also our honored Governor hath distributed his so far, that a day or two more will put an end to his store, and all the rest, and yet methinks our children are as cheerful, fat, and lusty with feeding upon those mussels, clambanks and other fish, as they were in England with their fill of bread, which makes me cheerful in the Lord's providing for us, being further confirmed by the exhortation of our pastor to trust the Lord with providing for us; whose is the earth and the fulness thereof."

And as they were encouraging one another in Christ's careful providing for them, they lift up their eyes and saw two ships coming in, and presently this news came to their ears, that they were

come from Jacland full of victuals. Now their poor hearts were not so much refreshed in regard of the food they saw they were like to have, as their souls rejoiced in that Christ would now manifest himself to be the commissary-general of this his Army, and that he should honor them so far as to be poor sutlers for his camp. They soon up with their mussels, and hie them home to stay their hungry stomachs. After this manner did Christ many times graciously provide for this his people, even at the last cast.

Of the Gracious Goodness of God in Hearing His People's Prayers in Time of Need, and of the Shiploads of Goods the Lord sent them in.

[FROM THE SAME. CHAP. XXVII.]

Here again the admirable Providence of the Lord is to be noted, that whereas the country is naturally subject to drought, even to the withering of their summer's fruits, the Lord was pleased, during these years of scarcity, to bless that small quantity of land they planted with seasonable showers, and that many times to the great admiration of the Heathen. For thus it befell. The extreme parching heat of the sun (by reason of a more constant clearness of the air than usually is in England) began to scorch the herbs and fruits, which was the chiefest means of their livelihood. They beholding the Hand of the Lord stretched out against them, like tender-hearted children, they fell down on their knees, begging mercy

of the Lord for their Saviour's sake, urging this as a chief argument, that the malignant adversary would rejoice in their destruction, and blaspheme the pure Ordinances of Christ, trampling down his Kingly Commands with their own inventions; and in uttering these words, their eyes dropped down many tears, their affections prevailing so strong, that they could not refrain in the Church Assembly. Here admire and be strong in the Grace of Christ, all you that hopefully belong unto him, for as they poured out water before the Lord, so at that very instant, the Lord showered down water on their gardens and fields, which with great industry they had planted, and now had not the Lord caused it to rain speedily, their hope of food had been lost; but at this these poor worms were so exceedingly taken, that the Lord should show himself so near unto their prayers, that as the drops from Heaven fell thicker and faster, so the tears from their eyes by reason of the sudden mixture of joy and sorrow. And verily they were exceedingly stirred in their affections, being unable to resolve themselves which mercy was greatest, to have a humble begging heart given them of God, or to have their request so suddenly answered.

The Indians hearing hereof, and seeing the sweet rain that fell, were much taken with Englishmen's God, but the Lord seeing his poor people's hearts were too narrow to beg, his bounties exceeds toward them at this time, as indeed he ever hitherto hath done for this Wilderness People, not only giving the full of their requests, but beyond all their thoughts, as witness his great work in England of late, in which the prayers of God's people in New England have

had a great stroke. These people now rising from their knees to receive the rich mercies of Christ, in the refreshed fruits of the earth; behold the sea also bringing in whole ship-loads of mercies, more being filled with fresh forces for furthering this wonderful work of Christ. And indeed this year came in many precious ones, whom Christ in his grace hath made much use of in these his Churches and Commonwealth, insomuch that these people were even almost over-balanced with the great income of their present possessed mercies. Yet they address themselves to the sea-shore, where they courteously welcome the famous servant of Christ, grave, godly and judicious Hooker, and the honored servant of Christ, Mr. John Haynes, as also the Reverend and much desired Mr. John Cotton, and the rhetorical Mr. Stone, with divers others of the sincere servants of Christ, coming with their young, and with their old, and with their whole substance, to do him service in this desert wilderness. Thus this poor people having now tasted liberally of the salvation of the Lord every way, they deem it high time to take up the cup of thankfulness, and pay their vows to the most high God, by whom they were holpen to this purpose of heart, and accordingly set apart the 16th day of October (which they call the eighth month, not out of any peevish humor of singularity, as some are ready to censure them with, but of purpose to prevent the heathenish and Popish observation of days, months and years, that they may be forgotten among the people of the Lord). This day was solemnly kept by all the seven Churches, rejoicing in the Lord, and rendering thanks for all their benefits.

Of the Laborious Work Christ's People have in planting this Wilderness, set Forth in the building the Town of Concord, being the First Inland Town.

[From the same. Chap. xxxvi.]

. . . After they had thus found out a place of abode they burrow themselves in the earth for their first shelter, under some hillside, casting the earth aloft upon timber; they make a smoky fire against the earth at the highest side and thus these poor servants of Christ provide shelter for themselves, their wives and little ones, keeping off the short showers from their lodgings, but the long rains penetrate through to their great disturbance in the night season. Yet in those poor wigwams they sing psalms, pray and praise their God till they can provide them houses, which ordinarily was not wont to be with many till the earth by the Lord's blessing brought forth bread to feed them, their wives and little ones, which with sore labor they attained, every one that can lift a hoe to strike it into the earth standing stoutly to their labors, and tear up the roots and bushes, which the first year bears them a very thin crop, till the sward of the earth be rotten and therefore they have been forced to cut their bread very thin for a long season. But the Lord is pleased to provide for them great store of fish in the spring time, and especially alewives, about the bigness of a herring. Many thousands of these they used to put under their Indian corn which they plant in hills

five foot asunder, and assuredly when the Lord created this corn he had a special eye to provide his people's wants with it, for ordinarily five or six grains doth produce six hundred. . . .

In this wilderness work men of estates speed no better than others, and some much worse for want of being inured to such hard labor having laid out their estates on cattle at five and twenty pound a cow, when they come to winter them with inland hay and feed upon such wild fodder as was never cut before they could not hold out the winter, but ordinarily the first or second year after their coming up to a new plantation many of their cattle died, especially if they wanted salt marshes; and also those who supposed they could feed upon swine's flesh were cut short, the wolves commonly feasting themselves before them. . . . As for those who laid out their estates in sheep they speed worse than any at the beginning, although some have sped the best of any now, for until the land be often fed with other cattle sheep cannot live, and therefore they never thrive till these latter days. Horse had then no better success, which made many an honest gentleman travel afoot for a long time. . . . As also the want of English grain, wheat, barley and rye, proved a sore affliction to some stomachs. . . . Instead of apples and pears they had pumpkins and squashes of divers kinds. Their lonesome condition was very grievous to some, which was much agitated by continual fear of the Indians approach, whose cruelties were much spoken of. . . . Thus this poor people populate this howling desert, marching manfully on, the Lord assisting, through the greatest difficulties and

sorest labors that ever any with such weak means have done.

Of the First Promotion of Learning in New England and the Extraordinary Providences that the Lord was pleased to send for furthering of the Same.

[from the same, book ii. chap. xix.]

Toward the latter end of this summer came over the learned, reverend, and judicious Mr. Henry Dunster, before whose coming the Lord was pleased to provide a patron for erecting a college, as you have formerly heard, his provident hand being now no less powerful in pointing out with his unerring finger a president abundantly fitted, this his servant, and sent him over for to manage the work. And as in all the other passages of this history the Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Saviour hath appeared, so more especially in this work, the fountains of learning being in a great measure stopped in our native country at this time, so that the sweet waters of Shilo's streams must ordinarily pass into the churches through the stinking channel of prelatical pride, beside all the filth that the fountains themselves were daily encumbered withal, insomuch that the Lord turned aside often from them, and refused the breathings of his blessed Spirit among them, which caused Satan (in these latter days of his transformation into an angel of light) to make it a means to persuade people from the use of learning altogether, that so in the next generation they might be destitute of such helps as the Lord hath

been pleased hitherto to make use of, as chief means for the conversion of his people and building them up in the holy faith, as also for breaking down the Kingdom of Antichrist. And verily had not the Lord been pleased to furnish New England with means for the attainment of learning, the work would have been carried on very heavily, and the hearts of godly parents would have vanished away with heaviness for their poor children, whom they must have left in a desolate wilderness, destitute of the means of grace.

It being a work (in the apprehension of all whose capacity could reach to the great sums of money the edifice of a mean college would cost) past the reach of a poor pilgrim people, who had expended the greatest part of their estates on a long voyage, travelling into foreign countries being unprofitable to any that have undertaken it, although it were but with their necessary attendance, whereas this people were forced to travel with wives, children, and servants; besides they considered the treble charge of building in this new populated desert, in regard of all kind of workmanship, knowing likewise, that young students could make up a poor progress in learning, by looking on the bare walls of their chambers, and that Diogenes would have the better of them by far, in making use of a tun to lodge in; not being ignorant also, that many people in this age are out of conceit with learning, and that although they were not among a people who counted ignorance the mother of devotion, yet were the greater part of the people wholly devoted to the plough (but to speak uprightly, hunger is sharp, and the head will retain little learning, if the heart be not refreshed in some competent measure

with food, although the gross vapors of a glutted stomach are the bane of a bright understanding, and brings barrenness to the brain). But how to have both go on together, as yet they know not. Amidst all these difficulties, it was thought meet learning should plead for itself, and (as many other men of good rank and quality in this barren desert) plot out a way to live. Hereupon all those who had tasted the sweet wine of Wisdom's drawing, and fed on the dainties of knowledge, began to set their wits a work, and verily as the whole progress of this work had a farther dependency than on the present-eyed means, so at this time chiefly the end being firmly fixed on a sure foundation, namely, the glory of God and good of all his elect people the world throughout, in vindicating the truths of Christ and promoting his glorious Kingdom, who is now taking the heathen for his inheritance and the utmost ends of the earth for his possession, means they know there are, many thousand uneyed of mortal man, which every day's Providence brings forth.

Upon these resolutions, to work they go, and with thankful acknowledgment readily take up all lawful means as they come to hand. For place they fix their eye upon New-Town, which to tell their posterity whence they came, is now named Cambridge. And withal to make the whole world understand that spiritual learning was the thing they chiefly desired, to sanctify the other and make the whole lump holy, and that learning being set upon its right object might not contend for error instead of truth, they chose this place, being then under the orthodox and soul-flourishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Shepard, of

whom it may be said, without any wrong to others, the Lord by his Ministry hath saved many a hundred soul. The situation of this College is very pleasant, at the end of a spacious plain, more like a bowling-green than a wilderness, near a fair navigable river, environed with many neighboring towns of note, being so near, that their houses join with her suburbs. The building thought by some to be too gorgeous for a wilderness, and yet too mean in others' apprehensions for a college, it is at present enlarging by purchase of the neighbor houses. It hath the conveniences of a fair hall, comfortable studies, and a good library, given by the liberal hand of some magistrates and ministers, with others. The chief gift towards the founding of this college was by Mr. John Harvard, a reverend minister; the country, being very weak in their public treasury, expended about £500 towards it, and for the maintenance thereof, gave the yearly revenue of a ferry passage between Boston and Charles-Town, the which amounts to about £40 or £50 per annum. The commissioners of the four united colonies also taking into consideration of what common concernment this work would be, not only to the whole plantations in general, but also to all our English Nation, they endeavored to stir up all the people in the several colonies to make a yearly contribution toward it, which by some is observed, but by the most very much neglected. The government hath endeavored to grant them all the privileges fit for a college, and accordingly the Governor and magistrates, together with the President of the College for the time being, have a continual care of ordering all matters for the good of the whole.

This college hath brought forth and nurst up very hopeful plants, to the supplying some churches here, as the gracious and godly Mr. Wilson, son to the grave and zealous servant of Christ, Mr. John Wilson; this young man is pastor to the Church of Christ at Dorchester; as also Mr. Buckly, son to the reverend Mr. Buckly, of Concord; as also a second son of his, whom our native country hath now at present help in the ministry, and the other is over a people of Christ in one of these Colonies, and if I mistake not, England hath I hope not only this young man of New England nurturing up in learning, but many more, as Mr. Sam. and Nathaniel Mathers, Mr. Wells, Mr. Downing, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Allin, Mr. Brewster, Mr. William Ames, Mr. Jones. Another of the first-fruits of this college is employed in these western parts in Mevis, one of the Summer Islands; besides these named, some help hath been had from hence in the study of physic, as also the godly Mr. Sam. Danforth, who hath not only studied divinity, but also astronomy; he put forth many almanacs, and is now called to the office of a teaching elder in the Church of Christ at Roxbury, who was one of the fellows of this College. The number of students is much increased of late, so that the present year, 1651, on the twelfth of the sixth month, ten of them took the degree of Bachelors of Art, among whom the Sea-born son of Mr. John Cotton was one. . . .

JOHN ELIOT.

John Eliot, who in his own lifetime earned the name of "apostle to the Indians," was born in Hertfordshire, in 1604, and died at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1690. His father was a yeoman landholder, and the son was educated, like so many of his fellow Puritans, at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1622. For nine years he taught in Thomas Hooker's school at Little Baddow. He had taken orders in the Church of England before he joined the church at Boston in 1631, where he preached in the pastor's absence, and from which, the next year, he accepted a call to Roxbury, where he remained till his death. He took an active part in the political life of the colony, criticising the government so freely that his *Christian Commonwealth* was condemned and suppressed by order of the General Court, but his fame rests on his labors with the Indians, for whom he published what he thought was a translation of the Bible. He travelled widely on mission journeys, and though the style in which he tells of *The Daybreaking if not the Sunrising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England* may be quite destitute of charm, the sincerity and sweetness of the man that shine through it show him to have been of a very winning and lovable nature. The luminosity of the title is characteristic of the man, and

appears more than once in the titles of his tracts. Eliot used all the sunlight and much of the torchlight of his long life in truly philanthropic service. We can well believe what he says of his Indian congregation, — "None of them slept sermon or derided God's messenger." He has his reward in his unbegrudged title — the Apostle.

THE DAYBREAKING IF NOT THE SUNRISING OF THE GOSPEL WITH THE INDIANS IN NEW ENGLAND [1647].

[The First Preaching.]

Upon October 28, 1646, four of us having sought God went unto the Indians inhabiting within our bounds. . . . They being all there assembled we began in prayer which now was in English, being not so far acquainted with the Indian language as to express our hearts therein before God or them, but we hope it will be done ere long, the Indians desiring it that they also might know how to pray. . . . When prayer was ended it was a gloriously affecting spectacle to see a company of perishing, forlorn outcasts, diligently attending to the blessed word of salvation then delivered, professing they understood all that was then taught them in their own tongue; it much affected us that they should smell some things of the alabaster box broken up in their dark and gloomy habitation of filthiness and unclean spirits. . . . Having thus in a set speech familiarly opened the principal matters of salvation to them, the next thing we

intended was discourse with them by propounding certain questions to see what they would say to them, that so we might screw by variety of means something or other of God into them, but before we did this we asked them if they understood all that which was already spoken and whether all of them in the wigwam could understand or only some few, and they answered to this question, with multitude of voices, that they all of them did understand all that which was then spoken to them. . . .

Thus after three hours' time thus spent with them, we asked them if they were not weary and they answered, No, but we resolved to leave them with an appetite. The chief of them, seeing us conclude with prayer, desired to know when we would come again, so we appointed the time, and having given the children some apples and the men some tobacco and what else we then had at hand, they desired some more ground to build a town together, which we did much like of, promising to speak for them to the General Court that they might possess all the compass of that hiil upon which their wigwams stood, and so we departed with many welcomes from them.

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. . . Methinks now that it is with the Indians, as it was with our New English ground when we first came over, there was scarce any man that would believe that English grain would grow or that the plow could do any good in this woody and rocky soil. . . . so we have thought of our Indian people and therefore have been discouraged to put plow to such dry and rocky ground, but God having begun

thus with some few, it may be they are better soil for the Gospel than we can think. I confess I think no great good will be done till they be more civilized, but why may not God begin with some few to awaken others by degrees? Nor do I expect any great good will be wrought by the English (leaving secrets to God) although the English surely begin and lay the first stones of Christ's kingdom and temple amongst them, because God is wont ordinarily to convert nations and people by some of their own countrymen who are nearest to them and can best speak and most of all pity their brethren and countrymen. But yet if the least beginnings be made by the conversion of two or three it is worth all our time and travails and cause of much thankfulness for such seeds, although no great harvest should immediately appear.

[AID ASKED FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS.]

I DID never think to open my mouth to any to desire those in England to further any good work here, but now I see so many things inviting to speak in this business that it were well if you did lay before those who are prudent and able these considerations.

1. That it is pretty heavy and chargeable to educate and train those children that are already offered us, in schooling, clothing, diet and attendance which they must have.

2. That in all probability many Indians in other places, especially under our jurisdiction will be provoked by this example . . . also to send their children to us. . . .

3. That if any shall do anything to encourage this work that it may be given to the college for such an end and use that so from the college may arise the yearly revenue for their yearly maintenance. I would not have it placed in any particular man's hands for fear of cozenage or misplacing or careless keeping and improving; but at the college it's under many hands and eyes the chief and best of the country who have been and will be exactly careful of the right and comely disposing of such things; and therefore if anything be given let it be put in such hands as may immediately direct it to the president of the college who you know will soon acquaint the rest with it; and for this end if any in England have given anything for this end I would have them speak to those who have received it to send it this way, which if it be withheld I think 't is no less than sacrilege: but if God moves no hearts to such work, I doubt not then but that more weak means shall have the honor of it in the day of Christ.

THE CLEAR SUNSHINE OF THE GOSPEL BREAKING FORTH UPON THE INDIANS [1648].

[A Letter to Rev. Thomas Shepard.]

In my exercise among them (as you know) we attend four things, besides prayer unto God for his presence and blessing upon all we do.

First, I catechise the children and youth; wherein some are very ready and expert; they can readily say

all the Commandments, so far as I have communicated them, and all other principles about the creation, the fall, the redemption by Christ, etc., wherein also the aged people are pretty expert, by the frequent repetition thereof to the children, and are able to teach it to their children at home, and do so.

Secondly, I preach unto them out of some texts of Scripture, wherein I study all plainness and brevity, unto which many are very attentive.

Thirdly, if there be any occasion, we in the next place go to admonition and censure ; unto which they submit themselves reverently, and obediently, and some of them penitently confessing their sins with much plainness, and without shiftings and excuses. I will instance in two or three particulars ; this was one case, a man named Wampoowas, being in a passion upon some light occasion, did beat his wife, which was a very great offence among them now (though in former times it was very usual) and they had made a law against it, and set a fine upon it ; whereupon he was publicly brought forth before the assembly, which was great that day, for our Governor and many other English were then present. The man wholly condemned himself without any excuse : and when he was asked what provocation his wife gave him, he did not in the least measure blame her but himself, and when the quality of the sin was opened, that it was cruelty to his own body, and against God's Commandment, and that passion was a sin, and much aggravated by such effects, yet God was ready to pardon it in Christ, etc., he turned his face to the wall and wept, though with modest endeavor to hide it ; and such was the modest, penitent,

and melting behavior of the man, that it much affected all to see it in a barbarian, and all did forgive him, only this remained, that they executed their law notwithstanding his repentance, and required his fine, to which he willingly submitted, and paid it.

Another case of admonition was this, Cutshamaquin the Sachem having a son of about fourteen or fifteen years old, he had been drunk, and had behaved himself disobediently and rebelliously against his father and mother, for which sin they did blame him, but he despised their admonition. And before I knew of it, I did observe when I catechised him, when he should say the fifth Commandment, he did not freely say, "Honor thy father," but wholly left out "mother," and so he did the lecture day before, but when this sin of his was produced, he was called forth before the Assembly, and he confessed that what was said against him was true, but he fell to accuse his father of sundry evils, as that he would have killed him in his anger, and that he forced him to drink sack, and I know not what else: which behavior we greatly disliked, showed him the evil of it, and Mr. Wilson being present labored much with him, for he understood the English, but all in vain, his heart was hard and hopeless for that time. Therefore using due loving persuasions, we did sharply admonish him of his sin, and required him to answer further the next lecture day, and so left him; and so stout he was, that when his father offered to pay his fine of ten shillings for his drunkenness according to their law, he would not accept it at his hand. When the next day was come, and other exercises finished, I called him forth, and he willingly came, but still in the same mind as

before. Then we turned to his father, and exhorted him to remove that stumbling-block out of his son's way, by confessing his own sins whereby he had given occasion of hardness of heart to his son ; which thing was not sudden to him, for I had formerly in private prepared him thereunto, and he was very willing to hearken to that counsel, because his conscience told him he was blameworthy ; and accordingly he did, he confessed his main and principal evils of his own accord : and upon this advantage I took occasion to put him upon confession of sundry other vices which I knew he had in former times been guilty of, and all the Indians knew it likewise ; and put it after this manner, Are you now sorry for your drunkenness, filthiness, false dealing, lying, etc., which sins you committed before you knew God? unto all which cases he expressed himself sorrowful, and condemned himself for them : which example of the Sachem was profitable for all the Indians. And when he had thus confessed his sins, we turned again to his son and labored with him, requiring him to confess his sin, and entreat God to forgive him for Christ his sake, and to confess his offence against his father and mother, and entreat them to forgive him, but he still refused ; and now the other Indians spake unto him soberly and affectionately, to put him on, and divers spake one after another, and some several times. Mr. Wilson again did much labor with him, and at last he did humble himself, confessed all, and entreated his father to forgive him, and took him by the hand, at which his father burst forth into great weeping. He did the same also to his mother, who wept also, and so did divers others ; and many English being present, they

fell a-weeping, so that the house was filled with weeping on every side; and then we went to prayer, in all which time Cutshamaquin wept, insomuch that when we had done the board he stood upon was all dropped with his tears.

Another case of admonition was this, a hopeful young man who is my servant, being upon a journey, and drinking sack at their setting forth, he drank too much, and was disguised; which when I heard I reproved him, and he humbled himself, with confession of his sin, and tears. And the next lecture day I called him forth before the Assembly, where he did confess his sin with many tears.

Before I leave this point of admonition, if I thought it would not be too tedious to you, I would mention one particular more, where we saw the power of God awing a wicked wretch by this ordinance of admonition. It was George that wicked Indian, who, as you know, at our first beginnings sought to cast aspersions upon religion, by laying slanderous accusations against godly men, and who asked that captious question, "Who made sack?" and this fellow having killed a young cow at your town, and sold it at the college instead of moose, covered it with many lies, insomuch as Mr. Dunster was loath he should be directly charged with it when we called him forth, but that we should rather inquire. But when he was called before the Assembly, and charged with it, he had not power to deny it, but presently confessed, only he added one thing which we think was an excuse; thus God hath honored this ordinance among them.

Fourthly, the last exercise, you know, we have among them, is their asking us questions, and very

many they have asked, which I have forgotten, but some few that come to my present remembrance I will briefly touch.

One was Wabbakoxet's question, who is reputed an old Powwaw; it was to this purpose, seeing the English had been twenty-seven years (some of them) in this land, why did we never teach them to know God till now? "Had you done it sooner," said he, "we might have known much of God by this time, and much sin might have been prevented, but now some of us are grown old in sin," etc. To whom we answered, that we do repent that we did not long ago, as now we do, yet withal we told them, that they were never willing to hear till now, and that seeing God hath bowed their hearts to be willing to hear, we are desirous to take all the pains we can now to teach them.

Another question was, that of Cutshamaquin, to this purpose, "Before I knew God," said he, "I thought I was well, but since I have known God and sin, I find my heart full of sin, and more sinful than ever it was before, and this hath been a great trouble to me; and at this day my heart is but very little better than it was, and I am afraid it will be as bad again as it was before, and therefore I sometimes wish I might die before I be so bad again as I have been. Now my question is, whether is this a sin or not?" This question could not be learned from the English, nor did it seem a coined feigned thing, but a real matter gathered from the experience of his own heart, and from an inward observation of himself.

Another question was about their children, Whither

their little children go when they die, seeing they have not sinned?

Which question gave occasion more fully to teach them original sin, and the damned state of all men. And also, and especially it gave occasion to teach them the Covenant of God, which he hath made with all his people, and with their children, so that when God chooses a man or a woman to be his servant, he chooses all their children to be so also; which doctrine was exceeding grateful unto them.

FROM A LATE AND FURTHER MANIFESTATION OF THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE INDIANS IN NEW ENGLAND.

DECLARING THEIR CONSTANT LOVE AND ZEAL TO THE TRUTH WITH A READINESS TO GIVE ACCOUNT OF THEIR FAITH AND HOPE AS OF THEIR DESIRES IN CHURCH COMMUNION TO BE PARTAKERS OF THE ORDINANCES OF CHRIST, BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE EXAMINATION OF THE INDIANS ABOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE IN RELIGION BY THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCHES. RELATED BY MR. JOHN ELIOT, PUBLISHED BY THE CORPORATION, ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL THERE. [LONDON, 1655.]

[SCANDAL AMONG THE CONVERTED.]

THERE fell out a very great discouragement a little before the time, which might have been a scandal

unto them, and I doubt not but Satan intended it so; but the Lord improved it to stir up faith and prayer, and so turned it another way. Thus it was: Three of the unsound sort of such as are among them that pray unto God, who are hemmed in by relations, and other means, to do that which their hearts love not, and whose vices Satan improveth to scandalize and reproach the better sort withal; while many, and some good people are too ready to say they are all alike. I say three of them had gotten several quarts of strong water (which sundry out of a greedy desire of a little gain, are too ready to sell unto them, to the offence and grief of the better sort of Indians, and of the godly English too), and with these liquors, did not only make themselves drunk, but got a child of eleven years of age, the son of Toteswamp, whom his father had sent for a little corn and fish to that place near Watertowne, where they were. Unto this child they first gave two spoonfuls of strongwater, which was more than his head could bear; and another of them put a bottle, or such like vessel to his mouth, and caused him to drink till he was very drunk; and then one of them domineered, and said, "Now we will see whether your father will punish us for drunkenness (for he is a ruler among them) seeing you are drunk with us for company;" and in this case lay the child abroad all night. They also fought, and had been several times punished formerly for drunkenness.

When Toteswamp heard of this, it was a great shame and breaking of heart unto him, and he knew not what to do. The rest of the rulers with him considered of the matter, they found a complication of many sins together.

1. The sin of drunkenness, and that after many former punishments for the same.

2. A wilful making of the child drunk, and exposing him to danger also.

3. A degree of reproaching the rulers.

4. Fighting.

Word was brought to me of it, a little before I took horse to go to Natick to keep the Sabbath with them, being about ten days before the appointed meeting. The tidings sunk my spirit extremely, I did judge it to be the greatest frown of God that ever I met withal in the work, I could read nothing in it but displeasure, I began to doubt about our intended work: I knew not what to do, the blackness of the sins, and the persons reflected on, made my very heart fail me. For one of the offenders (though least in the offence) was he that hath been my interpreter, whom I have used in translating a good part of the Holy Scriptures; and in that respect I saw much of Satan's venom, and in God I saw displeasure. For this and some other acts of apostasy at this time, I had thoughts of casting him off from that work, yet now the Lord hath found a way to humble him. But his apostasy at this time was a great trial, and I did lay him by for that day of our examination, I used another in his room. Thus Satan aimed at me in this their miscarrying; and Toteswamp is a principal man in the work, as you shall have occasion to see anon, God willing.

By some occasion our ruling elder and I being together, I opened the case unto him, and the Lord guided him to speak some gracious words of encouragement unto me, by which the Lord did relieve my

spirit ; and so I committed the matter and issue unto the Lord, to do what pleased him, and in so doing my soul was quiet in the Lord. I went on my journey being the sixth day of the week ; when I came at Natick, the rulers had then a court about it. Soon after I came there, the rulers came to me with a question about this matter, they related the whole business unto me, with much trouble and grief.

Then Toteswamp spake to this purpose, "I am greatly grieved about these things, and now God trieth me whether I love Christ or my child best. They say they will try me ; but I say God will try me. Christ saith, He that loveth father, or mother, or wife, or child, better than me, is not worthy of me. Christ saith, I must correct my child, if I should refuse to do that, I should not love Christ. God bid Abraham kill his son, Abraham loved God, and therefore he would have done it, had not God withheld him. God saith to me, only punish your child, and how can I love God, if I should refuse to do that ?" These things he spake in more words, and much affection, and not with dry eyes. Nor could I refrain from tears to hear him. When it was said, The child was not so guilty of the sin, as those that made him drunk ; he said, that he was guilty of sin, in that he feared not sin, and in that he did not believe his councils that he had often given him, to take heed of evil company ; but he had believed Satan and sinners more than him, therefore he needed to be punished. After other such like discourse, the rulers left me, and went unto their business, which they were about before I came, which they did bring unto this conclusion and judgment, They judged the three

men to sit in the stocks a good space of time, and thence to be brought to the whipping-post, and have each of them twenty lashes. The boy to be put in the stocks a little while, and the next day his father was to whip him in the school, before the children there ; all which judgment was executed. When they came to be whipped, the constable fetched them one after another to the tree (which they make use of instead of a post) where they all received their punishments : which done, the rulers spake thus, one of them said, "The punishments for sin are the Commandments of God, and the work of God, and his end was, to do them good, and bring them to repentance." And upon that ground he did in more words exhort them to repentance, and amendment of life. When he had done, another spake unto them to this purpose, "You are taught in catechism, that the wages of sin are all miseries and calamities in this life, and also death and eternal damnation in hell. Now you feel some smart as the fruit of your sin, and this is to bring you to repentance, that so you may escape the rest." And in more words he exhorted them to repentance. When he had done, another spake to this purpose, "Hear all ye people" (turning himself to the people who stood round about, I think not less than two hundred, small and great) "this is the commandment of the Lord, that thus it should be done unto sinners ; and therefore let all take warning by this, that you commit not such sins, lest you incur these punishments." And with more words he exhorted the people. Others of the rulers spake also, but some things spoken I understood not, and some things slipped from me. But these which I have related remained with me.

When I returned to Roxbury, I related these things to our elder, to whom I had before related the sin, and my grief: who was much affected to hear it, and magnified God. He said also, That their sin was but a transient act, which had no rule, and would vanish. But these judgments were an ordinance of God, and would remain, and do more good every way, than their sin could do hurt, telling me what cause I had to be thankful for such an issue. Which I therefore relate, because the Lord did speak to my heart, in this exigent, by his words.

FROM "THE INDIAN GRAMMAR BEGUN,

Or an Essay to Bring the Indian Language into Rules, for the help of such as desire to learn the Same, for the Furtherance of the Gospel among Them." [Cambridge, 1666.]

Musical sounds they also have, and perfect harmony, but they differ from us in sound.

There be four several sorts of sounds or tones uttered by mankind.

1. Articulation in speech.
2. Laughter.
3. Lætation and joy: of which kind of sounds our music and song is made.
4. Ululation, howling, yelling, or mourning: and of that kind of sound is their music and song made.

In which kind of sound they also hallow and call, when they are most vociferous.

And that it is thus, it may be perceived by this, that their language is so full of (oo) and ô nasal.

They have harmony and tunes which they sing, but the matter is not in metre.

They are much pleased to have their language and words in metre and rhythm, as it now is in the singing Psalms in some poor measure, enough to begin and break the ice withal: These they sing in our musical tone.

So much for the sounds and characters.

Now follows the consideration of syllables and the Art of spelling.

The formation of syllables in their language, doth in nothing differ from the formation of syllables in the English, and other languages.

When I taught our Indians first to lay out a word into syllables, and then according to the sound of every syllable to make it up with the right letters, viz. if it were a simple sound, then one vocal made the syllable; if it were such a sound as required some of the consonants to make it up, then the adding of the right consonants either before the vocal, or after it, or both. They quickly apprehended and understood this epitome of the art of spelling, and could soon learn to read.

The men, women, and up-grown youth do thus rationally learn to read: but the children learn by rote and custom, as other children do.

Such as desire to learn this language, must be attentive to pronounce right, especially to produce that syllable that is first to be produced; then they must spell by art, and accustom their tongues to pronounce their syllables and words; then learn to read

such books as are printed in their language. Legendo, scribendo, loquendo, are the three means to learn a language.

So much for the rule of making words.

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Touching the principal parts of speech, this may be said in general, That nouns are the names of things, and verbs are the names of actions; and therefore their proper attendants are answerable. Adnouns are the qualities of things, and adverbs are the qualities of actions.

And hence is that wise saying, *That a Christian must be adorned with as many Adverbs as Adjectives:* He must as well do good as be good. When a man's virtuous actions are well adorned with Adverbs, every one will conclude that the man is well adorned with virtuous Adjectives.

1. *Of the Pronoun.*

Because of the common and general use of the pronoun to be affixed unto both nouns, verbs, and other parts of speech, and that in the formation of them; therefore that is the first part of speech to be handled.

I shall give no other description of them but this, They are such words as do express all the persons, both singular and plural: as

Sing.	Neen, *I.* Ken, *Thou.* Noh *or* nagum, *He.*	*Plu.*	Neenawun *or* kenawun, *We.* Kenaau, *Ye.* Nahoh *or* Nagoh, *They.*

There be also other pronouns of frequent use :

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2. *Of a Noun.*

A NOUN is a part of speech which signifieth a thing ; or it is the name of a thing.

The variation of nouns is not by male and female, as in other learned languages, and in European nations they do.

Nor are they varied by cases, cadencies, and endings : herein they are more like to the Hebrew.

Yet there seemeth to be one cadency or case of the first declination of the form animate, which endeth in oh, uh, or ah ; viz. when an animate noun followeth a verb transitive whose object that he acteth upon is without himself. For example : Gen. 1. 16. the last word is *anogqsog*, stars. It is an erratum : it should be *anogqsoh*, because it followeth the verb *ayim*, He made. Though it be an erratum in the press, it is the fitter in some respects for an example.

In nouns, consider { 1. Genera, or kinds of nouns. 2. The qualities or affections thereof.

The kinds of nouns are two ; according to which there be two declensions of nouns, for the variation of the number.

Numbers are two : singular and plural.

The first kind of nouns is, when the thing signified is a living creature.

The second kind is, when the thing signified is not a living creature.

Therefore I order them thus :

There be two forms or declensions of nouns : { Animate. / Inanimate.

The animate form or declension is, when the thing signified is a living creature : and such nouns do always make their plural in (*og*) ; as,

Wosketomp, *Man*. Wosketompaog (*a*) is but for *Euphony*.

Mittamwossis, *A Woman*. Mittamwossissog.

* * * * * * * *

The stars they put in this form :

Anogqs, *A Star*. Anogqsog.

* * * * * * * *

Some few exceptions I know.

* * * * * * * *

I have now finished what I shall do at present : and in a word or two to satisfy the prudent enquirer how I found out these new ways of Grammar, which no other learned language (so far as I know, useth ; I thus inform him : God first put into my heart a compassion over their poor souls, and a desire to teach them to know Christ, and to bring them into his Kingdom. Then presently I found out (by God's wise providence) a pregnant witted young man, who had been a servant in an English house, who pretty well understood his own language, and hath a clear pronunciation : Him I made my interpreter. By his help I translated the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many texts of Scripture : Also I compiled both exhortations and prayers by his help. I diligently marked the difference of their grammar from

ours: When I found the way of them, I would pursue a word, a noun, a verb, through all variations I could think of. And thus I came at it. We must not sit still and look for miracles; Up, and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus will do anything. *Nil tam deficile quod non* — I do believe and hope that the Gospel shall be spread to all the ends of the earth, and dark corners of the world by such a way, and such instruments as the Churches shall send forth for that end and purpose. Lord hasten those good days, and pour out that good Spirit upon thy people. Amen.

FROM "A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL AMONGST THE INDIANS IN NEW ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1670." [LONDON, 1671.]

[A Letter to the Commissioners for the Propagation of the Gospel.]

Natick is our chief town, where most and chief of our rulers, and most of the church dwells; here most of our chief courts are kept; and the sacraments in the church are for the most part here administered: It is (by the Divine Providence) seated well near in the center of all our praying Indians, though westward the cords of Christ's tents are more enlarged. Here we began civil government in the year 1650. And here usually are kept the General-Trainings, which seven years ago looked so big that we never

had one since till this year, and it was at this time but a small appearance. Here we have two teachers, John Speen and Anthony ; we have betwixt forty and fifty communicants at the Lord's Table, when they all appear, but now, some are dead, and some decriped with age ; and one under censure, yet making towards a recovery ; one died here the last winter of the stone, a temperate, sober, godly man, the first Indian that ever was known to have that disease ; but now another hath the same disease : Sundry more are proposed, and in way of preparation to join unto the Church.

Ponkipog, or Pakeunit, is our second town, where the Sachems of the Blood (as they term their chief royal-line) had their residence and rights, which are mostly alienated to the English towns : The last chief man, of that line, was last year slain by the Mauquzogs, against whom he rashly (without due attendants and assistance, and against counsel) went ; yet all, yea, his enemies say, he died valiantly ; they were more afraid to kill him, than he was to die ; yet being deserted by all (some knowingly say through treason) he stood long, and at last fell alone : Had he had but ten men, yea five in good order with him, he would have driven all his enemies before him. His brother was resident with us in this town, but he is fallen into sin, and from praying to God. Our chief ruler is Ahauton, an old stedfast and trusty friend to the English, and loveth his country. He is more loved than feared ; the reins of his bridle are too long. Wakan is sometimes necessarily called to keep courts here, to add life and zeal in the punishment of sinners. Their late teacher, William,

is deceased ; he was a man of eminent parts, all the English acknowledge him, and he was known to many : he was of a ready wit, sound judgment, and affable ; he is gone unto the Lord ; and William, the son of Ahauton, is called to be teacher in his stead. He is a promising young man, of a single and upright heart, a good judgment, he prayeth and preacheth well, he is studious and industrious, and well accounted of among the English. . . .

Nashope is our next praying town, a place of much affliction ; it was the chief place of residence, where Tahattawans lived, a sachem of the blood, a faithful and zealous christian, a strict yet gentle ruler ; he was a ruler of fifty in our civil order ; and when God took him, a chief man in our Israel was taken away from us. His only son was a while vain, but proved good, expert in the Scripture, was elected to rule in his father's place, but soon died, insomuch that this place is now destitute of a ruler. The teacher of the place is John Thomas, a godly understanding christian, well esteemed of by the English : his father was killed by the Mauquaogs, shot to death as he was in the river doing his eel-weirs. This place lying in the road-way which the Mauquaogs haunted, was much molested by them, and was one year wholly deserted ; but this year the people have taken courage and dwell upon it again.

In this place after the great earthquake, there was some eruption out of the earth, which left a great hiatus or cleft a great way together, and out of some cavities under great rocks, by a great pond in that place, there was a great while after often heard an

humming noise, as if there were frequent eruptions out of the ground at that place : yet for healthfulness the place is much as other places be. For religion, there be amongst them some godly christians, who are received into the church, and baptized, and others looking that way.

Panatuket is the upper part of Merimak-Falls ; so called, because of the noise which the waters make. Thither the Penagwog-Indians are come, and have built a great fort ; their sachems refused to pray to God, so signally and sinfully, that Captain Gookin and myself were very sensible of it, and were not without some expectation of some interposure of a Divine Hand, which did eminently come to pass ; for in the forenamed expedition they joined with the northern sachems, and were all of them cut off ; even all that had so signally refused to pray unto God were now as signally rejected by God, and cut off. I hear not that it was ever known, that so many sachems and men of note were killed in one imprudent expedition, and that by a few scattered people ; for the Mauquaogs were not imbodied to receive them, nor prepared, and few at home, which did much greaten the overthrow of so many great men, and shews a divine over-ruling hand of God. But now, since the Penaguog-Sachems are cut off, the people (sundry of them) dwelling at Panatuket-Fort do bow the ear to hear, and submit to pray unto God ; to whom Jethro, after he had confest Christ and was baptized, was sent to preach Christ to them.

A LETTER FROM ELIOT TO HON. ROBERT BOYLE.

ROXBURY, April 22, 1684.

RIGHT HONORABLE AND INDEFATIGABLE BENEFACTORS:

This last gift of four hundred pounds for the reimpression of the Indian Bible doth set a diadem of beauty upon all your former acts of pious charity, and commandeth us to return unto your Honors all thankful acknowledgments, according to our abilities. It pleased the worshipful Mr. Stoughton to give me an intimation, that your honors desired to know the particular present estate of the praying Indians; and also, when Moses's Pentateuch is printed, to have some copies sent over, to evidence the real and good progress of the work.

Your Honor's intimation hath the force of a command upon me, and therefore I shall briefly relate the religious walking and ways of the praying Indians. They do diligently observe and keep the Sabbath, in all the places of their public meetings to worship God. The example of the English churches, and the authority of the English laws, which Major Gookin doth declare unto them, together with such mulcts, as are inflicted upon transgressors; as also and especially, the clear and express command of God, which they and their children learn and rehearse daily in their catechisms; these all together have fully possessed and convinced them of their duty, to keep holy the Sabbath day. So that the sanctifying of the Sabbath is a great and eminent part of their religion. And though some of the vain and

carnal sort among them are not so girt to it, as were to be desired, yet the grave and religious sort do constantly worship God, every Sabbath day, both morning and evening, as the English do. . . .

Moreover, Major Gookin hath dedicated his eldest son, Mr. Daniel Gookin, unto this service of Christ; he is a pious and learned young man, about thirty-three years old, hath been eight years a fellow of the college; he hath taught and trained up two classes of our young scholars unto their commencement; he is a man, whose abilities are above exception, though not above envy. His father, with his inclination, advised him to Sherburne, a small village near Natick, whose meeting-house is about three miles, more or less, from Natick meeting-house. Mr. Gookin holdeth a lecture in Natick meeting-house once a month; which lecture, many English, especially of Sherburne, do frequent. He first preacheth in English, to the English audience, and then the same matter is delivered to the Indians, by an interpreter, whom, with much pains, Mr. Gookin hath fore-prepared. We apprehend, that this will (by God's blessing) be a means to enable the Indians to understand religion preached in the English tongue, and will much further Mr. Gookin in learning the Indian tongue. Likewise Major Gookin holdeth and manageth his courts in the English tongue; which doth greatly further the Indians in learning law and government in the English tongue; which is a point of wisdom in civilizing them, that your Honors have manifested your desires, that it might be attended.

As for the sending any numbers of Moses's Pentateuch, I beseech your Honors to spare us in that;

because so many as we send, so many Bibles are maimed, and made incomplete, because they want the five books of Moses. We present your Honors with one book, so far as we have gone in the work, and humbly beseech, that it may be acceptable, until the whole be finished; and then the whole impression (which is two thousand) is at your Honors command. Our slow progress needeth an apology. We have been much hindered by the sickness this year. Our workmen have been all sick, and we have but few hands, one Englishman, and a boy, and one Indian; and many interruptions and diversions do befall us; and we could do but little this very hard winter. But I shall give your Honors no further trouble at this time, only requesting the continuance of your prayers and protection. So I remain,

Your Honors' to serve you in our Lord Jesus,

JOHN ELIOT.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH, the most popular of early New England poets, was born in England, probably in Yorkshire in 1631, and died in 1705, at Malden, Massachusetts, where he had been for nearly fifty years pastor. He was of sturdy Puritan parentage, was brought by his father to Charlestown when he was but seven years old, and soon taken thence to New Haven. Here he was fitted for Harvard, from which he graduated in the class of 1651. He taught there as tutor till 1654, preaching occasionally in Charlestown and in Malden. He was called to the latter place in 1654, but not actually ordained till two years later. Meantime his father had died. The son in his autobiography pays a warm tribute to the father's self-sacrifice and pious trust in devoting him to the ministry. "God let him live to see how acceptable to himself this service was in giving his only son to God and bringing him up to learning."

The father's health had been frail, and the son seems to have inherited a feeble constitution. Ill-health delayed his ordination as we have seen, and it frequently interrupted his ministry. It was during these periods of enforced leisure that he composed his doggerel epitome of Calvinistic theology, *The Day of Doom or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last*

Judgment. This was first published in 1662, and attained immediately a phenomenal popularity. Eighteen hundred copies were sold within a year, and for the next century it held a secure place in Puritan households. As late as 1828 it was stated that many aged persons were still alive who could repeat it, as it had been taught them with their catechism ; and the more widely one reads in the voluminous sermons of that generation, the more fair will its representation of prevailing theology in New England appear. It satisfied for that age a taste for the shudder in literature, a taste not schooled in New England to demand the artistic expression which had been given to allied themes by Dante and by Milton. It is one of the strange ironies of literature, that the fierce denunciations of the reprobate, and the terrible images of damnation with which the poem abounds, should have been penned by a man whom we know to have been in life a frail and genial philanthropist, so cheerful that some of his friends thought he could not be so sick as he averred. Dr. Peabody used to call him "a man of the beatitudes," ministering not alone to the spiritual but to the physical needs of his flock, having studied medicine for that purpose. He found favor even with the gentler sex, for he was at least thrice married, to Mary Reyner, Martha Mudge, and Sybil (Avery) Sparhawk. His descendants played an honorable part in the history of New England.

Beside the *Day of Doom*, Wigglesworth wrote *God's Controversy with New England*, and a very popular meditation on the "Necessity, End, and Usefulness of Affliction," which he called *Meat*

out of the Eater. The following epitaph upon him is attributed to Cotton Mather : —

> "His pen did once Meat from the Eater take
> And now he's gone beyond the Eater's reach.
> His body once so thin was next to none
> From hence he's to unbodied spirits flown.
> Once his rare skill did all diseases heal
> And he doth nothing now uneasy feel.
> He to his paradise is joyful come
> And waits with joy to see his Day of Doom."

THE DAY OF DOOM.

To the Christian Reader.

Reader, I am a fool
And have adventurèd
To play the fool this once for Christ,
The more his fame to spread.
If this my foolishness
Help thee to be more wise,
I have attainèd what I seek,
And what I only prize.

Thou wonderest, perhaps,
That I in print appear,
Who to the pulpit dwell so nigh,
Yet come so seldom there.
The God of Heaven knows
What grief to me it is,
To be withheld from serving Christ ;
No sorrow like to this.

This is the sorest pain
That I have felt or feel ;
Yet have I stood some shocks that might
Make stronger men to reel.
I find more true delight
In serving of the Lord,
Than all the good things upon Earth,
Without it, can afford.

And could my strength endure
That work I count so dear,
Not all the riches of Peru
Should hire me to forbear.
But I'm a prisoner,
Under a heavy chain ;
Almighty God's afflicting hand
Doth me by force restrain.

Yet some (*I know*) do judge
Mine inability
To come abroad and do Christ's work,
To be melancholy ;
And that I'm not so weak
As I myself conceit ;
But who in other things have found
Me so conceited yet ?

Or who of all my friends
That have my trials seen,
Can tell the time in sevèn years
When I have dumpish been ?
Some think my voice is strong,

Most times when I do preach;
But ten days after, what I feel
And suffer few can reach.

My prison'd thoughts break forth,
When open'd is the door,
With greater force and violence,
And strain my voice the more.
But vainly do they tell
That I am growing stronger,
Who hear me speak in half an hour,
Till I can speak no longer.

Some for because they see not
My cheerfulness to fail,
Nor that I am disconsolate,
Do think I nothing ail.
If they had borne my griefs,
Their courage might have fail'd them,
And all the town (perhaps) have known
(Once and again) what ail'd them.

But why should I complain
That have so good a God,
That doth mine heart with comfort fill·
Ev'n whilst I feel his rod?
In God I have been strong,
But wearied and worn out,
And joy'd in him, when twenty woes
Assail'd me round about.

Nor speak I this to boast,
But make apology

For mine own self, and answer those
That fail in charity.
I am, alas ! as frail,
Impatiènt a creature,
As most that tread upon the ground,
And have as bad a nature.

Let God be magnified,
Whose everlasting strength
Upholds me under sufferings
Of more than ten years' length ;
Through whose Almighty pow'r,
Although I am surrounded
With sorrows more than can be told,
Yet am I not confounded.

For his dear sake have I
This service undertaken,
For I am bound to honor him
Who hath not me forsaken.
I am a debtor, too,
Unto the sons of men,
Whom, wanting other means, I would
Advantage with my pen.

I would, but ah ! my strength,
When trièd, proves so small,
That to the ground without effect
My wishes often fall.
Weak heads, and hands, and states,
Great things cannot produce ;
And therefore I this little piece
Have publish'd for thine use.

Although the thing be small,
Yet my good will therein
Is nothing less than if it had
A larger volume been.
Accept it then in love,
And read it for thy good ;
There's nothing in't can do thee hurt,
If rightly understood.

The God of Heaven grant
These lines so well to speed,
That thou the things of thine own peace
Through them may'st better heed ;
And may'st be stirrèd up
To stand upon thy guard,
That Death and Judgment may not come
To find thee unprepar'd.

Oh, get a part in Christ,
And make the Judge thy friend ;
So shalt thou be assurèd of
A happy, glorious end.
Thus prays thy real friend
And servant for Christ's sake,
Who, had he strength, would not refuse
More pains for thee to take.

[Dooming the Reprobate Infant.]

(clxvi–clxxxi.)

Then to the Bar all they drew near
Who died in infancy,
And never had or good or bad
effected pers'nally;
But from the womb unto the tomb
were straightway carrièd,
(Or at the least ere they trangress'd)
who thus began to plead:

Reprobate Infants plead for themselves.

Rev. 20: 12, 15, compared with Rom. 5, 12, 14, and 9:11, 13 Ezek. 18: 2.

"If for our own transgressi-on,
or disobedience,
We here did stand at thy left hand,
just were the Recompense;
But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt,
his fault is charg'd upon us;
And that alone hath overthrown
and utterly undone us.

"Not we, but he ate of the tree,
whose fruit was interdicted;
Yet on us all of his sad fall
the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin that had not been,
or how is his sin our,
Without consent, which to prevent
we never had the pow'r?

'O great Creator, why was our nature
depravèd and forlorn?

Why so defil'd, and made so vil'd,
whilst we were yet unborn ?
If it be just, and needs we must
transgressors reckon'd be,
Thy mercy, Lord, to us afford, Psal. 51: 5.
which sinners hath set free.

" Behold we see Adam set free,
and sav'd from his trespass,
Whose sinful fall hath split us all,
and brought us to this pass.
Canst thou deny us once to try,
Or grace to us to tender,
When he finds grace before thy face
who was the chief offender ? "

Then answerèd the Judge most dread : Their arguments taken off. Ezek. 18: 20. Rom. 5: 12, 19.
" God doth such doom forbid,
That men should die eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old Adam's fall,
and only his trespass,
You call amiss to call it his,
both his and yours it was.

" He was design'd of all mankind
to be a public head ;
A common root, whence all should 1 Cor. 15: 48, 49.
shoot,
and stood in all their stead.
He stood and fell, did ill or well,
not for himself alone,

But for you all, who now his Fall
and trespass would disown.

"If he had stood, then all his brood
had been establishèd
In God's true love never to move,
nor once awry to tread ;
Then all his race my Father's grace
'should have enjoy'd for ever
And wicked sprites by subtile sleights
could them have harmèd never.

"Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd
through Adam so much good,
As had been your for evermore,
if he at first had stood ?
Would you have said, 'We ne'er obey'd
nor did thy laws regard ;
It ill befits, with benefits,
us, Lord, to so reward ? '

"Since then to share in his welfare,
you could have been content,
You may with reason share in his treason,
and in the punishment,
Hence you were born in state forlorn, Rom. 5:12. Psal. 51:5. Gen. 5:3.
with natures so depravèd
Death was your due because that you
had thus yourselves behavèd.

"You think 'If we had been as he
whom God did so betrust,

We to our cost would ne'er have lost
all for a paltry lust.'
Had you been made in Adam's stead, Mat. 23:30, 31.
you would like things have wrought,
And so into the self-same woe
yourselves and yours have brought.

"I may deny you once to try,
or grace to you to tender,
Though he finds grace before my face
who was the chief offender ; Rom. 9:15, 18.
Else should my grace cease to be grace, The free gift Rom. 5:15.
for it would not be free,
If to release whom I should please
I have no liberty.

"If upon one what's due to none
I frankly shall bestow,
And on the rest shall not think best
compassion's skirt to throw,
Whom injure I ? Will you envy
and grudge at others' weal ?
Or me accuse, who do refuse
yourselves to help and heal ?

"Am I alone of what's my own,
no master or no lord ?
And if I am, how can you claim Mat. 20:15.
what I to some afford ?
Will you demand grace at my hand, and
challenge what is mine ?
Will you teach me whom to set free,
and thus my grace confine ?

"You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners may expect;
Such you shall have, for I do save
none but mine own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less
though every sin's a crime.

Psal. 58:8.
Rom. 6:23.
Gal. 3:10.
Rom. 8:29, 30 and 11:7.
Rev. 21:27.
Luke 12:14, 8.
Mat. 11:22.

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell."

The wicked all convinced and put to silence.
Rom. 3:19.
Mat. 22:12.

[Dissolving Domestic Ties.]

(cxcv.–cc.)

Unto the Saints with sad complaints
should they themselves apply?
They're not dejected nor aught affected
with all their misery.
Friends stand aloof and make no proof
what prayers or tears can do;
Your Godly friends are now more friends
to Christ than unto you.

Rev. 21:4.
Psal 58:10.

Where tender love men's hearts did move
unto a sympathy,
And bearing part of others' smart
in their anxiety,

1 Cor. 6:2.

Now such compassion is out of fashion,
and wholly laid aside ;
No friends so near, but Saints to hear
their Sentence can abide.

One natural brother beholds another
in his astonied fit,
Yet sorrows not thereat a jot,
nor pities him a whit.
The godly wife conceives no grief
nor can she shed a tear
For the sad state of her dear mate
when she his doom doth hear.

Compare Prov. 1 : 26 with 1 John 3 : 2, and 2 Cor. 5 : 16.

He that was erst a husband pierc'd
with sense of wife's distress,
Whose tender heart did bear a part
of all her grievances.
Shall mourn no more as heretofore,
because of her ill plight,
Although he see her now to be
a damn'd forsaken wight.

The tender mother will own no other
of all her num'rous brood
But such as stand at Christ's right hand,
acquitted through his Blood.
The pious father had now much rather
his graceless son should lie
In hell with devils, for all his evils,
burning eternally.

Luke 16 : 25

Than God most High should injury
by sparing him sustain ;
And doth rejoice to hear Christ's voice, Psal. 58: 10.
adjudging him to pain.

JOHN JOSSELYN.

John Josselyn, an English traveller in New England and a writer of almost incredible credulity, was the son of Sir Thomas Josselyn of Kent, where he was born early in the seventeenth century. The time of his death is uncertain. He visited New England first in July, 1638, when he "presented his respects to Mr. Winthrop the Governor and to Mr. Cotton the preacher of Boston Church, to whom he delivered from Mr. Francis Quarles, the poet, the translation of several psalms in English metre." He sojourned fifteen months in the colony, and revisited it twenty-four years later, remaining eight years. On his return in 1671, he published *New England's Rarities, discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, and Plants of that Country*, with a picture of Boston in 1663. This volume was reprinted with notes by Edward Tuckerman in 1865. Josselyn wrote also *An Account of Two Voyages to New England*, and a compilation of *The Most Remarkable Passages from the First Discovery of the Continent of America to 1673*, reprinted with *New England's Rarities* (1865). He is frank in criticism, somewhat affected in style. His interest is more in the curiosities of nature than in questions of religious or social polity. His credulousness rises almost to genius, as when he tells us that the Indians disputed "in perfect hexameter verse."

The hornets' nest mistaken for a rare fruit and gathered with disastrous results, as may be seen in our extract, has been made familiar by the verses of Longfellow.

JOSSELYN'S FIRST EXPERIENCES.

[From "An Account of Two Voyages to New England." 1675.]

1637. May, which fell out to be extreme hot and foggy. About the middle of May I killed within a stone's throw of our house above four score snakes, some of them as big as the small of my leg, black of color, and three yards long, with a sharp horn on the tip of their tail two inches in length.

June, the sixth and twentieth day, very stormy, lightning and thunder. I heard now two of the greatest and fearfullest thunder claps that ever were heard, I am confident.

At this time we had some neighboring gentlemen in our house, who came to welcome me into the country; where amongst variety of discourse they told me of a young lion (not long before) killed at Piscataway by an Indian; of a sea-serpent or snake, that lay coiled up like a cable upon a rock at Cape Ann: a boat passing by with English aboard, and two Indians, they would have shot the serpent, but the Indians dissuaded them, saying, that if he were not killed outright, they would be all in danger of their lives.

One Mr. Mittin related of a triton or merman which he saw in Casco Bay. This gentleman was a

great fowler, and used to go out with a small boat or canoe, and fetching a compass about a small island (there being many small islands in the bay), for the advantage of a shot, was encountered with a triton, who laying his hands upon the side of the canoe, had one of them chopt off with a hatchet by Mr. Mittin, which was in all respects like the hand of a man. The triton presently sunk, dyeing the water with his purple blood, and was no more seen. The next story was told by Mr. Foxwell, now living in the province of Maine, who having been to the eastward in a shallop, as far as Cape Anna-waggon, in his return was overtaken by the night, and fearing to land upon the barbarous shore, he put off a little further to sea. About midnight they were wakened with a loud voice from the shore, calling upon "Foxwell, Foxwell! come ashore!" two or three times. Upon the sands they saw a great fire, and men and women hand in hand dancing round about it in a ring. After an hour or two they vanished, and as soon as the day appeared, Foxwell puts into a small cove, it being about three quarters flood, and traces along the shore, where he found the footing of men, women and children shod with shoes; and an infinite number of brands ends thrown up by the water, but neither Indian nor English could he meet with on the shore, nor in the woods. These with many other stories they told me, the credit whereof I will neither impeach nor enforce, but shall satisfy myself, and I hope the reader hereof, with the saying of a wise, learned and honorable knight, that "there are many stranger things in the world, than are to be seen between London and Stanes." . . .

. . . In the afternoon [Oct. 2] I walked into the woods on the back side of the house, and happening into a fine broad walk (which was a sledge-way) I wandered till I chanced to spy a fruit as I thought like a pine-apple plated with scales. It was as big as the crown of a woman's hat. I made bold to step unto it, with an intent to have gathered it. No sooner had I touched it, but hundreds of wasps were about me. At last I cleared myself from them, being stung only by one upon the upper lip. Glad I was that I escaped so well; but by that time I was come into the house my lip was swelled so extremely, that they hardly knew me but by my garments.

ITEMS FROM HIS SECOND ACCOUNT.

. . . So fared it with me, that having escaped the dangers of one voyage, must needs put on a resolution for a second, wherein I plowed many a churlish billow with little or no advantage, but rather to my loss and detriment. In the setting down whereof I purpose not to insist on a methodical way, but according to my quality, in a plain and brief relation as I have done already; for I perceive, if I used all the art that possibly I could, it would be difficult to please all, for all men's eyes, ears, faith, judgment, are not of a size. There be a sort of stagnant stinking spirits, who, like flies, lie sucking at the botches of carnal pleasures, and never travelled so much sea as is between Hethferry and Lyon-Key; yet notwithstanding, (sitting in the chair of the scornful over their whifts and

drafts of intoxication) will desperately censure the relations of the greatest travellers.

It was a good *proviso* of a learned man, never to report wonders, for in so doing, of the greatest he will be sure not to be believed, but laughed at ; which certainly bewrays their ignorance and want of discretion. Of fools and madmen, then, I shall take no care. I will not invite these in the least to honor me with a glance from their supercilious eyes ; but rather advise them to keep their inspection for their fine-tongued romances and plays. This homely piece, I protest ingenuously, is prepared for such only who well know how to make use of their charitable constructions towards works of this nature, to whom I submit myself in all my faculties. . . .

There is an admirable rare creature in shape like a buck, with horns, of a gummy substance, which I have often found in the fall of the leaf upon the ground amongst the withered leaves ; a living creature I cannot call it, having only the sign of a mouth and eyes. Seldom or never shall you meet with any of them whole, but the head and horns, or the hinder parts, broken off from the rest. The Indians call them tree bucks, and have a superstitious saying (for I believe they never see any of them living) that if they can see a tree buck walking upon the branches of an oak when they go out in a morning to hunt, they shall have good luck that day. What they are good for I know not, but certainly there is some more than ordinary virtue in them. It is true that nothing in nature is superfluous, and we have the Scripture to back it, that God created nothing in vain. The like creatures they have at the Barbadoes

which they call Negroes' heads, found in the sands, about two inches long, with forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and part of the neck, they are always found loose in the sands without any root, it is as black as jet, but whence it comes they know not. I have read likewise, that in the Canaries or Fortunate Islands, there is found a certain creature, which boys bring home from the mountains as oft as they would, and named them Tudesquels or little Germans: for they were dried dead carcasses, almost three-footed, which any boy did easily carry in one of the palms of his hand, and they were of an human shape; but the whole dead carcass was clearly like unto parchment, and their bones were flexible, as it were gristles; against the sun, also, their bowels and intestines were seen. "Surely," saith my author, "the destroyed race of the Pigmies was there."

There is also many times found upon the leaves of the oak a creature like a frog, being as thin as a leaf, and transparent, as yellow as gold, with little fiery red eyes, the English call them tree-frogs or tree-toads. . . .

The toad is of two sorts, one that is speckled with white, and another of a dark earthy color; there is of them that will climb up into trees and sit croaking there; but whether it be of a third sort, or one of the other, or both, I am not able to affirm; but this I can testify that there be toads of the dark colored kind that are as big as a great loaf. Which report will not swell into the belief of my sceptic sirs; nor that there is a hell, being like Solomon's fool, Prov. xxvi. 22.

The country is strangely incommodated with flies,

which the English call Musketaes, they are like our gnats, they will sting so fiercely in summer as to make the faces of the English swelled and scabby, as of the small pox for the first year. Likewise there is a small black fly no bigger than a flea, so numerous up in the country, that a man cannot draw his breath, but that he will suck of them in ; they continue about thirty days say some but I say three months, and are not only a pesterment but a plague to the country.

FROM NEW ENGLAND'S RARITIES DISCOVERED. 1672.

A Perfect Description of an Indian Squaw in All her Bravery ; with a Poem not improperly conferred upon her.

Now, gentle Reader, having trespassed upon your patience a long while in the perusing of these rude observations, I shall, to make you amends, present you by way of divertisement or recreation, with a copy of verses made some time since upon the picture of a young and handsome gypsy, not improperly transferred upon the Indian Squaw, or female Indian, tricked up in all her bravery.

. . . The Men are somewhat horse-faced, and generally faucious, *i.e.* without beards ; but the Women many of them have very good features ; seldom without a "Come to me," or *Cos Amoris*, in their countenance. All of them black-eyed, having even, short teeth, and very white ; their hair

black, thick, and long; broad-breasted, handsome, straight bodies, and slender, considering their constant loose habit; their limbs cleanly, straight, and of a convenient stature, generally as plump as partridges, and having here and there one of a modest deportment.

Their garments are a pair of sleeves of deer, or moose skin drest, and drawn with lines of several colors into Asiatic works, with buskins of the same, a short mantle of trading cloth, either blue or red, fastened with a knot under the chin and girt about the middle with a zone, wrought with white and blue beads into pretty works. Of these beads they have bracelets for their neck and arms, and links to hang in their ears, and a fair table curiously made up with beads likewise, to wear before their breast. Their hair they comb backward, and tie it up short with a border about two handfuls broad, wrought in works as the other with their beads. But enough of this.

The Poem.

Whether White or Black be best
Call your senses to the quest;
And your touch shall quickly tell
The Black in softness doth excel
And in smoothness; but the ear,
What, can that a color hear?
No, but 't is your Black one's wit
That doth catch and captive it.
And if Slut and Fair be one,
Sweet and Fair, there can be none;
Nor can aught so please the taste
As what's brown and lovely drest.

And who 'll say that that is best
To please one's sense, displease the rest?
Maugre then all that can be said
In flattery of White and Red;
Those flatterers themselves must say
That darkness was before the day;
And such perfection here appears,
It neither wind nor sunshine fears.

NEW ENGLAND'S LAWS AND WAYS, AN UNSYMPATHETIC VIEW.

[From the Same.]

. . . Every Town sends two burgesses to their great and solemn general court.

For being drunk, they either whip or impose a fine of five shillings; so for swearing and cursing, or boring through the tongue with a hot iron.

For kissing a woman in the street, though in way of civil salute, whipping or a fine. . . .

Scolds they gag and set them at their doors for certain hours, for all comers and goers by to gaze at.

Stealing is punished with restoring fourfold, if able; if not, they are sold for some years, and so are poor debtors.

If you desire a further inspection to their laws, for I must refer you to them being in print, too many to be inserted into this relation.

The governments of their churches are Independent and Presbyterial, every church (for so they call their

particular congregations) have one pastor, one teacher, ruling elders and deacons.

They that are members of their churches have the sacraments administred to them, the rest that are out of the pale as they phrase it, are denied it. Many hundred souls there be amongst them grown up to men and women's estate that were never christened.

They judge every man and woman to pay five shillings per day, who comes not to their assemblies, and impose fines of forty shillings and fifty shillings on such as meet together to worship God.

Quakers they whip, banish, and hang if they return again.

Anabaptists they imprison, fine and weary out.

The government both civil and ecclesiastical is in the hands of the thorough-pac'd Independents and rigid Presbyterians.

The gross *Goddons*, or great masters, as also some of their merchants are damnable rich; generally all of their judgment, inexplicably covetous and proud, they receive your gifts but as an homage or tribute due to their transcendency, which is a fault their clergy are also guilty of, whose living is upon the bounty of their hearers. On Sundays in the afternoon when sermon is ended the people in the galleries come down and march two a-breast up one aisle and down the other, until they come before the desk, for pulpit they have none: before the desk is a long pew where the Elders and Deacons sit, one of them with a money box in his hand, into which the people as they pass put their offering, some a shilling, some two shillings, half a crown, five shillings, according to their ability and good will,

after this they conclude with a Psalm ; but this by the way.

The chiefest objects of discipline, religion, and morality they want, some are of a linsey-woolsey disposition, of several professions in religion, all like *Æthiopians* white in the Teeth, only full of ludification and injurious dealing, and cruelty the extremest of all vices. The chiefest cause of Noah's flood, Prov. 27. 26. *Agni erant ad vestitum tuum*, is a frequent text among them, no trading for a stranger with them, but with a Grecian faith, which is not to part with your ware without ready money, for they are generally in their payments recusant and slow, great syndies, or censors, or controllers of other men's manners, and savagely factious amongst themselves.

There are many strange women too, (in Solomon's sense), more the pity ; when a woman hath lost her chastity she hath no more to lose.

But mistake me not to general speeches, none but the guilty take exceptions, there are many sincere and religious people amongst them, descried by their charity and humility (the true characters of christianity) by their Zenodochy or hospitality, by their hearty submission to their sovereign the King of England, by their diligent and honest labor in their callings, amongst these we may account the royalists, who are looked upon with an evil eye, and tongue, bolted or punished if they chance to lash out ; the tame Indian (for so they call those that are born in the country) are pretty honest too, and may in good time be known for honest King's men.

They have store of children, and are well accomodated with servants ; many hands make light work,

many hands make a full fraught, but many mouths eat up all, as some old planters have experimented; of these some are English, others Negroes: of the English there are can eat till they sweat, and work till they freeze; and of the females that are like Mrs. Winter's paddocks, very tender fingerd in cold weather.

There are none that beg in the country, but there be witches too many, bottled-bellied witches amongst the Quakers, and others that produce many strange apparitions if you will believe report, of a shallop at sea manned with women; of a ship and a great red horse standing by the main-mast, the ship being in a small cove to the east-ward vanished of a sudden. Of a witch that appeared aboard of a ship twenty leagues to sea to a mariner who took up the carpenter's broad axe and cleft her head with it, the witch dying of the wound at home, with such like bugbears and *Terriculimentaes*.

THE MEN OF MAINE.

[From "An Account of Two Voyages to New England." 1675.]

The people in the province of Maine may be divided into magistrates, husbandmen or planters, and fishermen; of the magistrates some be royalists, the rest perverse spirits, the like are the planters and fishers, of which some be planters and fishers both, others mere fishers.

Handicraftsmen there are but few, the tumelor or

cooper, smiths and carpenters are best welcome amongst them, shopkeepers there are none, being supplied by the Massachusetts merchant with all things they stand in need of, keeping here and there fair magazines stored with English goods, but they set excessive prices on them, if they do not gain cent per cent, they cry out that they are losers. . . .

The planters are or should be restless painstakers, providing for their cattle, planting and sowing of corn, fencing their grounds, cutting and bringing home fuel, cleaving of claw-board and pipe-staves, fishing for fresh water fish and fowling takes up most of their time, if not all ; the diligent hand maketh rich, but if they be of a dronish disposition as some are, they become wretchedly poor and miserable, scarce able to free themselves and family from importunate famine, especially in the winter for want of bread.

They have a custom of taking tobacco, sleeping at noon, sitting long at meals, sometimes four times in a day, and now and then drinking a dram of the bottle extraordinarily : the smoking of tobacco, if moderately used refresheth the weary much, and so doth sleep.

> A traveller five hours doth crave
> To sleep, a student seven will have,
> And nine sleeps every idle knave.

The physician allows but three draughts at a meal, the first for need, the second for pleasure, and the third for sleep ; but little observed by them, unless they have no other liquor to drink but water. In some places where the springs are frozen up, or at least the way to their springs made unpassable by reason of the snow and the like, they dress their meat in *aqua cælestis, i.e.*, melted snow. At other times it

is very well cooked, and they feed upon (generally) as good flesh, beef, pork, mutton, fowl, and fish as any is in the whole world besides.

Their servants, which are for the most part English, when they are out of their time, will not work under half a crown a day, although it be for to make hay, and for less I do not see how they can, by reason of the dearness of clothing. If they hire them by the year, they pay them fourteen or fifteen pound, yea, twenty pound at the year's end in corn, cattle and fish: some of these prove excellent fowlers, bringing in as many as will maintain their master's house; besides the profit that accrues by their feathers. They use (when it is to be had) a great round shot, called Barstable shot (which is best for fowl, made of a lead blacker than our common lead; to six pound of shot they allow one pound of powder; cannon powder is esteemed best.

The fishermen take yearly upon the coasts many hundred quintals of cod, hake, haddock, pollack, etc., which they split, salt and dry at their stages, making three voyages in a year. When they share their fish (which is at the end of every voyage) they separate the best from the worst, the first they call merchantable fish, being sound, full grown fish and well made up, which is known when it is clear like a Lanthorn horn and without spots; the second sort they call refuse fish — that is, such as is salt burnt, spotted, rotten, and carelessly ordered: these they put off to the Massachusetts merchants; the merchantable for thirty and two and thirty reals a quintal (a quintal is an hundred and twelve pound weight); the refuse for nine shillings and ten shillings a quintal. The merchant

sends the merchantable fish to Lisbon, Bilbao, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Toulon, Rochelle, Rouen, and other cities of France, to the Canaries with clawboard and pipe-staves which is there and at the Caribs a prime commodity : the refuse fish they put off at the Carib Islands, Barbadoes, Jamaica, etc., who feed their negroes with it.

To every shallop belong four fishermen, a master or steersman, a midshipman, and a foremastman, and a shoreman who washes it out of the salt, and dries it upon hurdles pitched upon stakes breast high and tends their cookery ; these often get in one voyage eight or nine pound a man for their shares, but it doth some of them little good, for the merchant to increase his gains by putting off his commodity in the midst of their voyages, and at the end thereof comes in with a walking tavern, a bark laden with the legitimate blood of the rich grape, which they bring from Fayal, Madeira, Canaries, with brandy, rum, the Barbadoes strong water, and tobacco. Coming ashore he gives them a taster or two, which so charms them, that for no persuasions that their employers can use will they go out to sea, although fair and seasonable weather, for two or three days — nay, sometimes a whole week — till they are wearied with drinking, taking ashore two or three hogsheads of wine and rum to drink off when the merchant is gone. If a man of quality chance to come where they are roistering and gulling in wine with a dear felicity, he must be sociable and rollypooly with them, taking off their liberal cups as freely, or else be gone, which is best for him, for when wine in their guts is at full tide they quarrel, fight and do one another mischief,

which is the conclusion of their drunken compotations. When the day of payment comes, they may justly complain of their costly sin of drunkenness, for their shares will do no more than pay the reckoning; if they save a quintal or two to buy shoes and stockings, shirts and waistcoats with, 'tis well, otherwise they must enter into the merchant's books for such things as they stand in need of, becoming thereby the merchant's slaves, and when it riseth to a big sum are constrained to mortgage their plantation, if they have any; the merchant when the time is expired is sure to seize upon their plantation and stock of cattle, turning them out of house and home, poor creatures, to look out for a new habitation in some remote place, where they begin the world again. The lavish planters have the same fate, partaking with them in the like bad husbandry; of these the merchant buys beef, pork, pease, wheat and Indian-corn, and sells it again many times to the fishermen. Of the same nature are the people in the Duke's province, who not long before I left the country petitioned the governor and magistrates in the Massachusetts to take them into their government. Birds of a feather will rally together. . . .

Josselyn's Conclusion.

Now by the merciful providence of the Almighty, having performed two voyages to the northeast parts of the western world, I am safely arrived in my native country, having in part made good the French proverb — travel where thou canst, but die where thou oughtest, that is, in thine own country.

DANIEL GOOKIN.

Daniel Gookin was born in Kent, England, about 1612, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 19, 1687, after a distinguished career as soldier, historian, and protector of the Indians from unjust exploitations. Gookin went with his father to Virginia in 1621, but, sympathizing rather with the Puritan than with the Cavalier, he moved, in 1644, to Cambridge, where he was soon made captain of militia and was elected to the Massachusetts House of Deputies, of which he became Speaker in 1651. In 1652 he was elected magistrate, and in 1656 appointed Superintendent of all Indians under civil authority. He held this office till his death, in spite of unpopularity, occasioned by the protection he gave to his aboriginal wards during and after King Philip's War. He was associated with Eliot in mission work among the Indians. He visited England in 1656 and again in 1657, efficiently protecting on his return in 1660 the fugitive regicides Goffe and Whalley. He was one of the licensers of the Cambridge Printing Press in 1662, wrote in 1674 *Historical Collections of the Indians of Massachusetts* (published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1792), and also a never-published and long since lost *History of New England.* The prospectus of this second book, issued with his first, is so good as to make us regret greatly the loss

of his manuscript, which was probably destroyed by fire. A third work of Gookin's, *An Historical Account of the Doings and Sufferings of the Christian Indians in New England*, finished in 1677, just after King Philip's War, was also lost for many years, but was finally found in England and sent back to America, the American Antiquarian Society printing it in the second volume of their *Transactions* (1836). In 1681 Gookin was made Major-General of the Colony, and was an active assertor of popular rights in the agitation which preceded the withdrawal of the Colonial Charter (1686), thus recovering much of the favor he had lost by his advocacy of charity toward the Christian Indians. He died so poor that his friend Eliot solicited ten pounds from Robert Boyle for his widow. Both as a brave, good man and a scholarly, straightforward writer he deserves to be better remembered.

GOOKIN TO CHARLES II.

[From "Historical Collections of the Indians in New England," written in 1674.]

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

To the High and Mighty Prince Charles, by the Grace of God, King of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Royal Sir,

I have read that Artaxerxes Mnemon, king of Persia, going his progress, the people used to present

him with their several gifts in the way ; and among the rest a countryman, having nothing else to present him with, ran to the river, and taking up his hands full of water, presented him with that. Artaxerxes was so taken therewith, that he gave the fellow a considerable beneficence.

So have I, dread Sovereign, presumed to offer this poor mite, as a testimony of my affection. I must acknowledge it is most unworthy to kiss your royal hands, being so meanly apparelled in an Indian garb. But the matter therein contained, being a true account of the progress of the Gospel among the poor Indians, within your dominions, and that under the influence of your royal favor, this, as I conceive, is not unmeet for your Majesty's knowledge. Therefore let it please your Majesty graciously to accept and peruse these Collections, and especially that humble proposal made in Chap. 12. Sect. 5. as a necessary expedient to promote this great work, and which must have its life, under God, from the rays of your Majesty's favor.

The God of heaven and earth bless your Majesty with all temporal, spiritual, and eternal blessings in Christ Jesus ; and make you more and more a nursing father to his church ; that under your shadow it may rejoice, and every individual person thereof be encouraged in all ways of godliness and honesty.

So prayeth he that is one of the most unworthy, yet desirous to be reckoned among the number of your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects.

DANIEL GOOKIN.

Cambridge in New England, December 7th, 1674.

THE ORIGIN OF THE INDIANS.

[From the Same, Chap. I.]

Concerning the original of the Savages, or Indians, in New England, there is nothing of certainty to be concluded. But yet, as I conceive, it may rationally be made out that all the Indians of America, from the Straits of Magellan and its adjacent islands on the south, unto the most northerly part yet discovered, are originally of the same nations or sort of people. Whatever I have read or seen to this purpose, I am the more confirmed therein. I have seen of this people, along the sea coasts and within land, from the degrees of 34 unto 44 of north latitude; and have read of the Indians of Magellanico, Peru, Brasilia, and Florida, and have also seen some of them and unto my best apprehension, they are all the same sort of people.

The color of their skins, the form and shape of their bodies, hair, and eyes, demonstrate this. Their skins are of a tawny color, not unlike the tawny Moors in Africa; the proportion of their limbs, well formed; it is rare to see a crooked person among them. Their hair is black and harsh, not curling; their eyes, black and dull; though I have seen, but very rarely, a gray-eyed person among them, with brownish hair. But still the difficulty yet remains, whence all these Americans had their first original, and from which of the sons of Noah they descended, and how they came first into these parts; which is separated so very far from Europe and Africa by the

Atlantic Ocean, and from a great part of Asia, by Mar del Zur, or the South sea: in which sea Sir Francis Drake, that noble hero, in his famous voyage about the world, sailed on the west of America, from the straits of Magellan, lying about 52 degrees of south latitude, unto 38 degrees of north latitude: where he possessed a part of the country, and received subjection from those very tractable Indians, in the right of the English nation, and his sovereign prince, the famous queen Elizabeth, then reigning, and her successors, and gave it the name of New Albion: which country lies west northerly of Massachusetts in New England: for Boston lies in 42° 30′ and New Albion in 48° of north latitude, which is near six degrees more northerly.

There are divers opinions about this matter.

First, some conceive that this people are of the race of the ten tribes of Israel, that Shalmaneser carried captive out of their own country, A.M. 3277, of which we read in II. Kings, xviii. 9–12; and that God hath, by some means or other, not yet discovered, brought them into America; and herein fulfilled his just threatening against them, of which we may read, II. Kings, xvii. from 6 to the 19 verse; and hath reduced them into such woful blindness and barbarism, as all those Americans are in; yet hath reserved their posterity there: and in his own best time, will fulfil and accomplish his promise, that those dry bones shall live, of which we read Ezek. xxxvii. 1–24. A reason given for this is taken from the practice of sundry Americans, especially of those inhabiting Peru and Mexico, who were most populous, and had great cities and wealth, and hence are probably apprehended to be the first possessors of America.

Now of these the historians write, that they used circumcision and sacrifice, though oftentimes of human flesh: so did the Israelites sacrifice their sons unto Moloch, II. Kings, xvii., 17. But this opinion, that these people are of the race of the Israelites, doth not greatly obtain. But surely it is not impossible, and perhaps not so improbable, as many learned men think.

Secondly, another apprehension is, that the original of these Americans is from the Tartars, or Scythians, that live in the north-east parts of Asia; which some good geographers conceive is nearly joined unto the north-west parts of America, and possibly are one continent, or at least separated but by some narrow gulf; and from this beginning have spread themselves into the several parts of the North and South America; and because the southern parts were more fertile, and free from the cold winters incident to the northern regions, hence the southern parts became first planted, and most populous and rich. This opinion gained more credit than the former, because the people of America are not altogether unlike in color, shape, and manners, unto the Scythian people, and in regard that such a land travel is more feasible and probable than a voyage by sea so great a distance, as is before expressed, from other inhabited places, either in Europe, Asia, or Africa; especially so long since, when we hear of no sailing out of sight of land, before the use of the loadstone and compass was found. But if this people be sprung from the Tartarian or Scythian people, as this notion asserts, then it is to me a question, why they did not attend the known practice of that people; who, in all their removes and plantations,

take with them their kine, sheep, horses, and camels, and the like tame beasts ; which that people keep in great numbers, and drive with them in all their removes. But of these sorts and kinds of beasts used by the Tartars, none were found in America among the Indians. This question or objection is answered by some thus : First, possibly the first people were banished for some notorious offences ; and so not permitted to take with them of these tame beasts. Or, secondly, possibly, the gulf, or passage, between Asia and America, though narrow, comparatively, is yet too broad to waft over any of those sort of creatures ; and yet possibly men and women might pass over it in canoes made of hollow trees, or with barks of trees, wherein, it is known, the Indians will transport themselves, wives and children, over lakes and gulfs, very considerable for breadth. I have known some to pass with like vessels forty miles across an arm of the sea.

But before I pass to another thing, suppose it should be so, that the origination of the Americans came from Asia, by the north-west of America, where the continents are conceived to meet very near, which indeed is an opinion very probable ; yet this doth not hinder the truth of the first conjecture, that this people may be of the race of the ten tribes of Israel : for the king of Assyria who led them captive, as we heard before, transported them into Asia, and placed them in several provinces and cities, as in II. Kings, xvii. 6. Now possibly, in process of time, this people, or at least some considerable number of them, whose custom and manner it was to keep themselves distinct from the other nations they

lived amongst ; and did commonly intermarry only with their own people ; and also their religion being so different from the heathen, unto whom they were generally an abomination, as they were to the Egyptians ; and also partly from God's judgment following them for their sins : I say, it is not impossible but a considerable number of them might withdraw themselves ; and so pass gradually into the extreme parts of the continent of Asia ; and wherever they came, being disrelished by the heathen, might for their own security pass further and further, till they found America ; which being unpeopled, there they found some rest ; and so, in many hundred of years, spread themselves in America in that thin manner, as they were found there, especially in the northern parts of it ; which country is able to contain and accommodate millions of mankind more than were found in it. And for their speech, which is not only different among themselves, but from the Hebrew, that might easily be lost by their often removes, or God's judgment.

A third conjecture of the original of these Indians, is, that some of the tawny Moors of Africa, inhabiting upon the sea coasts, in times of war and contention among themselves, have put off to sea, and been transported over, in such small vessels as those times afforded, unto the south part of America, where the two continents of Africa and America are nearest ; and they could not have opportunity or advantage to carry with the small vessels of those times any tame beasts, such as were in that country. Some reasons are given for this notion. First, because the Americans are much like the Moors of Africa. Secondly, the seas between the tropics are easy to pass, and safe

for small vessels ; the winds in those parts blowing from the east to the west, and the current setting the same course. Thirdly, because it is most probable, that the inhabitants of America first came into the south parts ; where were found the greatest numbers of people, and the most considerable cities and riches.

But these, or any other notions, can amount to no more than rational conjecture ; for a certainty of their first extraction cannot be attained ; for they being ignorant of letters and records of antiquity, as the Europeans, Africans, and sundry of the Asians, are and have been, hence any true knowledge of their ancestors is utterly lost among them. I have discoursed and questioned about this matter with some of the most judicious of the Indians, but their answers are divers and fabulous. Some of the inland Indians say, that they came from such as inhabit the sea-coasts. Others say, that there were two young squaws, or women, being at first either swimming or wading in the water ; the froth or foam of the water touched their bodies, from whence they became with child ; and one of them brought forth a male ; and the other a female child ; and then the two women died and left the earth : So their son and daughter were their first progenitors. Other fables and figments are among them touching this thing, which are not worthy to be inserted. These only may suffice to give a taste of their great ignorance touching their original ; the full determination whereof must be left until the day, wherein all secret and hidden things shall be manifested to the glory of God.

But this may upon sure grounds be asserted, that they are Adam's posterity, and consequently children

of wrath; and hence are not only objects of all christians' pity and compassion, but subjects upon which our faith, prayers, and best endeavours should be put forth to reduce them from barbarism to civility; but especially to rescue them out of the bondage of Satan, and bring them to salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ; which is the main scope and design of this tractate.

THE GRATITUDE OF HIACOOMES.

[From the Same, Chap. III.]

In this strait, several of their carnal and unconverted kindred and relations applied themselves unto Hiacoomes and his wife, [who was in a delicate condition and dangerously ill] pressing them to send for a powow, and use that help for relief. But both husband and wife utterly refused their temptation; the man being willing to submit to God's disposal, and lose his wife, though he loved her dearly, rather than take assistance from the devil and his instruments, whom he had renounced; and the woman, who was the sufferer, yet, through the grace of God, was endowed with such christian fortitude, that she also utterly refused this method for her deliverance, and would rather lose her life than seek help that way. In this exigence, they earnestly cried to God in prayer, to show mercy to them for Jesus Christ's sake; imploring also the prayers of Mr. Thomas Mayhew, junior, their teacher, and other English christians, living nigh them. Mr. Mayhew, being

affected with the case, got together some godly christians to meet together ; and those kept a day of fasting and prayer, to implore the help of God for these poor, distressed, christian Indians. And the Lord was graciously pleased to hear and answer their prayers, and shortly after gave the woman safe deliverance of a daughter ; which the father named by a word in the Indian language, which signified in English, Return. When Mr. Mayhew, the minister, understood this, he demanded of Hiacoomes the reason, why he gave his daughter that name ; whose answer was to this effect : Sir, said he, a little while since, you know, I and my wife and children, were travelling on apace in the broad way to hell and all misery, and going from God ; but now, since you preached to us, I, and my wife and children, are, through God's grace, *returning* back the contrary way, with our faces set towards God, heaven, and happiness. Secondly, you know, before my wife was delivered of this child, how great peril of life she was in, and God seemed to be very angry with us ; but he was intreated and heard our prayers, and is *returned* to us with mercies, in my wife's safe deliverance of this daughter. And for these two reasons, I call this child Return. This story is most certainly true ; and was told me distinctly by Mr. Thomas Mayhew, junior, their minister, Hiacoomes being present, in travelling on foot between Watertown lecture and Cambridge, the Indian that was the principal person concerned being with him. . . .

CONCERNING "CHOICE INDIAN YOUTHS."

[From the Same, Chap. V.]

There was much cost out of the Corporation stock expended in this work, for fitting and preparing the Indian youth to be learned and able preachers unto their countrymen. Their diet, apparel, books, and schooling, was chargeable. In truth the design was prudent, noble, and good; but it proved ineffectual to the ends proposed. For several of the said youth died, after they had been sundry years at learning and made good proficiency therein. Others were disheartened and left learning, after they were almost ready for the college. And some returned to live among their countrymen; where some of them are improved for school-masters and teachers, unto which they are advantaged by their education. Some others of them have entered upon other callings: as one is a mariner; another, a carpenter; another went for England with a gentleman, that lived sometimes at Cambridge in New England, named Mr. Drake, which Indian, as I heard, died there not many months after his arrival.

I remember but only two of them all, that lived in the college at Cambridge; the one named Joel, the other, Caleb; both natives of Martha's Vineyard. These two were hopeful young men, especially Joel, being so ripe in learning, that he should, within a few months, have taken his first degree of bachelor of art in the college. He took a voyage to Martha's

Vineyard to visit his father and kindred, a little before the commencement; but upon his return back in a vessel, with other passengers and mariners, suffered shipwreck upon the island of Nantucket; where the bark was found put on shore; and in all probability the people in it came on shore alive, but afterwards were murdered by some wicked Indians of that place; who, for lucre of the spoil in the vessel, which was laden with goods, thus cruelly destroyed the people in it; for which fault some of those Indians was convicted and executed afterwards. Thus perished our hopeful young prophet Joel. He was a good scholar and a pious man, as I judge. I knew him well; for he lived and was taught in the same town where I dwell. I observed him for several years, after he was grown to years of discretion, to be not only a diligent student, but an attentive hearer of God's word; diligently writing the sermons, and frequenting lectures; grave and sober in his conversation.

The other called Caleb, not long after he took his degree of bachelor of art at Cambridge in New England, died of a consumption at Charlestown, where he was placed by Mr. Thomas Danforth, who had inspection over him, under the care of a physician in order to his health; where he wanted not for the best means the country could afford, both of food and physic; but God denied the blessing, and put a period to his days.

Of this disease of the consumption sundry of those Indian youths died, that were bred up to school among the English. The truth is, this disease is frequent among the Indians; and sundry die of it, that live not with the English. A hectic fever, issu-

ing in a consumption, is a common and mortal disease among them. I know some have apprehended other causes of the mortality of these Indian scholars. Some have attributed it unto the great change upon their bodies, in respect of their diet, lodging, apparel, studies; so much different from what they were inured to among their own countrymen.

These awful providences of God, in frustrating the hopeful expectations concerning the learned Indian youth, who were designed to be for teachers unto their countrymen, concurring with some other severe dispensations of God obstructive to this work, — some whereof may be hereafter mentioned, — caused great thoughts of heart unto the well-willers and promoters thereof. Some conceived, God was not pleased yet to make use of any of the Indians to preach the Gospel; and that the time of the great harvest of their ingathering is not yet come, but will follow after the calling of the Jews. Others thought that this honor of their instruction and conversion shall be continued with Englishmen. Others were of opinion, that Satan, the great enemy and opposer of men's salvation, who had for many years held these poor barbarians under his dominion, did use all his stratagems and endeavors to impede the spreading of the Christian faith, that he might the better keep possession of his kingdom among them. But others, whose faith I hope in God was active and vigorous, did conclude that there was nothing more in these providences and remoras, than did usually attend and accompany all good designs, tending to the glory of God and salvation of souls; whereof plentiful examples are recorded in Holy Scriptures, especially

in the primitive times; which in several chapters of the Acts of the Apostles may be demonstrated. . . .

WANNALANCET'S CANOE.

[From the Same, Chap. VII.]

May 5th, 1674, according to our usual custom, Mr. Eliot and myself took our journey to Wamesit, or Pawtuckett; and arriving there that evening, Mr. Eliot preached to as many of them as could be got together, out of Mat. xxii. 1–14, the parable of the marriage of the King's son. We met at the wigwam of one called Wannalancet, about two miles from the town, near Pawtuckett Falls, and bordering upon Merrimac River. This person, Wannalancet, is the eldest son of old Pasaconaway, the chiefest sachem of Pawtuckett. He is a sober and grave person, and of years, between fifty and sixty. He hath been always loving and friendly to the English. Many endeavors have been used several years to gain this sachem to embrace the Christian religion; but he hath stood off from time to time, and not yielded up himself personally, though for four years past he hath been willing to hear the word of God preached, and to keep the Sabbath. A great reason that hath kept him off, I conceive, hath been the indisposition and averseness of sundry of his chief men and relations to pray to God; which he foresaw would desert him, in case he turned Christian. But at this time, May 6th, 1674, it pleased God so to influence and overcome his heart, that it being proposed to him

to give his answer concerning praying to God, after some deliberation and serious pause he stood up, and made a speech to this effect : —

"Sirs, you have been pleased for four years last past, in your abundant love, to apply yourselves particularly unto me and my people, to exhort, press, and persuade us to pray to God. I am very thankful to you for your pains. I must acknowledge," said he, "I have, all my days, used to pass in an old canoe" (alluding to his frequent custom to pass in a canoe upon the river), "and now you exhort me to change and leave my old canoe, and embark in a new canoe, to which I have hitherto been unwilling : but now I yield up myself to your advice, and enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter."

This his professed subjection was well pleasing to all that were present, of which there were some English persons of quality ; as Mr. Richard Daniel, a gentleman that lived in Billerica, about six miles off : and Lieutenant Henchman, a neighbor at Chelmsford ; besides brother Eliot and myself, with sundry others, English and Indians. Mr. Daniel before named desired brother Eliot to tell this sachem from him, that it may be, while he went in his old canoe, he passed in a quiet stream : but the end thereof was death and destruction to soul and body. But now he went into a new canoe, perhaps he would meet with storms and trials ; but yet he should be encouraged to persevere, for the end of his voyage would be everlasting rest. Moreover he and his people were exhorted by brother Eliot and myself to go on and sanctify the Sabbath, to hear the Word, and use the

means that God hath appointed, and encourage their hearts in the Lord their God. Since that time I hear this sachem doth persevere, and is a constant and diligent hearer of God's Word, and sanctifieth the Sabbath, though he doth travel to Wamesit meeting every Sabbath, which is above two miles ; and though sundry of his people have deserted him, since he subjected to the Gospel, yet he continues and persists.

ONE OF GOD'S ENDS.

[From "An Historical Account of the Doings and Sufferings of the Christian Indians."]

4thly. Doubtless one great end God aimed at was the punishment and destruction of many of the wicked heathen, whose iniquities were now full ; the last period whereof was their malignant opposition to the offers of the Gospel, for the Pakanahats and the Narragansetts, those two great nations upon whom the dint of war hath most especially fallen, (for they are almost totally destroyed), had once and again the Gospel offered to them. But their chief Sachems malignantly rejected and opposed it, and consequently the people followed their examples. And notwithstanding they were very conversant among the English, especially the Narragansetts, and commendable for their industry and labor among the English, yet had the most of them no hearing ears unto the glad tidings of salvation offered in the Gospel, and very few of them delighted in communion with the Christian Indians. And here I shall insert a matter of

remark. After the war began with Philip, the English, having cause to be suspicious of the Narragansetts sent some soldiers to Mr. Smith's of Wickford, that lived near them, designing thereby to put upon them a necessity to declare themselves friends or enemies, and to push upon them the performances of former articles of agreement between the English and them, at which time, being in July, 1675, they complied to a treaty of continuing in peace and friendship with the English. But among other articles, the Narragansetts, by their agent Potuche, urged that the English should not send any among them to preach the Gospel or call upon them to pray to God. But, the English refusing to concede to such an article, it was withdrawn, and a peace concluded for that time. In this act they declared what their hearts were, viz. to reject Christ and his grace offered to them before. But the Lord Jesus, before the expiration of 18 months destroyed the body of the Narragansett nation, that would not have him to reign over them, particularly all their chief Sachems and this Potuche, a chief councillor and subtle fellow, who was taken at Rhode Island, coming voluntarily there, and afterward sent to Boston and there executed.

THE WILES OF THE INDIANS.

[From the Same.]

. . . The English at first thought easily to chastise the insolent doings and murderous practices of the heathen. But it was found another manner of thing

than was expected ; for our men could see no enemy to shoot at, but yet felt their bullets out of the thick bushes where they lay in ambushments. The enemy also used this stratagem, to apparel themselves from the waist upwards with green boughs, that our Englishmen could not readily discern them, or distinguish them from the natural bushes ; this manner of fighting our men had little experience of, and hence were under great disadvantages. The English wanted not courage or resolution, but could not discern or find an enemy to fight with, yet were galled by the enemy. The Council, having advice hereof from the commanders of the army, judged it very necessary to arm and send forth some of the Praying Indians to assist our forces, hereby not only to try their fidelity, but to deal the better with the enemy in their own ways and methods, according to the Indian manner of fighting, wherein our Indians were well skilled, and had our [their] counsel practiced, and also to be as scouts and forlorns to the English ; for the Indians generally excel in a quick and strong sight for the discovery of any thing ; and then they have a very accurate sagacity in discovering the tracks of man or beast. And also they are subtle and wily to accomplish their enterprise, especially they keep a deep silence in their marches and motions, whereas the English are more prone to talk to one another and make a noise, whereby the enemy, discovering them before they come near, either prepare for them, or take their flight, as is most for their advantage. And here I shall take leave, as a parenthesis, to insert a short and true story of an Indian chief, captain under Uncas, who marching in this war as scout with some

English soldiers, of Connecticut, one of the English soldiers had on a new pair of shoes that made a creaking noise as they travelled. The Indian captain was not quiet until he had persuaded the fellow with creaking shoes to take his moccasins and wear them, and the Indian carried the Englishman's shoes at his back, and went himself barefoot. Another English soldier had on a pair of leather breeches, which being dry made a rustling noise; the Indian captain was not satisfied until he had persuaded the man to take off his breeches, or else to wet them in the water to prevent their rustling. By this relation, which is a truth, we may observe how circumspect and careful they are in order to obtain advantage of their enemy.

DEFENCE OF THE INDIANS.

[From the Same.]

Notwithstanding the Council's endeavors in the former orders, and the testimony of these English witnesses on behalf of the Christian Indians, yet the clamors and animosity among the common people increased daily, not only against those Indians, but also all such English as were judged to be charitable to them. And particularly, many harsh reflections and speeches were uttered against Major Daniel Gookin, and Mr. John Eliot, the former of whom had been appointed by the authority of the General Court of Massachusetts, and approbation of the Honorable Governor and Corporation for Gospelizing those Indians, to rule and govern those Indians

about twenty years, and the latter had been their teacher and minister about thirty years, as if they did support and protect those Indians against the English; whereas (God knows) there was no ground for such an imputation, but was a device and contrivance of Satan and his instruments, to hinder and subvert the work of religion among the Indians; for neither had any of our Christian Indians been justly charged, either with unfaithfulness, or treachery towards the English, since the war begun (that I know of). But on the contrary, some of them had discovered the treachery, particularly Walcut the ruler . . . of Philip, before he began any act of hostility, as is before mentioned, and since the war have served the English faithfully, but yet must be content to receive such retribution from too many, (at whose hands they have deserved other things,) but now both the Christian Indians, and all that favored them are enemies to the English, and ought to be proceeded against accordingly, if some men might have had their wills, so great was the rage and unreasonable prejudice of many at the time. It might rationally have been considered, that those two persons above named, who had (one of them for above twenty years, and the other about thirty years,) been acquainted with, and conversant among those Christian Indians, should have more knowledge and experience of them than others had, and consequently should be able to speak more particularly concerning such of those Indians whom they knew (according to a judgment of charity) to be honest and pious persons. And if at such a time, they should have been wholly silent and remiss in giving a modest testimony concerning them when called there-

unto, God might justly have charged it upon them, as a sin and neglect of their duty, had they for fear declined to witness the truth for Christ, and for these his poor distressed servants, some of the Christian Indians. And in this day of Massah and Meribah, some that have the repute and I hope truly godly men, were so far gone with the temptation, that they accounted it a crime in any man to say that they hoped some of those Indians were pious persons, or that they had grounds of persuasion that such and such would be saved. This cruel frame of spirit (for I can give it no gentler denomination) arose I apprehend from a double ground, first, the malice of Satan against Christ's work among those Indians and to hinder their progress in religion: for they finding Englishmen, professing the Christian religion, so enraged against them, and injurious to them without cause, as they well knew in their own consciences, whatever others thought or spake to the contrary, this was a sore temptation to such weak ones and little children as it were in the ways of Christianity, and hereby to incline them to apostasy, and if the devil by this stratagem could have prevailed, then the whole work of Christ among them, so spoken of, blessed and owned by the Lord, would have been utterly overthrown: this would have gratified Satan and his instruments greatly.

THOMAS WHEELER.

Thomas Wheeler, a New England soldier and annalist, was born in England about 1620, and died at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1686, having settled there soon after his emigration in 1642. He took part in King Philip's War, and was appointed, shortly after the outbreak of hostilities in July, 1675, military escort to Captain Edward Hutchinson of Boston, who had been commissioned by the Colonial Council to treat with the Indian Sachems in the Nipnuck country. King Philip, jealous of the encroachments of English settlers upon his hunting grounds, had begun his aggressions in the preceding month. He succeeded in combining nearly all the Indians of New England against the invaders, and the expedition of Hutchinson failed, the latter with twenty men being waylaid and slain at Brookfield on the 2nd of August. Wheeler's narrative of this expedition exhibits him as a faithful soldier of the Colony and of the God of the Puritans, but as a writer endowed with no gifts of literary expression. Yet his tract, as the half of it we give shows, is not without a certain savory interest from the very quaintness of its phraseology. It was first published in 1676. In 1827 it appeared in the second volume of the *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

OF THE LORD'S PROVIDENCES IN VARIOUS DISPENSATIONS TOWARDS CAPTAIN EDWARD HUTCHINSON OF BOSTON AND MYSELF, AND THOSE THAT WENT WITH US INTO THE NIPMUCK COUNTRY, AND ALSO TO QUABAUG, ALIAS BROOKFIELD: THE SAID CAPTAIN HUTCHINSON HAVING A COMMISSION FROM THE HONORED COUNCIL OF THIS COLONY TO TREAT WITH SEVERAL SACHEMS IN THOSE PARTS IN ORDER TO THE PUBLIC PEACE, AND MYSELF BEING ORDERED BY THE SAID COUNCIL TO ACCOMPANY HIM WITH PART OF MY TROOP FOR SECURITY FROM ANY DANGER THAT MIGHT BE FROM THE INDIANS: AND TO ASSIST HIM IN THE TRANSACTION OF MATTERS COMMITTED TO HIM.

THE said Captain Hutchinson and myself with about twenty men or more marched from Cambridge to Sudbury, July 28th, '75, and from thence into the Nipmuck country, and finding that the Indians had deserted their towns, and we having gone until we came within twenty miles of New Norwich, on July 31st (only we saw two Indians having an horse with them, whom we would have spoke with, but they fled from us and left their horse, which we took). We then thought it not expedient to march any further that way, but set our march for Brookfield, whither we came on the Lord's day about noon. From thence the same day (being August 1st), we understanding that the Indians were about ten miles north-west from us, we sent out four men to acquaint the Indians that we were not come to harm

them, but our business was only to deliver a message from our honored Governor and Council to them, and to receive their answer, we desiring to come to a treaty of peace with them (though they had for several days fled from us), they having before professed friendship and promised fidelity to the English.

When the messengers came to them, they made an alarm and gathered together about an hundred and fifty fighting men, as near as they could judge. The young men amongst them were stout in their speeches and surly in their carriage. But at length three of the chief sachems promised to meet us on the next morning about eight of the clock, upon a plain within three miles of Brookfield, with which answer the messengers returned to us. Whereupon, though their speeches and carriage did much discourage divers of our company, yet we conceived that we had a clear call to go to meet them at the place whither they had promised to come. Accordingly we with our men accompanied with three of the principal inhabitants of that town marched to the plain appointed ; but the treacherous heathen intending mischief (if they could have opportunity) came not to the said place, and so failed our hopes of speaking with them there. Whereupon the said Captain Hutchinson and myself with the rest of our company considered what was best to be done, whether we should go any further towards them, or return, divers of us apprehending much danger in case we did proceed, because the Indians kept not promise there with us. But the three men who belonged to Brookfield were so strongly persuaded of their freedom from any ill intentions towards us (as upon other grounds, so

especially because the greatest part of those Indians belonged to David, one of their chief sachems, who was taken to be a great friend to the English), that the said Captain Hutchinson, who was principally instructed with the matter of treaty with them, was thereby encouraged to proceed and march forward towards a swamp where the Indians then were.

When we came near the said swamp, the way was so very bad that we could march only in single file, there being a very rocky hill on the right hand and a thick swamp on the left, in which there were many of those cruel bloodthirsty heathen, who there waylaid us, waiting an opportunity to cut us off; there being also much brush on the side of the said hill, where they lay in ambush to surprise us. When we had marched there about sixty or seventy rods, the said perfidious Indians sent out their shot upon us as a shower of hail, they being, as was supposed, about two hundred men or more. We seeing ourselves so beset, and not having room to fight, endeavored to fly for the safety of our lives. In which flight we were in no small danger to be all cut off, there being a very miry swamp before us, into which we could not enter with our horses to go forwards; and there being no safety in retreating the way we came, because many of our enemies who lay behind the bushes and had let us pass by them quietly, when others had shot, they came out and stopt our way back; — so that we were forced as we could to get up the steep and rocky hill. But the greater our danger was, the greater was God's mercy in the preservation of so many from sudden destruction. Myself being gone up part of the hill without any hurt, and perceiving some of my men to be fallen by

the enemies' shot, I wheeled about upon the Indians, not calling on my men who were left to accompany me, which they in all probability would have done had they known of my return upon the enemy. They firing violently out of the swamp, and from behind the bushes on the hillside, wounded me sorely and shot my horse under me, so that he faltering and falling, I was forced to leave him, divers of the Indians being then but a few rods distant from me. My son Thomas Wheeler flying with the rest of the company missed me amongst them, and fearing that I was either slain or much endangered, returned towards the swamp again, though he had then received a dangerous wound in the reins ; where he saw me in the danger aforesaid. Whereupon he endeavored to rescue me, showing himself therein a loving and dutiful son, he adventuring himself into great peril of his life to help me in that distress ; there being many of the enemies about him. My son set me on his own horse, and so escaped awhile on foot himself, until he caught an horse whose rider was slain, on which he mounted, and so through God's great mercy we both escaped. But in this attempt for my deliverance he received another dangerous wound by their shot in his left arm.

There were then slain to our grief eight men. . . . There were also then five persons wounded, viz., Captain Hutchinson, myself and my son Thomas as aforesaid, Corporal French of Billericay, who having killed an Indian was (as he was taking up his gun) shot, and part of one of his thumbs taken off, and also dangerously wounded through the body near the shoulder. The fifth was John Waldoe of Chelmsford who was not so dangerously wounded as the rest.

They also then killed five of our horses and wounded some more, which soon died after they came to Brookfield. Upon this sudden and unexpected blow given us (wherein we desire to look higher than man, the instrument) we return to the town as fast as the badness of the way and the weakness of our wounded men would permit, we being then ten miles from it. All the while we were going we durst not stay to staunch the bleeding of our wounded men for fear the enemy should have surprised us again, which they attempted to do, and had in probability done, but that we perceiving which way they went, wheeled off to the other hand, and so by God's good Providence towards us, they missed us; and we all came readily upon, and safely to the town, though none of us knew the way to it, those of the place being slain as aforesaid, and we avoiding any thick woods and riding in open places to prevent danger by them. Being got to the town we speedily betook ourselves to one of the largest and strongest houses therein, where we fortified ourselves in the best manner we could in such straits of time, and there resolved to keep garrison, though we were but few, and meanly fitted to make resistance against so many enemies. The news of the Indians' treacherous dealing with us, and the loss of so many of our company thereby, did so amaze the inhabitants of the town, that they being informed thereof by us presently left their houses, divers of them carrying very little away with them, they being afraid of the Indians' sudden coming upon them: and so came to the house we were entered into, very meanly provided of clothing or furnished with provisions.

I perceiving myself to be disenabled for the discharge of the duties of my place by reason of the wound I had received, and apprehending that the enemy would soon come to spoil the town and assault us in the house, I appointed Simon Davis of Concord, James Richardson and John Fiske of Chelmsford to manage affairs for our safety with those few men whom God hath left us, and were fit for any service, and the inhabitants of the said town, — who did well and commendably perform the duties of the trust committed to them, with much courage and resolution, through the assistance of our gracious God, who did not leave us in our low and distressed state, but did mercifully appear for us in our greatest need as in the sequel will clearly be manifested.

Within two hours after our coming to the said house, or less, the said Captain Hutchinson and myself posted away Ephraim Curtis of Sudbury and Henry Young of Concord to go to the honored Council at Boston to give them an account of the Lord's dealings with us and our present condition. When they came to the further end of the town they saw the enemy rifling of houses which the inhabitants had forsaken. The post fired upon them and immediately returned to us again, they discerning no safety in going forward, and being desirous to inform us of the enemies' actings, that we might the more prepare for a sudden assault by them. Which indeed presently followed, for as soon as the said post was come back to us, the barbarous heathen pressed upon us in the house with great violence, sending in their shot amongst us like hail through the walls, and shouting as if they would have swallowed us up alive; but

our good God wrought wonderfully for us, so that there was but one man wounded within the house, viz., the said Henry Young who, looking out at a garret window that evening, was mortally wounded by a shot, of which wound he died within two days after. There was the same day another man slain, but not in the house. A son of Sergeant Prichard's, adventuring out of the house wherein we were to his father's house not far from it, to fetch more goods out of it, was caught by those cruel enemies as they were coming towards us, who cut off his head, kicking it about like a foot-ball, and then putting it upon a pole, they set it up before the door of his father's house, in our sight.

The night following the said blow, they did roar against us like so many wild bulls, sending in their shot amongst us till towards the moon-rising, which was about three of the clock; at which time they attempted to fire our house by hay and other combustible matter which they brought to one corner of the house and set it on fire. Whereupon some of our company were necessitated to expose themselves to very great danger to put it out. Simon Davis, one of the three appointed by myself as Captain, to supply my place by reason of my wounds as aforesaid, he, being of a lively spirit, encouraged the soldiers within the house to fire upon the Indians; and also those that adventured to put out the fire (which began to rage and kindle upon the house side) with these and the like words, that "God is with us and fights for us, and will deliver us out of the hands of these heathen," — which expressions of his the Indians hearing, they shouted and scoffed, saying: "Now

see how your God delivers you," or "will deliver you," sending in many shots whilst our men were putting out the fire. But the Lord of Hosts wrought very graciously for us, in preserving our bodies both within and without the house from their shot, and our house from being consumed by fire. We had but two men wounded in that attempt of theirs, but we apprehended that we killed divers of our enemies. . . .

The next day being August 3d they continued shooting and shouting, and proceeded in their former wickedness, blaspheming the name of the Lord and reproaching us, his afflicted servants, scoffing at our prayers as they were sending in their shot upon all quarters of the house. And many of them went to the town's meeting-house, which was within twenty rods of the house in which we were, who mocked, saying: "Come and pray and sing psalms," and in contempt made an hideous noise somewhat resembling singing. But we to our power did endeavor our own defence, sending our shot amongst them, the Lord giving us courage to resist them, and preserving us from the destruction they sought to bring upon us. On the evening following we saw our enemies carrying several of their dead or wounded men on their backs, who proceeded that night to send in their shot as they had done the night before, and also still shouted as if the day had been certainly theirs, and they should without fail have pervailed against us; which they might have the more hopes of in regard that we discerned the coming of new companies to them to assist and strengthen them, and the unlikelihood of any coming to our help.

They also used several stratagems to fire us,

namely, by "wild fire" in cotton and linen rags with brimstone in them, which rags they tied to the piles of their arrows, sharp for the purpose, and shot them to the roof of our house, after they had set them on fire; which would have much endangered the burning thereof had we not used means, by cutting holes through the roof and otherwise, to beat the said arrows down, and God being pleased to prosper our endeavors therein. They carried more combustible matter, as flax and hay, to the sides of the house and set it on fire, and then flocked apace towards the door of the house, either to prevent our going forth to quench the fire as we had done before, or to kill our men in their attempt to go forth; or else to break into the house by the door. Whereupon we were forced to break down the wall of the house against the fire to put it out. They also shot a ball of "wild fire" into the garret of the house, which fell amongst a great heap of flax or tow therein; which one of our soldiers through God's good Providence soon espied, and having water ready, presently quenched it. And so we were preserved by the Keeper of Israel, both our bodies from their shot, which they sent thick against us, and the house from being consumed to ashes, although we were but weak to defend ourselves; we being not above twenty and six men with those of that small town who were able for any service, and our enemies, as I judged them, about (if not above) three hundred. . . .

On Wednesday, August the fourth, the Indians fortified themselves at the meeting-house, and the barn belonging to our house, which they fortified both at the great doors at both ends with posts,

rails, boards, and hay to save themselves from our shot. They also devised other stratagems to fire our house on the night following, namely, they took a cart, and filled it with flax, hay and candle-wood, and other combustible matter, and set up planks fastened to the cart to save themselves from the danger of our shot. Another invention they had, to make the more sure work in burning the house: They got many poles of a considerable length and bigness and spliced them together at the ends one of another, and made a carriage of them about fourteen rods long, setting the poles in two rows with piles laid cross over them at the front end, and dividing them, said poles, about three foot asunder, and in the said front of this their carriage they set a barrel, having made an hole through both heads, and put an axle-tree through them, to which they fastened the said poles, and under every joint of the poles where they were spliced, they set up a pair of truckle wheels to bear up the said carriages; and they loaded the front or fore-end thereof with matter fit for firing, as hay, and flax, and chips, etc. Two of these instruments they prepared, that they might convey fire to the house with the more safety to themselves, they standing at such a distance from our shot whilst they wheeled them to the house. Great store of arrows they had also prepared to shoot fire upon the house that night; which we found after they were gone, they having left them there. But the Lord who is a present help in times of trouble, and is pleased to make his people's extremity his opportunity, did graciously prevent them of effecting what they hoped they should have done by the

aforesaid devices; partly by sending a shower of rain in season, whereby the matter prepared being wet would not so easily take fire as it otherwise would have done, and partly by aid coming to our help. For our danger would have been very great that night, had not the only wise God (blessed forever) been pleased to send to us about an hour within night the worshipful Major Willard, with Captain Parker of Groton and forty-six men more with five Indians, to relieve us in the low estate into which we were brought.

Our eyes were unto Him the Holy One of Israel; in Him we desired to place our trust. . . . And God who comforteth the afflicted, as He comforted the holy Apostle Paul by the coming of Titus to him, so He greatly comforted us, his distressed servants, both soldiers and town inhabitants, by the coming of the said honored Major and those with him. In whose so soon coming to us the good Providence of God did marvellously appear. For the help that came to us by the honored Council's order, after the tidings they received by our post sent to them, came not to us till Saturday, August 7th, in the afternoon, nor sooner could it well come in regard of their distance from us, *i.e.*, if we had not had help before that time, we see not how we could have held out, the number of the Indians so increasing, and they making so many assaults upon us, that our ammunition before that time would have been spent and ourselves disenabled for any resistance, we being but few, and always fain to stand upon our defence, that we had little time for refreshment of ourselves either by food or sleep.

PETER FOLGER.

Peter Folger, whose name as a New England poet is embalmed in Franklin's Autobiography, was born in England, 1617, and died at Nantucket, Massachusetts, in 1690. He emigrated to New England in 1635, and settled first in Watertown, then in Martha's Vineyard, as teacher, surveyor, and assistant to the Indian missionary, Thomas Mayhew. He afterward became a Baptist, and moved in 1663 to Nantucket, where he served as surveyor and interpreter, and for a time, as clerk of the courts. Cotton Mather says that he was pious and learned. His chief poem, *A Looking Glass for the Times, or the Former Spirit of New England Revived in this Generation* (1675), is described by Franklin as having been "written with manly freedom and a pleasing simplicity agreeably to the taste of the times and the country." The author addresses himself to the Governors of the Colonies, speaks for liberty of conscience, and in favor of the toleration of sects, among them the Quakers and Anabaptists, who had suffered persecution. Folger was far from being a poet, but he was a man of sound sense, and some of the stanzas which we reproduce have not lost their point or their application to-day.

A DENUNCIATION OF WAR.

If that the peace of God did rule,
with power in our heart,
Then outward war would flee away,
and rest would be our part.

If we do love our brethren,
and do to them, I say,
As we would they should do to us,
we should be quiet straightway.

But if that we a smiting go,
of fellow-servants so,
No marvel if our wars increase
and things so heavy go.

'Tis like that some may think and say
our war would not remain,
If so be that a thousand more
of natives were but slain.

Alas! these are but foolish thoughts,
God can make more arise,
And if that there were none at all,
he can make war with flies.

It is the presence of the Lord,
must make our foes to shake,
Or else it's like he will ere long
know how to make us quake.

Let us lie low before the Lord,
in all humility,
And then we shall with Asa see
our enemies to fly.

But if that we do leave the Lord,
and trust in fleshly arm,
Then 'tis no wonder if that we
do hear more news of harm.

Let's have our faith and hope in God,
and trust in him alone,
And then no doubt this storm of war
it quickly will be gone.

Thus, reader, I, in love to all,
leave these few lines with thee,
Hoping that in the substance we
shall very well agree.

If that you do mistake the verse
for its uncomely dress,
I tell thee true, I never thought
that it would pass the press.

If any at the matter kick,
it's like he's galled at heart,
And that's the reason why he kicks,
because he finds it smart.

I am for peace, and not for war,
and that's the reason why
I write more plain than some men do,
that use to daub and lie.

But I shall cease and set my name
to what I here insert,
Because to be a libeller,
I hate it with my heart.

From Sherbon town, where now I dwell,
my name I do put here,
Without offence your real friend,
it is PETER FOLGER.

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, introduces us to a new centre of literary activity, Philadelphia, where the progress of education and culture, though later in its beginning, was more rapid than in New England. It was but a few years after its foundation that it counted among its citizens men of broad culture and of European reputation. Logan, Bartram, Rittenhouse, and Godfrey do not belong directly to our subject; all the more then is it fitting to pay tribute to him whose liberal mind gave their genius scope in the infant colony. Penn was born in London, 1644, and died in Ruscombe, Berks, in 1718. But though he began, ended, and indeed passed a great part of his life in England, he is identified almost entirely with America. The son of an admiral, he was educated first in London, then in Ireland, then at Oxford, where he became conspicuous as a follower of the Quaker Fox, and was expelled from the University. He completed his education in France, travelling, mingling in fashionable society, and then serving on his father's staff till, in 1665, the London plague revived his religious fervor. While managing the family estates in Ireland in 1667, he openly espoused Quakerism. Recalled to England and estranged from his family, he preached and wrote on religious subjects. Being

harassed by the police and once imprisoned, he began to take much interest in colonization, and having inherited a large property, sent several shiploads of immigrants to America, where he finally accepted a patent of land in lieu of money, some eighty thousand dollars, due from the Government to his father. This was in 1681. In September, 1682, Penn took formal possession of his new territory, purchasing from the Swedes the site of Philadelphia, negotiating honorable treaties with the Indians, providing his colonists a liberal scheme of government, and leaving seven thousand of them behind on his return to England in 1684. He again visited America in 1699, and soon restored peace and order to a colony much vexed by the results of the Revolution of 1688. He showed himself a wise reformer, making new treaties with the Indians, and ameliorating the condition of the negroes. He returned to England in 1701. His later years were troubled by imprisonment, for conscience' sake, by the disgraceful conduct of his son, by business misadventures, and failing health. For the last six years of his life he was a helpless invalid. The simple dignity of his character, and the high ideals that he had for the colony appear in the letters that follow.

LETTER TO RICHARD TURNER.

Dear Friend: My true love in the Lord salutes thee and dear friends that love Lord's precious truths in those parts. Thine I have, and for my business here, know, that after many writings, watchings,

solicitings, and disputes in Council, this day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania: a name the King would give it, in honor to my father. I chose New Wales, being as this a pretty healthy country; but Penn being Welch for a head, as Penmanmore in Wales, Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England, called this Pennsylvania, which is the high or head wood land; for I proposed, when the Secretary a Welchman, refused to have it called New Wales, Sylvania, and they added Penn to it: and though I much opposed it, and went to the King to have it struck out and altered; he said it was passed, and he would take it upon him — nor could twenty guineas move the under Secretary to vary the name; for I feared, lest it should be looked upon as a vanity in me, and not as a respect to my father, who he often mentioned with praise. Thou mayest communicate my grant to Friends, and expect my proposals: it is a clear and just thing; and my God that has given it me, through many difficulties, will, I believe, bless and make it the seed of a nation. I shall have a tender care to the government, that it be well laid at first. No more now, but dear love in the truth.

W. Penn.

1st *Month* 5th. 1681.

LETTER TO THE INDIANS.

My Friends, There is a Great God and Power, that hath made the world and all things therein, to whom you and I and all people owe their being and well-being; and to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we do in the world. This Great God hath written his Law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love and help, and do good to one another, and not to do harm and mischief unto one another. Now this Great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world, and the king of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein; but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbors and friends; else what would the Great God do to us? who hath made us not to devour and destroy one another, but to live soberly and kindly together in the world. Now I would have you well observe that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice that hath been too much exercised towards you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought themselves, and to make great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of justice and goodness unto you, which I hear hath been matter of trouble unto you, and caused great grudgings and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood, which hath made the Great God angry. But I am not such a man, as is well known in my own country. I have great love and regard towards you, and I desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just, and peace-

able life, and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if in any thing any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them.

I shall shortly come to you myself, at what time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse of these matters; in the mean time I have sent my commissioners to treat with you about land, and a firm league of peace. — Let me desire you to be kind to them and the people, and receive these presents and tokens which I have sent you, as a testimony of my good-will to you, and my resolution to live justly, peaceably, and friendly with you.

I am your loving friend,

W. Penn.

London, the 18th of the 8th month, 1681.

LETTER TO GOVERNOR HINCKLEY.

Respected Friend, The duty and decency of my station as a Governour, as well as mine own inclination, oblige me to begin and observe a kind and friendly correspondence with persons in the like capacity under the same imperial authority. This single consideration is inducement enough to this Salute, and I have no reason to doubt its acceptance, because such an intercourse is recommended both by the laws of Christianity and those of civil policy; which said, Give me leave to wish thee and the people

under thy conduct all true felicity, and to assure thee that with God's assistance I shall herein endeavour to acquit and behave myself worthy of the title and character of

Thy Real Friend
and Loving Neighbour,
Wm. Penn.

Philadelphia, the 2 of the $\frac{mo}{5}$ 1683.

I take the freedom to present thee with a book.
For my well-respected Friend
the Governour
of Plymouth Colony
New England.

DANIEL DENTON.

Of Daniel Denton, the author of *A Brief Description of New York*, published in 1670, the first account in English of the city and colony that were to become the metropolis of a hemisphere, little is known save that he settled in Jamaica, Long Island, in 1656, being one of the founders of that town, and a resident there for many years. He was obviously a close and shrewd observer, but with little grace of style, and somewhat devoid of a sense either of humor or of irony as is shown by his remark about the Divine Hand making a way for the English by removing the Indians wherever they came to settle. Yet his very matter of tact statements are hardly less interesting for their inartistic uncouthness.

A TERRESTRIAL CANAAN.

[From "A Brief Description of New York." 1670.]

New York is built most of brick and stone, and covered with red and black tile, and the land being high, it gives at a distance a pleasing aspect to the spectators. The inhabitants consist most of English and Dutch, and have a considerable trade with the Indians, for beavers, otters, raccoon skins, with other

furs; as also for bear, deer, and elk skins; and are supplied with venison and fowl in the winter and fish in the summer by the Indians, which they buy at an easy rate; and having the country round about them, they are continually furnished with all such provisions as is needful for the life of man, not only by the English and Dutch within their own, but likewise by the adjacent Colonies.

The commodities vented from thence is furs and skins before-mentioned; as likewise tobacco made within the Colony, as good as is usually made in Mary-land; also horses, beef, pork, oil, pease, wheat, and the like.

Long Island, the west end of which lies southward of New York, runs eastward above one hundred miles, and is in some places eight, in some twelve, in some fourteen miles broad. It is inhabited from one end to the other. On the west end is four or five Dutch towns, the rest being all English, to the number of twelve, besides villages and farm-houses. The Island is most of it of a very good soil, and very natural for all sorts of English grain, which they sow and have very good increase of, besides all other fruits and herbs common in England; as also tobacco, hemp, flax, pumpkins, melons, etc.

For wild beasts, there is deer, bear, wolves, foxes, raccoons, otters, musquashes, and skunks. Wild fowl there is great store of, as turkeys, heath-hens, quails, partridges, pigeons, cranes, geese of several sorts, brants, ducks, widgeon, teal, and divers others. There is also the red-bird, with divers sorts of singing-birds, whose chirping notes salute the ears of travellers with an harmonious discord; and in every pond

and brook green silken frogs, who, warbling forth their untuned tunes, strive to bear a part in this music.

Towards the middle of Long Island lieth a plain sixteen miles long and four broad, upon which plain grows very fine grass, that makes exceeding good hay, and is very good pasture for sheep or other cattle; where you shall find neither stick nor stone to hinder the horse heels, or endanger them in their races; and once a year the best horses in the Island are brought hither to try their swiftness, and the swiftest rewarded with a silver cup, two being annually procured for that purpose. There are two or three other small plains of about a mile square, which are no small benefit to those towns which enjoy them.

Upon the south side of Long Island in the winter lie store of whales and crampasses, which the inhabitants begin with small boats to make a trade, catching to their no small benefit. Also an innumerable multitude of seals, which make an excellent oil. They lie all the winter upon some broken marshes and beaches, or bars of sand before-mentioned, and might be easily got were there some skilful men would undertake it. . . .

Within two leagues of New York lieth Staten Island. It bears from New York west something southerly. It is about twenty miles long, and four or five broad. It is most of it very good land, full of timber, and produceth all such commodities as Long Island doth, besides tin and store of iron ore; and the calamine stone is said likewise to be found there. There is but one town upon it, consisting of English and French, but is capable of entertaining more inhabitants; betwixt this and Long Island is a large bay, and is the coming in for all ships and vessels out of

the sea. On the north side of this Island Afterskull River puts into the main-land on the west side, whereof is two or three towns, but on the east side but one. There is very great marshes or meadows on both sides of it, excellent good land, and good convenience for the settling of several towns; there grows black walnut and locust, as there doth in Virginia, with mighty tall, straight timber, as good as any in the North of America. It produceth any commodity Long Island doth. . . .

To give some satisfaction to people that shall be desirous to transport themselves thither (the country being capable of entertaining many thousands), how and after what manner people live, and how land may be procured, etc., — I shall answer, that the usual way is for a company of people to join together, either enough to make a town, or a lesser number; these go with the consent of the governor, and view a tract of land, there being choice enough, and finding a place convenient for a town, they return to the governor, who upon their desire admits them into the Colony, and gives them a grant or patent for the said land, for themselves and associates. These persons being thus qualified, settle the place, and take in what inhabitants to themselves they shall see cause to admit of, till their town be full; these associates thus taken in have equal privileges with themselves, and they make a division of the land suitable to every man's occasions, no man being debarred of such quantities as he hath occasion for; the rest they let lie in common till they have occasion for a new division, never dividing their pasture-land at all, which lies in common to the whole town. The best commodities for any to

carry with them is clothing, the country being full of all sorts of cattle, which they may furnish themselves withal at an easy rate, for any sorts of English goods, as likewise instruments for husbandry and building, with nails, hinges, glass, and the like. For the manner how they get a livelihood, it is principally by corn and cattle, which will there fetch them any commodities ; likewise they sow store of flax, which they make every one cloth of for their own wearing, as also woolen cloth and linsey-woolsey, and had they more tradesmen amongst them, they would in a little time live without the help of any other country for their clothing. For tradesmen, there is none but live happily there, as carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, tailors, weavers, shoemakers, tanners, brickmakers, and so any other trade ; them that have no trade betake themselves to husbandry, get land of their own, and live exceeding well.

Thus have I briefly given you a relation of New York, with the places thereunto adjoyning ; in which, if I have erred, it is principally in not giving it its due commendation ; for besides those earthly blessings where it is stored, heaven hath not been wanting to open his treasure, in sending down seasonable showers upon the earth, blessing it with a sweet and pleasant air, and a continuation of such influences as tend to the health both of man and beast : and the climate hath such an affinity with that of England that it breeds ordinarily no alteration to those which remove thither ; that the name of seasoning, which is common to some other countries, hath never there been known ; that I may say, and say truly, that if there be any terrestrial happiness to be had by people of all

ranks, especially of an inferior rank, it must certainly be here. Here any one may furnish himself with land, and live rent-free — yea, with such a quantity of land that he may weary himself with walking over his fields of corn and all sorts of grain. And let his stock of cattle amount to some hundreds, he needs not fear their want of pasture in the summer or fodder in the winter, the woods affording sufficient supply. For the summer season, where you have grass as high as a man's knees, — nay, as high as his waist, — interlaced with pea-vines and other weeds that cattle much delight in, as much as a man can press through ; and these woods also every mile or half mile are furnished with fresh ponds, brooks or rivers, where all sorts of cattle, during the heat of the day, do quench their thirst and cool themselves ; these brooks and rivers being environed of each side with several sorts of trees and grape-vines, the vines, arbor-like, interchanging places and crossing these rivers, does shade and shelter them from the scorching beams of Sol's fiery influence. Here those which Fortune hath frowned upon in England, to deny them an inheritance amongst their brethren, or such as by their utmost labors can scarcely procure a living — I say such may procure here inheritances of lands and possessions, stock themselves with all sorts of cattle, enjoy the benefit of them whilst they live, and leave them to the benefit of their children when they die. Here you need not trouble the shambles for meat, nor bakers and brewers for beer and bread, nor run to a linen-draper for a supply, every one making their own linen and a great part of their woolen cloth for their ordinary wearing. And how prodigal, if I may so say, hath Nature

been to furnish the country with all sorts of wild beasts and fowl! which every one hath an interest in, and may hunt at his pleasure; where, besides the pleasure in hunting, he may furnish his house with excellent fat venison, turkeys, geese, heath-hens, cranes, swans, ducks, pigeons, and the like, — and wearied with that, he may go a-fishing; where the rivers are so furnished, that he may supply himself with fish before he can leave off the recreation: — where you may travel by land upon the same continent hundreds of miles, and pass through towns and villages, and never hear the least complaint for want, nor hear any ask you for a farthing; where you may lodge in the fields and woods, travel from one end of the country to another, with as much security as if you were locked within your own chamber; and if you chance to meet with an Indian town, they shall give you the best entertainment they have, and, upon your desire, direct you on your way. But that which adds happiness to all the rest, is the healthfulness of the place; where many people in twenty years' time never know what sickness is; where they look upon it as a great mortality if two or three die out of a town in a year's time; where, besides the sweetness of the air, the country itself sends forth such a fragrant smell that it may be perceived at sea before they can make the land; where no evil fog or vapor doth no sooner appear but a north-west or westerly wind doth immediately dissolve it and drive it away. What shall I say more? You shall scarce see a house but the south side is begirt with hives of bees, which increase after an incredible manner: — That I must needs say, that if there be any terrestrial Canaan, 't is surely here,

where the land floweth with milk and honey. The inhabitants are blest with peace and plenty, blessed in their country, blessed in their fields, blessed in the fruit of their bodies, in the fruit of their grounds, in the increase of their cattle, horses, and sheep, blessed in their basket, and in their store. In a word, blessed in whatsoever they take in hand or go about, the earth yielding plentiful increase to all their painful labors.

GEORGE ALSOP

George Alsop, the only literary representative of Maryland, included within this volume, was born in London, in 1638, and had been apparently an apprentice there before he emigrated to the colonies as an indentured servant in 1658. Little is known of his life, but it may be inferred that he was a pronounced opponent of Cromwell, for some rugged verses, scattered through his book are devoted to execration of the Lord Protector. Other outbursts of his "melancholy Muse" are of a jovial, ribald, and even occasionally obscene character, almost unique in colonial writings. But regrettable as this may be, Alsop's book is as entertaining as anything that seventeenth century America produced. It bears the quaint and somewhat cumbrous title *A Character of the Province of Maryland, also a Small Treatise on the Wild and Naked Indians or Susquehanokes of Maryland, their Customs, Manners, Absurdities, and Religion.* It is dated 1666, and has been twice republished (1869, 1880). He describes the Arcadian liberty and virtue of the province sympathetically, the Susquehanna Indians entertainingly, and his experiences during servitude graphically. His letters to his relatives in which his experiences are narrated are not models of epistolary style, but they are full of life, and by no means devoid of humor.

MARYLAND FISH.

[From "A Character of the Province of Maryland," London, 1666, Chap. I.]

As for fish which dwell in the watery tenements of the deep, and by a providential greatness of power, is kept for the relief of several countries in the world (which would else sink under the rigid enemy of want), here in Mary-land is a large sufficiency, and plenty of almost all sorts of fishes, which live and inhabit within her several rivers and creeks, far beyond the apprehending or crediting of those that never saw the same, and, which with very much ease is catched, to the great refreshment of the inhabitants of the province.

"OF THE GOVERNMENT AND NATURAL DISPOSITION OF THE PEOPLE."

[From the Same, Chap. II.]

Maryland, not from the remoteness of her situation, but from the regularity of her well-ordered government, may (without sin, I think) be called *singular*: And though she is not supported with such large revenues as some of her neighbors are, yet such is her wisdom in a reserved silence, and not in pomp, to shew her well-conditioned estate, in relieving at a distance the proud poverty of those that wont be seen they want, as well as those which by undeniable ne-

cessities are drove upon the rocks of pinching wants : Yet such a loathsome creature is a common and folding-handed beggar, that upon the penalty of almost a perpetual working in imprisonment, they are not to appear, nor lurk near our vigilant and laborious dwellings. The country hath received a general spleen and antipathy against the very name and nature of it ; and though there were no law provided, (as there is) to suppress it, I am certainly confident, there is none within the Province that would lower themselves so much below the dignity of men to beg, as long as limbs and life keep house together ; so much is a vigilant industrious care esteem'd.

He that desires to see the real platform of a quiet and sober government extant, superiority with a meek and yet commanding power sitting at the helm, steering the actions of a state quietly, through the multitude and diversity of opinionous waves that diversly meet; let him look on Mary-Land with eyes admiring, and he'le then judge her, The Miracle of this Age.

Here the Roman Catholic, and the Protestant Episcopal, (whom the world would persuade have proclaimed open wars irrevocably against each other) contrarywise concur in an unanimous parallel of friendship, and inseparable love entailed unto one another : All inquisitions, martyrdom, and banishments are not so much as named, but unexpressibly abhorr'd by each other.

The several opinions and sects that lodge within this government, meet not together in mutinous contempts to disquiet the power that bears rule, but with a reverend quietness obeys the legal commands of authority. Here's never seen Five Monarchies in a

zealous rebellion, opposing the rights and liberties of a true settled government, or monarchical authority: Nor did I ever see (here in Mary-Land) any of those dancing Adamitical Sisters that plead a primitive innocency for their base obscenity and naked deportment; but I conceive if some of them were there at some certain time of the year, between the months of January and February, when the winds blow from the north-west quarter of the world, that it would both cool, and (I believe) convert the hottest of these Zealots. . . .

And I really believe this land or government of Mary-Land may boast, that she enjoys as much quietness from disturbance of rebellious opinions, as most states or kingdoms do in the world: For here every man lives quietly, and follows his labor and employment desiredly; and by the protection of the laws, they are supported from those molestious troubles that ever attend upon the commons of other states and kingdoms, as well as from the aquafortial operation of great and eating taxes. Here's nothing to be levied out of the granaries of corn; but contrary-wise, by a law every domestic governor of a family is enjoined to make or cause to be made so much corn by a just limitation, as shall be sufficient for him and his family: So that by this wise and *Fanus*-like providence, the thin jawed skeleton with his starv'd carcass is never seen walking the woods of Mary-Land to affrighten children.

Once every year within this province is an assembly called, and out of every respective county (by the consent of the people) there is chosen a number of men, and to them is deliver'd up the grievances of

the country ; and they maturely debate the matters, and according to their consciences make laws for the general good of the people ; and where any former law that was made, seems and is prejudicial to the good or quietness of the land, it is repeal'd. These men that determine on these matters for the Republique, are called Burgesses, and they commonly sit in junto about six weeks, being for the most part good ordinary householders of the several counties, which do more by a plain and honest conscience, then by artificial syllogisms drest up in gilded orations.

Here suits and trials in law seldom hold dispute two terms or courts, but according as the equity of the cause appears is brought to a period, the Temples and Grays-Inn are clear out of fashion here : Marriot would sooner get a paunch-devouring meal for nothing, then for his invading counsel. Here if the Lawyer had nothing else to maintain him but his bawling, he might button up his chops, and burn his buckram bag, or else hang it upon a pin until its antiquity had eaten it up with dirt and dust : Then with a spade, like his grandsire Adam, turn up the face of creation, purchasing his bread by the sweat of his brows, that before was got by the motionated water-works of his jaws. So contrary to the genius of the people, if not to the quiet government of the Province, that the turbulent spirit of continued and vexatious law, with all its quirks and evasions, is openly and most eagerly opposed, that might make matters either dubious, tedious, or troublesome. All other matters that would be ranging in contrary and improper spheres, (in short) are here by the power moderated, lower'd, and subdued. All villainous outrages that are com-

mitted in other states, are not so much as known here : A man may walk in the open woods as secure from being externally dissected, as in his own house or dwelling. So hateful is a robber, that if but once imagin'd to be so, he's kept at a distance, and shun'd as the pestilential noisomeness.

It is generally and very remarkably observed, That those whose lives and conversations have had no other gloss nor glory stampt on them in their own country, but the stigmatization of baseness, were here (by the common civilities and deportments of the inhabitants of this Province) brought to detest and loath their former actions. Here the constable hath no need of a train of Holberteers [Halberdeers], that carry more armor about them, then heart to guard him : Nor is he ever troubled to leave his feathered nest to some friendly successor, while he is placing of his lanthern-horn guard at the end of some suspicious street. . . . Here's no Newgates for pilfering felons, nor Ludgates for debtors, nor any Bridewells to lash the soul of concupiscence into a chaste repentance. For as there is none of these prisons in Mary-Land, so the merits of the country deserves none, but if any be foully virtuous, he is so reserv'd in it, that he seldom or never becomes popular. Common alehouses, (whose dwellings are the only receptacles of debauchery and baseness, and those schools that trains up youth, as well as age to ruin) in this Province there are none ; neither hath youth his swing or range in such a profuse and unbridled liberty as in other countries ; for from an ancient custom at the primitive seating of the place, the son works as well as the servant, (an excellent cure for untam'd

youth) so that before they eat their bread, they are commonly taught how to earn it; which makes them by that time age speaks them capable of receiving that which their parents' indulgency is ready to give them, and which partly is by their own laborious industry purchased, they manage it with such a serious, grave, and watching care, as if they had been masters of families, trained up in that domestic and governing power from their cradles. These christian natives of the land, especially those of the masculine sex, are generally conveniently confident, reservedly subtle, quick in apprehending, but slow in resolving; and where they spy profit sailing towards them with the wings of a prosperous gale, there they become much familiar. The women differ something in this point, though not much: They are extreme bashful at the first view, but after a continuance of time hath brought them acquainted, there they become discreetly familiar, and are much more talkative than men. All complemental courtships, drest up in critical rarities, are mere strangers to them, plain wit comes nearest their genius; so that he that intends to court a Mary-Land girl, must have something more than the tautologies of a long-winded speech to carry on his design, or else he may (for aught I know) fall under the contempt of her frown, and his own windy oration.

One great part of the inhabitants of this Province are desiredly zealous, great pretenders to holiness; and where any thing appears that carries on the frontispiece of its effigies the stamp of religion, though fundamentally never so imperfect, they are suddenly taken with it, and out of an eager desire to any thing that's new, not weighing the sure matter in the

balance of reason, are very apt to be catcht. Quakerism is the only opinion that bears the bell away: The Anabaptists have little to say here, as well as in other places, since the Ghost of John of Leyden haunts their Conventicles. The Adamite, Ranter, and Fifth-Monarchy men, Mary-Land cannot, nay will not digest within her liberal stomach such corroding morsels: So that this Province is an utter enemy to blasphemous and zealous imprecations, drain'd from the limbec of hellish and damnable spirits, as well as profuse prophaneness, that issues from the prodigality of none but crackt-brain Scots.

'Tis said the Gods lower down that chain above
That ties both prince and subject up in love;
And if this fiction of the gods be true,
Few, MARY-LAND, in this can boast but you:
Live ever blest, and let those clouds that do
Eclipse most states, be always lights to you;
And dwelling so, you may for ever be
The only Emblem of tranquility.

"A RELATION OF THE CUSTOMS, MANNERS, ABSURDITIES, AND RELIGION OF THE SUSQUEHANOCK INDIANS IN AND NEAR MARYLAND."

[From the Same.]

The Indians paint upon their faces one stroke of red, another of green, another of white, and another of black, so that when they have accomplished the equipage of their countenance in this trim, they are the only Hieroglyphics and Representatives of the

Furies. Their skins are naturally white, but altered from their originals by the several dyeings of roots and barks, that they prepare and make useful to metamorphize their hides into a dark cinnamon brown. The hair of their head is black, long and harsh, but where Nature hath appointed the situation of it anywhere else, they divert it (by an ancient custom) from its growth, by pulling it up hair by hair by the root in its primitive appearance. Several of them wear divers impressions on their breasts and arms, as the picture of the Devil, bears, tigers, and panthers, which are imprinted on their several lineaments with much difficulty and pain, with an irrevocable determination of its abiding there: and this they count a badge of heroic valor, and the only ornament due to their heroes.

These Susquehanock Indians are for the most part great warriors, and seldom sleep one summer in the quiet arms of a peaceable rest, but keep (by their present power, as well as by their former conquest) the several Nations of Indians round about them in a forcible obedience and subjection.

When they determine to go upon some design that will and doth require a consideration, some six of them get into a corner, and sit in Junto; and if thought fit, their business is made popular, and immediately put into action; if not, they make a full stop to it, and are silently reserved.

The warlike equipage they put themselves in when they prepare for Belona's march, is with their faces, arms, and breasts confusedly painted, their hair greased with bears' oil, and stuck thick with swans' feathers, with a wreath or diadem of black and white beads

upon their heads, a small hatchet, instead of a cimeter, stuck in their girts behind them, and either with guns, or bows and arrows. In this posture and dress they march out from their fort, or dwelling, to the number of forty in a troop, singing (or rather howling out) the decades or warlike exploits of their ancestors, ranging the wild woods until their fury has met with an enemy worthy of their revenge. What prisoners fall into their hands by the destiny of war, they treat them very civilly while they remain with them abroad, but when they once return homewards, they then begin to dress them in the habit for death, putting on their heads and arms wreaths of beads, greasing their hair with fat, some going before, and the rest behind, at equal distance from their prisoners, bellowing in a strange and confused manner, which is a true presage and forerunner of destruction to their then conquered enemy.

As for their religion, together with their rites and ceremonies, they are so absurd and ridiculous, that it's almost a sin to name them. They own no other deity than the Devil (solid or profound), but with a kind of a wild imaginary conjecture, they suppose from their groundless conceits, that the world had a Maker, but where he is that made it, or whether he be living to this day, they know not. The Devil, as I said before, is all the God they own or worship; and that more out of a slavish fear than any real reverence to his infernal or diabolical greatness, he forcing them to their obedience by his rough and rigid dealing with them, often appearing visibly among them to their terror, bastinadoing them (with cruel menaces) even unto death, and burning their fields of corn

and houses, that the relation thereof makes them tremble themselves when they tell it.

Once in four years they sacrifice a child to him, in an acknowledgment of their firm obedience to all his devilish powers, and hellish commands. The priests, to whom they apply themselves in matters of importance and greatest distress, are like those that attended upon the Oracle at Delphos, who by their magic spells could command a *pro* or *con* from the Devil when they pleased. These Indians ofttimes raise great tempests when they have any weighty matter or design in hand, and by blustering storms inquire of their infernal god (the Devil) how matters shall go with them either in public or private.

When any among them depart this life, they give him no other entombment than to set him upright upon his breech in a hole dug in the earth some five foot long, and three foot deep, covered over with the bark of trees archwise, with his face due west, only leaving a hole half a foot square open. They dress him in the same equipage and gallantry that he used to be trimmed in when he was alive, and so bury him (if a soldier) with his bows, arrows, and target, together with all the rest of his implements and weapons of war, with a kettle of broth, and corn standing before him, lest he should meet with bad quarters in his way. His kindred and relations follow him to the grave, sheathed in bear-skins for close mourning, with the tail droiling on the ground, in imitation of our English solemners, that think there's nothing like a tail a degree in length, to follow the dead corpse to the grave with.

To my Father at his House.

Sir : — After my obedience (at so great and vast a distance) has humbly saluted you and my good mother, with the cordialest of my prayers, wishes, and desires to wait upon you, with the very best of their effectual devotion, wishing from the very centre of my soul your flourishing and well-being here upon earth, and your glorious and everlasting happiness in the world to come.

These lines (my dear parents) come from that son which by an irregular fate was removed from his native home, and after a five months dangerous passage, was landed on the remote continent of America, in the province of Mary-Land, where now by providence I reside. To give you the particulars of the several accidents that happened in our voyage by sea, it would swell a journal of some sheets, and therefore too large and tedious for a letter: I think it therefore necessary to bind up the relation in octavo, and give it you in short.

We had a blowing and dangerous passage of it, and for some days after I arrived I was an absolute *Copernicus*, it being one main point of my moral creed to believe the world had a pair of long legs, and walked with the burthen of the creation upon her back. For to tell you the very truth of it, for some days upon land, after so long and tossing a passage, I was so giddy that I could hardly tread an even step: so that all things both above and below (that was in view) appeared to me like the Kentish Britains to William the Conqueror, in a moving posture.

These few number of weeks since my arrival, has

given me but little experience to write anything large of the country ; only thus much I can say, and that not from any imaginary conjectures, but from an ocular observation, that this country of Mary-Land abounds in a flourishing variety of delightful woods, pleasant groves, lovely springs, together with spacious navigable rivers and creeks, it being a most healthful and pleasant situation, so far as my knowledge has yet had any view in it.

Herds of deer are as numerous in this Province of Mary-Land, as cuckolds can be in London, only their horns are not so well dressed and tipped with silver as theirs are.

Here if the devil had such a vagary in his head as he once had among the *Gadareans*, he might drown a thousand head of hogs and they'd ne're be missed, for the very woods of this Province swams with them.

The Christian inhabitant of this Province, as to the general, lives wonderfully well and contented : the government of this Province is by the loyalness of the people, and loving demeanor of the Proprietor and Governor of the same, kept in a continued peace and unity.

The servant of this Province, which are stigmatized for slaves by the clappermouth jaws of the vulgar in England, live more like freemen than the most mechanic apprentices in London, wanting for nothing that is convenient and necessary, and according to their several capacities, are extraordinary well used and respected. So leaving things here as I found them, and lest I should commit sacrilege upon your more serious meditations, with the tautologies of a long-winded letter, I'le subscribe with a heavenly ejacula-

tion to the God of mercy to preserve you now and for evermore, Amen.

Your obedient son,

G. A.

From Mary-Land, Jan. 17, Anno.

To My Much Honored Friend Mr. M. F.

Sir: — You writ to me when I was at Gravesend. (but I had no conveniency to send you an answer till now) enjoining me, if possible, to give you a just information by my diligent observance, what thing were best and most profitable to send into this country for a commodious trafic.

Sir, the enclosed will demonstrate unto you both particularly and at large, to the full satisfaction of your desire, it being an invoice drawn as exact to the business you employed me upon, as my weak capacity could extend to.

Sir, if you send any adventure to this Province, let me beg to give you this advice in it; that the factor whom you employ be a man of brain, otherwise the planter will go near to make a skimming-dish of his skull: I know your genius can interpret my meaning. The people of this place (whether the saltness of the ocean gave them any alteration when they went over first, or their continual dwelling under the remote clime where they now inhabit, I know not) are a more acute people in general, in matters of trade and commerce, than in any other place of the world, and by their crafty and sure bargaining, do often overreach the raw and unexperienced merchant. To be

short, he that undertakes merchant's employment for Mary-Land, must have more of knave in him than fool: he must not be a windling piece of formality, that will lose his employer's goods for conscience sake; nor a flashy piece of prodigality, that will give his merchants fine hollands, laces, and silks, to purchase the benevolence of a female: but he must be a man of solid confidence, carrying always in his looks the effigies of an execution upon command, if he supposes a baffle or denial of payment, where a debt for his employer is legally due.

Sir, I had like almost to forgot to tell you in what part of the world I am: I dwell by providence servant to Mr. Thomas Stocket, in the County of Baltimore, within the Province of Mary-Land, under the Government of the Lord Baltimore, being a country abounding with the variety and diversity of all that is or may be rare. But lest I should tantalize you with a relation of that which is very unlikely of your enjoying, by reason of that strong antipathy you have ever had 'gainst travel, as to your own particular: I'le only tell you, that Mary-Land is seated within the large extending arms of America, between the degrees of 36 and 38, being in longitude from England eleven hundred and odd leagues.

Vale.

G. A.

From Mary-Land, Jan. 17, Anno.

To My Cousin Mrs. Ellinor Evins.

E're I forget the zenith of your love,
*L*et me be banished from the thrones above;
*L*ight let me never see, when I grow rude,
*I*ntomb your love in base ingratitude:
*N*or may I prosper, but the state
*O*f gaping Tantalus be my fate;
*R*ather than I should thus preposterous grow,
*E*arth would condemn me to her vaults below.
*V*irtuous and noble, could my genius raise
*I*mmortal anthems to your vestal praise,
*N*one should be more laborious than I,
*S*aint-like to canonize you to the sky.

The antimonial cup (dear cousin) you sent me, I had; and as soon as I received it, I went to work with the infirmities and diseases of my body. At the first draught, it made such havoc among the several humors that had stolen into my body, that like a conjurer in a room among a company of little devils, they no sooner hear him begin to speak high words, but away they pack, and happy is he that can get out first, some up the chimney, and the rest down stairs, till they are all dispersed. So those malignant humors of my body, feeling the operative power, and medicinal virtue of this cup, were so amazed at their sudden surprisal, (being always before battered only by the weak assaults of some few empyrics) they stood not long to dispute, but with joint consent made their retreat, . . .

Cousin, for this great kindness of yours, in sending me this medicinal virtue, I return you my thanks: it came in a very good time, when I was dangerously

sick, and by the assistance of God, it hath perfectly recovered me.

I have sent you here a few furs, they were all I could get at present, I humbly beg your acceptance of them, as a pledge of my love and thankfulness unto you; I subscribe,

Your loving cousin,

G. A.

From Mary-Land, Dec. 9, Anno.

NARRATIVES DEALING WITH BACON'S REBELLION.

No event in the Southern Colonies, before the Revolution, stimulated greater literary activity, or was more characteristic of the independent temper bred in Englishmen by their new surroundings than the popular uprising in 1676 known as "Bacon's Rebellion," just one hundred years before not dissimilar causes brought about the general Colonial Declaration of Independence. During the English Protectorate, Governor Berkeley, who had taken the Royal side, had been forced to resign his authority in 1651. He was reinstated at the Restoration, in 1660, and surpassed his royal master in persecution, especially of the Baptists and Quakers, and in taxation, from which the large personal estates were exempted. He abolished also the biennial election of Burgesses. This led to popular discontent, intensified by the conduct of the king, who treated Virginia as his personal property, making large grants to Court favorites, and countenancing laws that produced great uncertainty and distress among the planters. The Assembly, assuming to be a perpetual body, sought to make itself independent of Colonial legislation by a permanent impost on imported tobacco. Vain protests were made to the king against the invasion of popular liberties, and legislation, which reduced the price of tobacco to Colonial currency and burdened trade by Parliamentary restraints. This, added to the corruption, tyranny, and inefficiency of Governor Berkeley,

who seemed unable or unwilling to accord the Colonists adequate protection from Indian massacres and raids, produced a growing discontent that needed only the presence of a sturdy leader to burst into overt rebellion. Such a leader the Colonists found in Nathaniel Bacon, a young man of wealth and the best English training, who in defiance of the Governor took the field against the Indians and was enthusiastically supported by the mass of the people and the smaller planters. This was in April, 1676. The same month Charles II, in response to Colonial protest ordered the preparation of a liberal charter. In May, Berkeley proclaimed Bacon a traitor. In June, however, the assembly enacted the so-called "Bacon Laws" a series of Reform measures, and that leader was appointed Commander in Chief against the Indians. In July the Reform party seem to have achieved a legislative triumph, and in August a popular convention met at Williamsburg, voted to sustain Bacon against the Indians and to prevent, if possible, a civil war; but the sudden sickness and death of Bacon in October deprived the popular party of its only efficient leader, and Berkeley reëstablished his tyranny by such general hurried and indecent executions that the king is said to have exclaimed "The old fool has taken more lives in his naked country than I for my father's murder." The character of his administration till his enforced recall in 1676 may be gathered from his often quoted saying "Thank God there are no free schools nor printing presses, and I hope there will be none for an hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world and print-

ing has divulged these and other libels." The rebellion had a romantic character that seemed to beckon the historian as it has the romancer. There is an anonymous "History of Bacon's and Ingrams' Rebellion," known as "The Burwell Papers," printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1814 and again more correctly in 1866. Though incomplete it is a thoroughly readable narrative, a little pedantic and affected and pronounced in its sympathy with the aristocratic party. The writer has been conjecturally identified with a planter, Cotton of Acquia Creek, possibly the author of the concise account that heads our selections. Another shorter account written in 1705 by a certain T. M., probably Thomas Matthews, a Burgess of Stafford County, and a man of genial credulity, has furnished us interesting material. But neither of these writers approaches, in literary power, that unknown "Bacon's man" who wrote upon his master a really noble epitaph. All these documents may be found in Vol. I. of "Force's Tracts."

A SUCCINCT ACCOUNT.

[From "Strange News from Virginia," London, 1677. Possibly by Cotton.]

There is no nation this day under the copes of Heaven can so experimentally speak the sad effects of men of great parts being reduced to necessity, as England; but not to rake up the notorious misdemeanors of the dead, I shall endeavor to prevent the

sad effects of so deplorable a cause, by giving you an account of the remarkable life and death of this Gentleman of whom I am about to discourse. And because when a man has once engaged himself in an ill action, all men are ready to heap an innumerable aspersions upon him, of which he is no ways guilty, I shall be so just in the history of his life as not to rob him of those commendations which his birth and acquisitions claim as due, and so kind both to loyalty and the wholsome constituted laws of our kingdom, as not to smother anything which would render him to blame.

This Gentleman who has of late beckoned the attention of all men of understanding who are any ways desirous of novelty, [or] care what becomes of any part of the world besides that themselves live in, had the honor to be descended of an ancient and honorable family, his name *Nathaniel Bacon*, to which to the long known title of Gentleman, by his long study [at] the Inns of Court he has since added that of Esquire. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Bacon of an ancient seat known by the denomination of Freestone-Hall in the County of Suffolk, a gentleman of known loyalty and ability. His father as he was able so he was willing to allow this his son a very gentile competency to subsist upon, but he as it proved having a soul too large for that allowance, could not contain himself within bounds ; which his careful father perceiving, and also that he had a mind to travel (having seen divers parts of the world before) consented to his inclination of going to Virginia, and accomodated him with a stock for that purpose, to the value of 1800*l* Starling, as I am credibly

informed by a merchant of very good wealth, who is now in this city, and had the fortune to carry him thither.

He began his voyage thitherwards about three years since, and lived for about a year's space in that continent in very good repute, his extraordinary parts like a letter of recommendation rendering him acceptable in all men's company, whilst his considerable concerns in that place were able to bear him out in the best of society. These accomplishments of mind and fortune, rendred him so remarkable, that the worthy Governor of that Continent thought it requisite to take him into his Privy Council.

That Plantation which he chose to settle in is generally known by the name of Curles, situate in the upper part of James River and the time of his Revolt was not till the beginning of March, $167\frac{5}{6}$. At which time the Susquo-hannan Indians (a known enemy to that country) having made an insurrection, and killed divers of the English, amongst whom it was his fortune to have a servant slain; in revenge of whose death, and other damage(s) he received from those turbulent Susquo-hanians, without the Governor's consent he furiously took up arms against them and was so fortunate as to put them to flight, but not content therewith; the aforesaid Governor hearing of his eager pursuit after the vanquished Indians, sent out a select company of soldiers to command him to desist; but he instead of listening thereunto, persisted in his revenge, and sent to the Governor to entreat his commission, that he might more cheerfully prosecute his design; which being denied him by the messenger he sent for that purpose, he notwithstanding con-

tinued to make head with his own servants, and other English then resident in Curles against them. In this interim the people of Henrica had returned him Burgess of their County; and he in order thereunto took his own sloop and came down towards James Town, conducted by thirty odd soldiers, with part of which he came ashore to Mr. Laurence's house, to understand whether he might come in with safety or not, but being discovered by one Parson Clough, and also it being perceived that he had lined the bushes of the said town with soldiers, the Governor thereupon ordered an alarm to be beaten through the whole town, which took so hot, that Bacon thinking himself not so secure whilst he remained there within reach of their fort, immediately commanded his men aboard, and towed his sloop up the river; which the Governor perceiving, ordered the ships which lay at Sandy-point to pursue and take him; and they by the industry of their commanders succeeded so well in the attempt, that they presently stopt his passage; so that Mr. Bacon finding himself pursued both before and behind, after some capitulations, quietly surrendred himself prisoner to the Governor's Commissioners, to the great satisfaction of all his friends; which action of his was so obliging to the Governor, that he granted him his liberty immediately upon parole, without confining him either to prison or chamber, and the next day, after some private discourse passed betwixt the Governor, the Privy Council, and himself, he was amply restored to all his former honors and dignities, and a commission partly promised him to be general against the Indian army; but upon further enquiry into his affairs it was not thought fit to

be granted him ; whereat his ambitious mind seemed mightily to be displeased ; insomuch that he gave out, that it was his intention to sell his whole concerns in Virginia, and to go with his whole family to live either in Merry-land or the South, because he would avoid (as he said) the scandal of being accounted a factious person there. But this resolution it seems was but a pretence, for afterwards he headed the same runnagado English that he formerly found ready to undertake and go sharers with him in any of his rebellions, and adding to them the assistance of his own slaves and servants, headed them so far till they toucht at the Occonegies town, where he was treated very civilly, and by the inhabitants informed where some of the Susquehanno's were inforted, whom presently he assails, and after he had vanquished them, slew about seventy of them in their fort. But as he returned back to the Occoneges, he found they had fortified themselves with divers more Indians than they had at his first arrival ; wherefore he desired hostages of them for their good behavior, whilst he and his followers lay within command of their fort. But those treacherous Indians grown confident by reason of their late recruit, returned him this answer, That their guns were the only hostages he was like to have of them, and if he would have them he must fetch them. Which was no sooner spoke, but the Indians sallied out of the fort and shot one of his sentinels, whereupon he charged them so fiercely, that the fight continued not only all that day, but the next also, till the approach of the evening, at which time finding his men grow faint for want of provision, he laid hold of the opportunity, being

befriended by a gloomy night, and so made an honorable retreat homewards. . . .

This being past, Mr. Bacon, about the 25th of June last, dissatisfied that he could not have a commission granted him to go against the Indians, in the night time departed the town unknown to any body, and about a week after got together between four and five hundred men of New-Kent County, with whom he marched to James-Town, and drew up in order before the House of State; and there peremptorily demanded of the Governor, Council, and Burgesses (there then collected) a commission to go against the Indians, which if they should refuse to grant him, he told them that neither he nor ne're a man in his company would depart from their doors until he had obtained his request; whereupon to prevent farther danger in so great an exigence, the Council and Burgesses by much intreaty obtained him a commission signed by the Governor, an act for one thousand men to be listed under his command to go against the Indians, to whom the same pay was to be granted as was allowed to them who went against the fort. But Bacon was not satisfied with this, but afterwards earnestly importuned, and at length obtained of the House, to pass an act of indemnity to all persons who had sided with him, and also letters of recommendations from the Governor to his Majesty in his behalf; and moreover caused Colonel Claybourn and his son Captain Claybourn, Lieutenant Colonel West, and Lieutenant Colonel Hill, and many others, to be degraded for ever bearing any office, whether it were military or civil.

Having obtained these large civilities from the

Governor, &c. one would have thought that if the principles of honesty would not have obliged him to peace and loyalty, those of gratitude should. But, alas, when men have been once flusht or entered with vice, how hard is it for them to leave it, especially it tends towards ambition or greatness, which is the general lust of a large soul, and the common error of vast parts, which fix their eyes so upon the lure of greatness, that they have no time left them to consider by what indirect and unlawful means they must (if ever) attain it.

This certainly was Mr. Bacon's Crime, who after he had once lanched into rebellion, nay, and upon submission had been pardoned for it, and also restored, as if he had committed no such heinous offence, to his former honor and dignities (which were considerable enough to content any reasonable mind) yet for all this he could not forbear wading into his former misdemeanors, and continued his opposition against that prudent and established government, ordered by his Majesty of Great Britain to be duly observed in that continent.

In fine, he continued (I cannot say properly in the fields, but) in the woods with a considerable army all last summer, and maintained several brushes with the Governor's party, sometimes routing them, and burning all before him, to the great damage of many of his Majesty's loyal subjects there resident; sometimes he and his rebels were beaten by the Governor, &c. and forced to run for shelter amongst the woods and swamps. In which lamentable condition that unhappy continent has remained for the space of almost a twelve-month, every one therein that were able

being forced to take up arms for security of their own lives, and no one reckoning their goods, wives, or children to be their own, since they were so dangerously exposed to the doubtful accidents of an uncertain war.

But the indulgent Heavens, who are alone able to compute what measure of punishments are adequate or fit for the sins or transgressions of a nation, has in its great mercy thought fit to put a stop, at least, if not a total period and conclusion to these Virginian troubles, by the death of this Nat. Bacon, the great molester of the quiet of that miserable nation; so that now we who are here in England, and have any relations or correspondence with any of the inhabitants of that continent, may by the arrival of the next ships from that coast expect to hear that they are freed from all their dangers, quitted of all their fears, and in great hopes and expectation to live quietly under their own vines, and enjoy the benefit of their commendable labors.

I know it is by some reported that this Mr. Bacon was a very hard drinker, and that he died by imbibing, or taking in too much brandy. But I am informed by those who are persons of undoubted reputation, and had the happiness to see the same letter which gave his Majesty an account of his death, that there was no such thing therein mentioned: he was certainly a person indued with great natural parts, which notwithstanding his juvenile extravagances he had adorned with many elaborate acquisitions, and by the help of learning and study knew how to manage them to a miracle, it being the general vogue of all that knew him, that he

usually spoke as much sense in as few words, and delivered that sense as opportunely as any they ever kept company withal. Wherefore as I am my self a lover of ingenuity, though an abhorrer of disturbance or rebellion, I think fit since Providence was pleased to let him die a natural death in his bed, not to asperse him with saying he killed himself with drinking.

CAUSES OF THE STRIFE.

[From the "Burwell Papers." First Published by the Mass. Hist. Soc., 1814.]

The people chose Col. Bacon their General, which post he accepted. He was a man of quality and merit, brave, and eloquent; became much endeared, not so much for what he had yet done as the cause of their affections, as for what they expected he would do to deserve their devotion; while with no common zeal they sent up their reiterated prayers, first to himself, and next to heaven, that he may become their guardian angel, to protect them from the cruelties of the Indians, against whom this gentleman had a perfect antipathy.

It seems that at the first rise of the war this gentleman had made some overtures unto the Governor for a commission to go and put a stop to the Indians' proceedings. But the Governor at present, either not willing to commence the quarrel (on his part) till more suitable reasons presented for to urge his more severe prosecution of the same, against the heathen; or that he doubted Bacon's temper, as he

appeared popularly inclined ; a constitution not consistent with the times or the people's dispositions, being generally discontented, for want of timely provisions against the Indians, or for annual impositions laid upon them too great (as they said) for them to bear, and against which they had some considerable time complained, without the least redress, — for these or some other reasons the Governor refused to comply with Bacon's proposals : which he looking upon as undervaluing as well to his parts as a disparagement to his pretensions, he in some elated and passionate expressions swore, commission or no commission, the next man or woman he heard of that should be killed by the Indians, he would go out against them though but twenty men would adventure the service with him. Now it so unhappily fell out that the next person that the Indians did kill was one of his own family. Whereupon having got together about seventy or ninety persons, most good housekeepers, well armed, and seeing that he could not legally procure a commission (after some strugglings with the Governor), some of his best friends who condemned his enterprises, he applies himself. . . .

This rash proceeding of Bacon, if it did not undo himself, by his failing in the enterprise, might chance to undo them in the affections of the people ; which, to prevent, they thought it conducible to their interest and establishment for to get the Governor in the mind to proclaim him a rebel, as knowing that once being done, since it could not be done but in and by the Governor's name, it must needs breed bad blood between Bacon and Sir William, not easily to be purged ; for though Sir William might forgive what

Bacon as yet had acted, yet it might be questionable whether Bacon might forget what Sir William had done. However, according to their desires, Bacon, and all his adherents, was proclaimed a rebel, May the 29, and forces raised to reduce him to his duty; with which the Governor advanced from the Middle Plantation to find him out, and if need was to fight him, if the Indians had not knocked him and those that were with him in the head, as some were in hope they had done, and which by some was earnestly desired.

After some days the Governor retracts his march (a journey of some thirty or forty miles), to meet the Assembly, now ready to set down at our metropolis; while Bacon in the meanwhile meets with the Indians, upon whom he falls with abundance of resolution and gallantry (as his own party relates it) in their fastness, killing a great many and blowing up their magazines of arms and powder — to a considerable quantity, if we may judge from himself; no less than four thousand weight. This being done, and all his provisions spent, he returns home, and while here submits himself to be chosen burgess of the county in which he did live, contrary to his qualifications, take him as he was formerly one of the Council of State, or as he was now a proclaimed rebel. However, he applies himself to the performance of that trust reposed in him by the people, if he might be admitted into the house. But this not saying according to his desire, though according to his expectation, and he remaining in his sloop (then at anchor before the town), in which was about thirty gentlemen besides himself, he was there surprised and made

prisoner with the rest, some being put into irons, in which condition they remained some time, till all things were fitted for the trial. Which being brought to a day of hearing, before the Governor and Council. Bacon was not only acquitted and pardoned all misdemeanors, but restored to the Council table as before; and not only, but promised to have a commission signed the Monday following (this was Saturday) as General for the Indian war, to the universal satisfaction of the people, who passionately desired the same; witnessed by the general acclamations of all then in town.

And here who can do less than wonder at the mutable and impermanent deportments of that blind goddess Fortune, who in the morning leads men with disgraces, and, ere night, crowns him with honors; sometimes depressing, and again elevating, as her fickle humor is to smile or frown — of which this gentleman's fate was a kind of epitome in the several vicissitudes and changes he was subjected in a very few days; for in the morning, before his trial, he was, in his enemies' hopes and his friends' fears, judged for to receive the guerdon due to a rebel (and such he was proclaimed to be), and, ere night, crowned the darling of the people's hopes and desires, as the only man fit in Virginia to put a stop to the bloody resolution of the heathen. And yet again, as a fuller manifestation of Fortune's inconstancy, within two or three days, the people's hopes and his desires were both frustrated by the Governor's refusing to sign the promised commission: at which, being disgusted, though he dissembled the same so well as he could, he begs leave of the Governor to dispense with

his services at the Council table, to visit his wife, who, as she had informed him, was indisposed; which request the Governor (after some contest with his own thoughts) granted, contrary to the advice of some about him, who suspected Bacon's designs, and that it was not so much his lady's sickness as the troubles of a distempered mind which caused him to withdraw to his own house, and this was the truth, which in a few days was manifested, when that he returned to town with five hundred men in arms.

The Governor did not want intelligence of Bacon's designs, and therefore sent out his summons for York train-bands to reinforce his guards then at town. But the time was so short, not above twelve hours' warning, and those that appeared at the rendezvous made such a slender number, that under four ensigns there was not mustered above one hundred soldiers, and not one half of them sure neither and all so sluggish in their march, that before they could reach town. by a great deal, Bacon had entered the same, and by force obtained a commission, calculated to the height of his own desires. With which commission, being invested (such as it was), he makes ready his provisions, fills up his companies to the designed number (five hundred in all) and so applies himself to those services the country expected from him. And first, for the securing the same against the excursions of the Indians in his absence (and such might be expected), he commissioned several persons (such as he could confide in) in every respective county, with select companies of well-armed men, to ravage the forests, thickets, swamps, and all such suspected places where Indians might

have any shelter for the doing of mischief. Which proceedings of his put so much courage into the planters, that they begun to apply themselves to their accustomed employments in their plantations: which till now they durst not do, for fear of being knocked in the head, as, God knows, too many were, before these orders were observed.

While the General (for so was Bacon now denominated by virtue of his commission) was sedulous in these affairs, and fitting his provisions about the head of York River, in order to his advance against the Indians, the Governor was steering quite different courses. He was once more persuaded (but for what reasons not visible) to proclaim Bacon a rebel again, and now, since his absence afforded an advantage to raise the country upon him so soon as he should return tired and exhausted by his toil and labor in the Indian war. For the putting this counsel in execution, the Governor steps over in Gloucester County (a place the best replenished for men, arms, and affection of any county in Virginia), all which the Governor summons to give him a meeting at a place and day assigned, where being met according to summons the Governor's proposals was so much disrelished by the whole convention that they all disbanded to their own abodes, after their promise passed to stand by and assist the Governor against all those who should go about to wrong his person or debase his authority; unto which promise they annexed or subjoined several reasons why they thought it not convenient at present, convenient to declare themselves against Bacon, as he was now advancing against the common enemy, who had in a most barbarous

manner murdered some hundreds of their dear brethren and countrymen, and would, if not prevented by God and the endeavors of good men, do their utmost for to cut off the whole Colony.

Therefore did they think that it would be a thing inconsistent with right reason if that they, in this desperate conjuncture of time, should go and engage themselves one against another; from the result of which proceedings, nothing could be expected but ruin and destruction unto both, to the one and other party, since that it might reasonably be conceived, that while they should be exposing their breasts against one another's weapons, the barbarous and common enemy (who would make his advantages by our disadvantages) should be upon their backs to knock out their brains. But if it should so happen (as they did hope would never happen) that the General, after the Indian war was finished, should attempt any thing against his Honor's person or government, that they would rise up in arms, with a joint consent, for the preservation of both.

Since the Governor could obtain no more, he was at present to rest himself contented with this, while those who had advised him to these undertakings, was not a little dissatisfied to find the event not answer their expectations. But he at present, seeing there was no more to be done, since he wanted a power to have that done, which was esteemed the main of the affairs now in hand to be done, namely, the gaining of the Gloucester men to do what he would have done, he thought it best to do what he had a power to do, and that was once more to proclaim Bacon a traitor, which was performed in all public places of

meetings in these parts. The noise of which proclamation, after that it had passed the admiration of all that were not acquainted with the reasons that moved his Honor to do what he had now done, soon reached the General's ears, not yet stopped up from listening to apparent dangers.

This strange and unexpected news put him, and some with him shrewdly to their trumps, believing that a few such deals or shuffles (call them which you please) might quickly wring the cards and game too out his hand. He perceived that he was fallen (like the corn between the stones), so that if he did not look the better about him, he might chance to be ground to powder. He knew that to have a certain enemy in his front, and more than uncertain friends in his rear, portended no great security from a violent death, and that there could be no great difference between his being wounded to death in his breast with bows and arrows, or in the back with guns and musket bullets. He did see that there was an absolute necessity of destroying the Indians, for the preservation of the English, and that there was some care to be taken for his own and soldiers' safety, otherwise that work must be ill done where the laborers are made cripples, and compelled instead of a sword to betake themselves to a crutch.

It vexed him to the heart (as he was heard to say) for to think that while he was hunting wolves, tigers, and foxes, which daily destroyed our harmless sheep and lambs, that he and those with him should be pursued, with a full cry, as a more savage or a no less ravenous beast. But to put all out of doubt, and himself in some degree of safety, since he could not

tell but that some whom he left behind might not more desire his death than to hear that by him the Indians were destroyed, he forthwith (after a short consultation held with some of his soldiers) countermarches his army, and in a trice came up with them at the Middle Plantation, a place situated in the very heart of the country.

BACON'S STRATAGEM.

[From the Same.]

Bacon soon perceived what easy work he was likely to have in this service, and so begun to set as small an esteem upon these men's courages as they did upon their own credits. He saw, by the prologue, what sport might be expected in the play, and so began to dispose of his affairs accordingly. Yet not knowing but that the paucity of his numbers being once known to those in town, it might raise their hearts to a degree of courage, having so much the odds, and that many times number prevails against resolution, he thought it not amiss, since the Lion's strength was too weak, to strengthen the same with the Fox's brains; and how this was to be affected you shall hear:

For immediately he dispatcheth two or three parties of horse and about so many in each party, for more he could not spare, to bring into the camp some of the prime gentlewomen, whose husbands were in town; where, when arrived, he sends one of them to inform her own, and the others' husbands, for

what purposes he had brought them into the camp, to be placed in the fore-front of his men at such time as those in town should sally forth upon him.

The poor gentlewomen were mightily astonished at this project; neither were their husbands void of amazements at this subtile invention. If Mr. Fuller thought it strange that the devil's black guard should be enrolled God's soldiers, they made it no less wonderful that their innocent and harmless wives should thus be entered a white guard to the devil. This action was a method in war they were not well acquainted with (no, not those the best informed in military affairs), that before they could come to pierce their enemies' sides, they must be obliged to dart their weapons through their wives' breast; by which means though they (in their own persons) might escape without wounds, yet it might be the lamentable fate of their better half to drop by gun-shot, or otherwise be wounded to death.

Whether it was these considerations, or some others I do not know, that kept their swords in their scabbards, but this is manifest: That Bacon knit more knots by his own head in one day than all the hands in town were able to untie in a whole week; while these ladies' white aprons became of greater force to keep the besieged from falling out than his works (a pitiful trench) had strength to repel the weakest shot that should have been sent into his leaguer, had he not made use of this invention.

BACON'S DEATH.

[From the Same.]

Bacon having for some time been besieged by sickness, and now not able to hold out any longer, all his strength and provisions being spent, surrendered up that fort he was no longer able to keep, into the hands of that grim and all-conquering captain, Death, after that he had implored the assistance of the above-mentioned minister, for the well making his articles of rendition. The only religious duty (as they say) he was observed to perform during these intrigues of affairs, in which he was so considerable an actor, and so much concerned, that rather than he would decline the cause, he became so deeply engaged in the first rise thereof, though much urged by arguments of dehortations by his nearest relations and best friends, that he subjected himself to all those inconveniences that, singly, might bring a man of a more robust frame to his last home. After he was dead he was bemoaned in these following lines (drawn by the man that waited upon his person, as it is said), and who attended his corpse to their burial place, but where deposited till the general day, not known, only to those who are resolutely silent in that particular. There was many copies of verses made after his departure, calculated to the latitude of their affections who composed them; as a relish taken from both appetites I have here sent you a couple:

BACON'S EPITAPH, MADE BY HIS MAN.

Death, why so cruel? What! no other way
To manifest thy spleen, but thus to slay
Our hopes of safety, liberty, our all,
Which, through thy tyranny, with him must fall
To its late chaos? Had thy rigid force
Been dealt by retail, and not thus in gross,
Grief had been silent. Now we must complain,
Since thou, in him, hast more than thousand slain,
Whose lives and safeties did so much depend
On him their life, with him their lives must end.
If 't be a sin to think Death brib'd can be
We must be guilty; say 't was bribery
Guided the fatal shaft. Virginia's foes,
To whom for secret crimes just vengeance owes
Deserved plagues, dreading their just desert,
Corrupted Death by Paracelsian art
Him to destroy; whose well tried courage such,
Their heartless hearts, nor arms, nor strength could touch.
Who now must heal those wounds, or stop that blood
The Heathen made, and drew into a flood?
Who is 't must plead our cause? nor trump, nor drum
Nor Deputation; these, alas! are dumb
And cannot speak. Our Arms (though ne'er so strong)
Will want the aid of his commanding tongue,
Which conquer'd more than Cæsar. He o'erthrew
Only the outward frame: this could subdue
The rugged works of nature. Souls replete
With dull chill cold, he'd animate with heat
Drawn forth of reason's limbec. In a word,
Mars and Minerva both in him concurred
For arts, for arms, whose pen and sword alike
As Cato's did, may admiration strike
Into his foes; while they confess withal
It was their guilt styl'd him a criminal.
Only this difference does from truth proceed:
They in the guilt, he in the name must bleed.
While none shall dare his obsequies to sing
In deserv'd measures; until time shall bring

Truth crown'd with freedom, and from danger free
To sound his praises to posterity.
Here let him rest; while we this truth report
He's gone from hence unto a higher Court
To plead his cause, where he by this doth know
Whether to Cæsar he was friend, or foe.

UPON THE DEATH OF G. B.

Whether to Cæsar he was friend or foe?
Pox take such ignorance, do you not know?
Can he be friend to Cæsar, that shall bring
The arms of Hell to fight against the King?
(Treason, rebellion) then what reason have
We for to wait upon him to his grave,
There to express our passions? Will 't not be
Worse than his crimes, to sing his elegy
In well tun'd numbers; where each Ella bears
(To his flagitious name) a flood of tears?
A name that hath more souls with sorrow fed,
Than reached Niobe, single tears ere shed;
A name that fill'd all hearts, all ears, with pain,
Until blest fate proclaimed, Death had him slain.
Then how can it be counted for a sin
Though Death (nay, though myself) had bribed been
To guide the fatal shaft? We honor all
That lends a hand unto a traitor's fall.
What though the well paid Rochit soundly ply
And box the pulpit into flattery;
Urging his rhetoric and strained eloquence,
T' adorn encoffin'd filth and excrements;
Though the defunct (like ours) ne'er tried
A well intended deed until he died?
'Twill be nor sin, nor shame, for us to say
A twofold passion checker-works this day
Of joy and sorrow; yet the last doth move
On feet impotent, wanting strength to prove
(Nor can the art of logic yield relief)
How joy should be surmounted by our grief.

Yet that we grieve it cannot be denied,
But 't is because he was, not 'cause he died.
So wept the poor distressed Ilium dames
Hearing those named their city put in flames,
And country ruin'd. If we thus lament,
It is against our present joys' consent.
For if the rule in Physic true doth prove,
Remove the cause, th' effects will after move,
We have outliv'd our sorrows; since we see
The causes shifting of our misery.
Nor is 't a single cause that 's slipped away,
That made us warble out a well-a-day.
The brains to plot, the hands to execute
Projected ills, Death jointly did nonsuit
At his black Bar. And what no bail could save
He hath committed prisoner to the grave;
From whence there's no reprieve. Death keep him close;
We have too many Devils still go loose.

"VIOLENT CONCUSSIONS."

[From a Narrative furnished Secretary Harley by a Writer signing himself T. M. Written in 1705.]

Whilst some days passed in settling the quotas of men, arms and ammunition, provisions, etc., each county was to furnish, one morning early a bruit ran about the town, "Bacon is fled, Bacon is fled;" whereupon I went straight to Mr. Lawrence, who formerly was of Oxford University, and for wit, learning and sobriety was equalled there by few, and who some years before (as Col. Lee, though one of the Council and a friend of the Governor's, informed me) had been partially treated at law, for a considerable estate on behalf of a corrupt favorite;

which Lawrence complaining loudly of, the Governor bore him a grudge, and now shaking his head, said, "Old treacherous villain," and that his house was searched that morning at daybreak, but Bacon was escaped into the country, having intimation that the Governor's generosity in pardoning him and his followers, and restoring him to his seat in Council, were no other than previous wheedles to amuse him and his adherents and to circumvent them by stratagem, forasmuch as the taking Mr. Bacon again into the Council was first to keep him out of the Assembly, and in the next place the Governor knew the country people were hastening down with dreadful threatenings to doubly revenge all wrongs should be done to Mr. Bacon or his men, or whoever should have had the least hand in them.

And so much was true that this young Mr. Nathaniel Bacon (not yet arrived to thirty years) had a nigh relation, namely, Col. Nathaniel Bacon, of long standing in the Council, a very rich, politic man, and childless, designing this kinsman for his heir, who (not without much pains) had prevailed with his uneasy cousin to deliver the forementioned written recantation at the bar, having compiled it ready to his hand, and by whose means 'twas supposed that timely intimation was conveyed to the young gentleman to flee for his life; and also in three or four days after Mr. Bacon was first seized I saw abundance of men in town, come thither from the heads of the rivers, who, finding him restored and his men at liberty, returned home satisfied; a few days after which the Governor, seeing all quiet, gave out private warrants to take him again, intend-

ing, as was thought, to raise the militia, and so to dispose things as to prevent his friends from gathering any more into a like numerous body and coming down a second time to save him.

In three or four days after this escape, upon news that Mr. Bacon was thirty miles up the river, at the head of four hundred men, the Governor sent to the parts adjacent, on both sides James River, for the militia and all the men could be gotten to come and defend the town. Expresses came almost hourly of the army's approaches, who in less than four days after the first account of them, at two of the clock, entered the town, without being withstood, and formed a body upon a green, not a flight shot from the end of the state-house, of horse and foot, as well regular as veteran troops, who forthwith possessed themselves of all the avenues, disarming all in town, and coming thither in boats or by land.

In half an hour after this the drum beat for the House to meet, and in less than an hour more Mr. Bacon came with a file of fusileers on either hand, near the corner of the state-house, where the Governor and Council went forth to him. We saw from the window the Governor open his breast, and Bacon strutting betwixt his two files of men, with his left arm on Kenbow, flinging his right arm every way, both like men distracted; and if, in this moment of fury, that enraged multitude had fallen upon the Governor and Council, we of the Assembly expected the same immediate fate. I stepped down, and amongst the crowd of spectators found the seamen of my sloop, who prayed me not to stir from them, when, in two minutes, the Governor walked

towards his private apartment, a quoit's cast distant, at the other end of the state-house, the gentlemen of the Council following him; and after them walked Mr. Bacon with outrageous postures of his head, arms, body, and legs, often tossing his hand from his sword to his hat, and after him came a detachment of fusileers (muskets not being there in use), who with their locks bent presented their fusils at a window of the Assembly chamber filled with faces, repeating with menacing voices, "We will have it, we will have it," half a minute, when as one of our House, a person known to many of them, shook his handkerchief out at the window, saying, "You shall have it, you shall have it," three or four times; at these words they sat down their fusils, unbent their locks and stood still until Bacon, coming back, followed him to their main body. In this hubbub a servant of mine got so nigh as to hear the Governor's words, and also followed Mr. Bacon and heard what he said, who came and told me, that when the Governor opened his breast, he said, "Here! shoot me. Foregod, fair mark! shoot!" often rehearsing the same, without any other words; whereto Mr. Bacon answered, "No, may it please your Honor, we will not hurt a hair of your head, nor of any other man's; we are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, which you have so often promised, and now we will have it before we go."

But when Mr. Bacon followed the Governor and Council with the forementioned impetuous (like delirious) actions, whilst that party presented their fusils at the window full of faces, he said, "Damn

my blood, I'll kill Governor, Council, Assembly, and all, and then I'll sheathe my sword in my own heart's blood;" and afterwards 'twas said Bacon had given a signal to his men who presented their fusils at those gazing out at the window, that if he should draw his sword they were on sight of it to fire, and slay us; so near was the massacre of us all that very minute, had Bacon in that paroxysm of frantic fury but drawn his sword before the pacific handkerchief was shaken out at window.

In an hour or more after these violent concussions Mr. Bacon came up to our chamber and desired a commission from us to go against the Indians. Our Speaker sat silent, when one Mr. Blayton, a neighbor to Mr. Bacon and elected with him a member of Assembly for the same county (who therefore durst speak to him), made answer, "'Twas not in our province or power, nor of any other, save the King's vicegerent, our Governor." He pressed hard nigh half an hour's harangue on the preserving our lives from the Indians, inspecting the public revenues, the exorbitant taxes, and redressing the grievances and calamities of that deplorable country, whereto having no other answer, he went away dissatisfied.

Next day there was a rumor the Governor and Council had agreed Mr. Bacon should have a commission to go General of the forces we then were raising; whereupon I being a member for Stafford, the most northern frontier, and where the war begun, considering that Mr. Bacon dwelling in the most southern frontier county, might the less regard the parts I represented, I went to Col. Cole (an active member of the Council) desiring his advice, if ap-

plications to Mr. Bacon on that subject were then seasonable and safe, which he approving and earnestly advising I went to Mr. Lawrence, who was esteemed Mr. Bacon's principal consultant, to whom he took me with him, and there left me, where I was entertained two or three hours with the particular relations of divers before-recited transactions; and as to the matter I spake of, he told me that the Governor had indeed promised him the command of the forces, and if his Honor should keep his word (which he doubted) he assured me "the like care should be taken of the remotest corners in the land, as of his own dwelling-house," and prayed me to advise him what persons in those parts were most fit to bear commands. I frankly gave him my opinion that the most satisfactory gentlemen to Governor and people, would be commanders of the militia, wherewith he was well pleased, and himself wrote a list of those nominated.

That evening I made known what had passed with Mr. Bacon to my colleague Col. Mason (whose bottle attendance doubled my task); the matter he liked well, but questioned the Governor's approbation of it.

I confessed the case required sedate thoughts, reasoning that he and such like gentlemen must either command or be commanded, and if on their denials Mr. Bacon should take distaste, and be constrained to appoint commanders out of the rabble, the Governor himself with the persons and estates of all in the land would be at their dispose, whereby their own ruin might be owing to themselves. In this he agreed and said, "If the Governor would give his own com-

mission he would be content to serve under General Bacon" (as now he began to be entitled), but first would consult other gentlemen in the same circumstances; who all concurred 'twas the most safe barrier in view against pernicious designs, if such should be put in practice. With this I acquainted Mr. Lawrence, who went rejoicing to Mr. Bacon with the good tidings that the militia commanders were inclined to serve under him, as their General, in case the Governor would please to give them his own commissions.

We of the House proceeded to finish the bill for the war, which by the assent of the Governor and Council being passed into an act, the Governor sent us a letter directed to his Majesty, wherein were these words: "I have above thirty years governed the most flourishing country the sun ever shone over, but am now encompassed with rebellion, like waters, in every respect like to that of Massanello, except their leader," and of like import was the substance of that letter. But we did not believe his Honor sent us all he wrote to his Majesty.

Some judicious gentlemen of our House likewise penned a letter or remonstrance to be sent his Majesty, setting forth the gradations of those eruptions, and two or three of them with Mr. Minge, our clerk, brought it me to compile a few lines for the conclusion of it, which I did (though not without regret in those watchful times, when every man had eyes on him); but what I wrote was with all possible deference to the Governor and in the most soft terms my pen could find the case to admit.

Col. Spencer, being my neighbor and intimate

friend, and a prevalent member in the Council, I prayed him to entreat the Governor we might be dissolved, for that was my first and should be my last going astray from my wonted sphere of merchandise and other my private concernments into the dark and slippery meanders of court embarrassments. He told me the Governor had not then determined his intention, but he would move his Honor about it, and in two or three days we were dissolved, which I was most heartily glad of, because of my getting loose again from being hampered amongst those pernicious entanglements in the labyrinths and snares of State ambiguities, and which until then I had not seen the practice nor the dangers of; for it was observed that several of the members had secret badges of distinction fixed upon them, as not docile enough to gallop the future races that court seemed disposed to lead them, whose maxims I had ofttimes heard whispered before, and then found confirmed by divers considerate gentlemen, viz., "That the wise and rich were prone to faction and sedition, but the fools and poor were easy to be governed."

Many members being met one evening nigh sunset, to take our leaves each of other, in order next day to return homewards, came Gen. Bacon with his hand full of unfolded papers and overlooking us round, walking in the room, said, "Which of these gentlemen shall I entreat to write a few words for me?" where, every one looking aside as not willing to meddle, Mr. Lawrence pointed at me, saying, "That gentleman writes very well;" which I endeavoring to excuse, Mr. Bacon came stooping to the ground and said, "Pray, sir, do me the honor to write a line for me."

This surprising accostment shocked me into a melancholy consternation, dreading upon one hand that Stafford County would feel the smart of his resentment if I should refuse him whose favor I had so lately sought and been generously promised on their behalf; and on the other hand fearing the Governor's displeasure, who I knew would soon hear of it. What seemed most prudent at this hazardous dilemma was to obviate the present impending peril; so Mr. Bacon made me sit the whole night by him filling up those papers, which I then saw were blank commissions signed by the Governor, inserting such names and writing other matters as he dictated; which I took to be the happy effects of the consult before-mentioned with the commanders of the militia, because he gave me the names of very few others to put into these commissions; and in the morning he left me with an hour's work or more to finish, when came to me Capt. Carver, and said he had been to wait on the General for a commission, and that he was resolved to adventure his old bones against the Indian rogues, with other the like discourse, and at length told me that whatever I desired in the General's power was at my service. I prayed him humbly to thank his Honor, and to acquaint him I had no other boon to crave than his promised kindness to Stafford County, for beside the not being worthy, I never had been conversant in military matters, and also having lived tenderly, my service could be of no benefit, because the hardships and fatigues of a wilderness campaign would put a speedy period to my days. Little expecting to hear of more intestine broils, I went home to Potomac, where reports were after-

wards various. We had account that General Bacon was marched with a thousand men into the forest to seek the enemy Indians, and in a few days after our next news was that the Governor had summoned together the militia of Gloucester and Middlesex Counties to the number of twelve hundred men, and proposed to them to follow and suppress that rebel Bacon; whereupon arose a murmuring before his face, "Bacon, Bacon, Bacon," and all walked out of the field, muttering as they went, "Bacon, Bacon, Bacon," leaving the Governor and those that came with him to themselves, who being thus abandoned wafted over Chesapeake Bay thirty miles to Accomac, where are two counties of Virginia.

Mr. Bacon, hearing of this, came back part of the way, and sent out parties of horse patrolling through every county, carrying away prisoners all whom he distrusted might any more molest his Indian persecution, yet giving liberty to such as pledged him their oaths to return home and live quiet; the copies or contents of which oaths I never saw, but heard were very strict, though little observed.

About this time was a spy detected pretending himself a deserter, who had twice or thrice come and gone from party to party, and was by council of war sentenced to death, after which Bacon declared openly to him, "That if any one man in the army would speak a word to save him, he should not suffer," which no man appearing to do, he was executed. Upon this manifestation of clemency Bacon was applauded for a merciful man, not willing to spill Christian blood; nor indeed was it said that he put any other man to death in cold blood, or

plunder(ed) any house. Nigh the same time came Maj. Langston with his troop of horse and quartered two nights at my house, who (after high compliments from the General) told me I was desired "to accept the lieutenancy for preserving the peace in the s. northern counties betwixt Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers." I humbly thanked his Honor, excusing myself as I had done before on that invitation of the like nature at Jamestown, but did hear he was mightily offended at my evasions and threatened to remember me.

The Governor made a second attempt, coming over from Accomac with what men he could procure in sloops and boats forty miles up the river to Jamestown, which Bacon hearing of, came again down from his forest pursuit, and finding a bank not a flight shot long cast up thwart the neck of the peninsula there in Jamestown, he stormed it, and took the town, in which attack were twelve men slain and wounded, but the Governor with most of his followers fled back down the river in their vessels.

Here, resting a few days, they concerted the burning of the town, wherein Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Drumond, owning the two best houses save one, set fire each to his own house, which example the soldiers following, laid the whole town (with church and state-house) in ashes, saying, "The rogues should harbor no more there."

On these reiterated molestations, Bacon calls a convention at Middle Plantation, fifteen miles from Jamestown, in the month of August 1676, where an oath with one or more proclamations were formed, and writs by him issued for an Assembly. The oaths

or writs I never saw, but one proclamation commanded all men in the land on pain of death to join him, and retire into the wilderness upon arrival of the forces expected from England, and oppose them until they should propose or accept to treat of an accommodation, which we who lived comfortably could not have undergone, so as the whole land must have become an Aceldama if God's exceeding mercy had not timely removed him.

WILLIAM HUBBARD.

William Hubbard, a New England clergyman of decided historical bent, was born in England in 1621, and died in 1704 at Ipswich, where he had been pastor from 1665 until a year before his death. He was brought to New England as a child in 1630, and was graduated at Harvard in 1642. A friend describes him as "hospitable, amiable, equal to any of his contemporaries in learning and candor, and superior to all as a writer," but the specimens that we present will hardly bear out the last judgment. His abilities were, however, highly regarded by his fellow New Englanders, for the Government commissioned him to write a history of New England, for the manuscript of which he was paid fifty pounds. This was not then printed, and barely escaped destruction by the mob that burned Governor Hutchinson's house in 1765. It was rescued by Dr. Andrew Elliot and presented by his son to the Massachusetts Historical Society, by whom it was printed in 1815. It is more voluminous than interesting, and is not represented in our selections. His *Narrative of the Trouble with the Indians of New England*, a less ambitious but very popular work, a volume of sermons, and a *Testimony of the Order of the Gospel in Churches*, alone appeared in the lifetime of their author. Our selections are taken from the *Narrative*

of the Troubles, a book which, with many others dealing with the subject of Indian warfare, aroused breathless interest around New England firesides.

THE BEGINNING OF HOSTILITIES.

[From "A Narrative of the Indian Wars in New England." 1677.]

The occasion of Philip's so sudden taking up arms the last year, was this: There was one John Sausaman, a very cunning and plausible Indian, well skilled in the English language, and bred up in the profession of Christian Religion, employed as a schoolmaster at Natick, the Indian Town, who upon some misdemeanor fled from his place to Philip, by whom he was entertained in the room and office of secretary, and his chief councillor, whom he trusted with all his affairs and secret counsels. But afterwards, whether upon the sting of his own conscience, or by the frequent solicitations of Mr. Eliot, that had known him from a child, and instructed him in the principles of our religion, who was often laying before him the heinous sin of his apostacy, and returning back to his old vomit; he was at last prevailed with to forsake Philip, and return back to the Christian Indians at Natick where he was baptized, manifested public repentance for all his former offences, and made a serious profession of the Christian Religion: and did apply himself to preach to the Indians, wherein he was better gifted than any other of the Indian nation; so as he was observed to conform more to

the English manners than any other Indian: yet having occasion to go up with some others of his countrymen to Namasket, whether for the advantage of fishing or some such occasion, it matters not; being there not far from Philip's country, he had occasion to be much in the company of Philip's Indians, and of Philip himself: by which means he discerned by several circumstances that the Indians were plotting anew against us; the which out of faithfulness to the English the said Sausaman informed the Governor of; adding also, that if it were known that he revealed it, he knew they would presently kill him. There appearing so many concurrent testimonies from others, making it the more probable, that there was certain truth in the information; some inquiry was made into the business, by examining Philip himself, several of his Indians, who although they could do nothing, yet could not free themselves from just suspicion; Philip therefore soon after contrived the said Sausaman's death, which was strangely discovered; notwithstanding it was so cunningly effected, for they that murdered him, met him upon the ice upon a great pond, and presently after they had knocked him down, put him under the ice, yet leaving his gun and his hat upon the ice, that it might be thought he fell in accidentally through the ice and was drowned: but being missed by his friend, who finding his hat and his gun, they were thereby led to the place, where his body was found under the ice: when they took it up to bury him, some of his friends specially one David. observed some bruises about his head, which made them suspect he was first knocked down, before he was put into the water; however,

they buried him near about the place where he was found, without making any further inquiry at present: nevertheless David his friend, reported these things to some English at Taunton (a town not far from Namasket), occasioned the Governor to inquire further into the business, wisely considering, that as Sausaman had told him, If it were known that he had revealed any of their plots, they would murder him for his pains: wherefore by special warrant the body of Sausaman being digged again out of his grave, it was very apparent that he had been killed, and not drowned. And by a strange providence an Indian was found, that by accident was standing unseen upon a hill, had seen them murder the said Sausaman, but durst never reveal it for fear of losing his own life likewise, until he was called to the Court at Plymouth, or before the Governor, where he plainly confessed what he had seen. The murderers being apprehended, were convicted by his undeniable testimony, and other remarkable circumstances, and so were all put to death, being but three in number; the last of them confessed immediately before his death, that his father (one of the councillors and special friends of Philip) was one of the two that murdered Sausaman, himself only looking on. This was done at Plymouth Court, held in June 1674. Insomuch that Philip apprehending the danger his own head was in next, never used any further means to clear himself from what was like to be laid to his charge, either about his plotting against the English, nor yet about Sausaman's death: but by keeping his men continually about him in arms, and gathering what strangers he could to join with him, marching

up and down constantly in arms, both all the while the Court sat, as well as afterwards. The English of Plymouth hearing of all this, yet took no further notice, than only to order a militia watch in all the adjacent towns, hoping that Philip finding himself not likely to be arraigned by order of the said Court, the present cloud might blow over, as some others of like nature had done before; but in conclusion, the matter proved otherwise; for Philip finding his strength daily increasing, by the flocking of neighbor Indians unto him, and sending their wives and children to the Narhagansets for security (as they use to do when they intend war with any of their enemies,) immediately they began to alarm the English at Swanzy, (the next town to Philip's country,) as it were daring the English to begin; at last their insolencies grew to such an height, that they began not only to use threatening words to the English, but also to kill their cattle and rifle their houses; whereat an Englishman was so provoked, that he let fly a gun at an Indian, but did only wound, not kill him; whereupon the Indians immediately began to kill all the English they could, so as on the 24th of June, 1675, was the alarm of war first sounded in Plymouth Colony, when eight or nine of the English were slain in and about Swanzy: They first making a shot at a company of English as they returned from the assembly where they were met in way of humiliation that day, whereby they killed one and wounded others: and then likewise at the same time, they slew two men on the highway, sent to call a surgeon, and barbarously the same day murdered six men in and about a dwelling house in another part of the town: all

which outrages were committed so suddenly, that the English had no time to make any resistance. For on the 14th of the same month, besides endeavors used by Mr. Brown of Swanzy, one of the magistrates of Plymouth jurisdiction, an amicable letter was sent from the Council of Plymouth to Philip, showing a dislike of his practices, and advising him to dismiss his strange Indians, and not suffer himself to be abused by false reports concerning them that intended him no hurt: but no answer could be obtained, otherwise than threatning of war, which it was hoped might have been prevented, as heretofore it had been, when things seemed to look with as bad a face as then they did. However the Governor and Council of Plymouth, understanding that Philip continued in his resolution, and manifested no inclination to peace, they immediately sent us what forces they could to secure the towns thereabouts, and make resistance as occasion might be: and also dispatched away messengers to the Massachusetts Governor and Council, letting them know the state of things about Mount Hope: and desiring their speedy assistance, upon which, care was immediately taken with all expedition to send such supplies as were desired: But in the mean time two messengers were dispatched to Philip, to try whether he could not be diverted from his bloody enterprize, so as to have prevented the mischief since fallen out, hoping, that as once before, viz., anno 1671, by their mediation, a stop was put to the like tragedy; so the present war might by the same means have been now turned aside. For in the said year, Philip had firmly engaged himself, when he was at Boston, not to quarrel with Plymouth

until he had first addressed himself to the Massachusetts for advice and approbation: But the two messengers aforesaid, finding the men slain in the road, June 24, as they were going for the surgeon, apprehended it not safe to proceed any further, considering also, that a peace now could not honorably be concluded after such barbarous outrages committed upon some of the neighbor colony: Wherefore returning with all speed to Boston, the Massachusetts forces were dispatched away with all imaginable haste, as the exigent of the matter did require, some of them being then upon, or ready for their march, the rest were ordered to follow after, as they could be raised. The sending forth of which, because it was the first engagement in any warlike preparations against the Indians shall be more particularly declared.

On the 26th of June a foot company under Capt. Daniel Henchman, with a troop under Capt. Thomas Prentice, were sent out of Boston towards Mount Hope; it being late in the afternoon before they began to march, the central eclipse of the moon in Capric happened in the evening before they came up to Neponset River, about twenty miles from Boston, which occasioned them to make an halt for a little repast, till the moon recovered her light again. Some melancholy fancies would not be persuaded, but that the eclipse falling out at that instant of time was ominous, conceiving also that in the centre of the moon they discerned an unusual black spot, not a little resembling the scalp of an Indian: As some others not long before, imagined they saw the form of an Indian bow, accounting that likewise ominous (although the mischief following was done by guns, not

by bows) both the one and the other, might rather have thought of what Marcus Crassus, the Roman General, going forth with an army against the Parthians, once wisely replied to a private soldier, that would have dissuaded him from marching at that time, because of an eclipse of the moon in Capricorn, (that he was more afraid of Sagitarius than of Capricornus) meaning the arrows of the Parthians (accounted very good archers) from whom, as things then fell out, was his greatest danger. But after the moon had waded through the dark shadow of the earth, and borrowed her light again, by the help thereof the two companies marched on towards Woodcok's House, thirty miles from Boston, where they arrived next morning. . . .

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

[From the Same.]

There was at this time no small hopes of surprising Philip; several reports being brought that he was seen in this and that place, not having above twenty or thirty men attending on him; but his time was not yet fully come, nor had he as yet fully accomplished all that mischief he was like to be suffered to do. For on the 1st of July, 1676, a party of his Indians committed a horrid and barbarous murder upon Mr. Hezekiah Willet, of Swanzey, an hopeful young gentleman as any in those parts. They used frequently to keep a sentinel on the top of their house from a watch house built thereon, whence they

could discover any Indians before they came near the house, but not hearing of the enemy in those parts for a considerable time, that necessary piece of circumspection was omitted that day, whereby that deserving person was betrayed into their cruel hands; for within a quarter of an hour after he went out of his own door, within sight of his own house, he was shot at by three of them at once, from every one of whom he received a mortal wound; they after their barbarous manner took off his head, and carried it away with them (which, however, was soon after recovered) leaving the trunk of his body behind as a sad monument of their inhuman cruelty. The same Indians, not being above thirty in number, took away a negro belonging to the same family, who, being faithful to his master's and his country's interest, ventured his life to make his escape, which was the preservation of many others; for the said negro, being a little acquainted with their language, discovered to the English after his escape Philip's purpose to seize such and such places. In the first place to assault Taunton, which in all probability had been in great danger, if their treacherous plot and purposes had not so wonderfully been made known beforehand. The said negro affirmed that there was near a thousand of them; for he observed that although they had killed twenty head of neat cattle over night, yet there was not any part of them left the next day at eight o'clock in the morning. By this special providence the enemy was defeated of their purpose, and never after had an opportunity to do any considerable damage to the English in that part of the country. So, after this day, we may truly date the time of our deliverance

and beginning of revenges upon the enemy; now is their own turn come, when it shall be done unto them as they have done unto us: they that before led others into captivity must henceforth go into captivity themselves; and they that killed with the sword must themselves be killed with the sword, as in the sequel of this narrative will abundantly be manifest. . . .

PHILIP'S DEATH.

This bloody wretch had one week or two more to live, an object of pity, but a spectacle of divine vengeance; his own followers beginning now to plot against his life, to make the better terms for their own, as they did also seek to betray Squaw Sachem of Pocasset, Philip's near kinswoman and confederate. For,

August 6. An Indian willing to shift for himself, fled to Taunton, offering to lead any of the English that would follow him, to a party of Indians, which they might easily apprehend; which twenty attempted, and accordingly seized the whole company to the number of twenty-six; all but that Squaw Sachem herself, who intending to make an escape from the danger, attempted to get over the river or arm of the sea near by, upon a raft of some pieces of broken wood; but whether tired and spent with swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found stark naked in Metapoiset, not far from the waterside; which made some think, that she was first half drowned, and so ended her wretched life just in that place where the year before she had helped Philip to

make his escape: her head being cut off and set upon a pole in Taunton, was known by some Indians then prisoners, which set them into an horrid lamentation; but such was the righteous hand of God, in bringing at the last that mischief upon themselves, which they had without cause thus long acted against others.

Philip, like a savage and wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods, above an hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den, upon Mount-Hope, where retiring himself with a few of his best friends into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast, till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him, which was thus accomplished.

Such had been his inveterate malice and wickedness against the English, that despairing of mercy from them, he could not bear that anything should be suggested to him about a peace, insomuch as he caused one of his confederates to be killed for propounding an expedient of peace; which so provoked some of his company, not altogether so desperate as himself, that one of them (being near of kin that was killed) fled to Road-Island (whither, that active champion Capt. Church was newly retired, to recruit his men for a little time, being much tired with hard marches all that week) informing them that Philip was fled to a swamp in Mount-Hope whither he would undertake to lead them that would pursue him. This was welcome news, and the best cordial for such martial spirits: whereupon he immediately, with a small company of men, part English and part Indians, began another march, which

shall prove fatal to Philip, and end that controversy betwixt the English and him: for coming very early to the side of the swamp, his soldiers began presently to surround it, and whether the Devil appeared to him in a dream that night, as he did unto Saul, foreboding his tragical end (it matters not); as he intended to make his escape out of the swamp, he was shot through the heart by an Indian of his own nation, as is said, that had all this while kept himself in a neutrality until this time, but now had the casting-vote in his power, by which he determined the quarrel that had held so long in suspense. In him is fulfilled what was said in the Prophet, *Wo to thee that spoileth, and thou wast not spoilt, and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee; when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee*, Isa. 33. 1.

With Philip at this time fell five of his truest followers, of whom one was said to be the son of his chief captain, that had shot the first gun at the English the year before. This was done August 12, 1676, a remarkable testimony of divine favour to the Colony of Plymouth, who had for their former successes, appointed the 17th day of August following, to be kept as a day of solemn Thanksgiving to Almighty God.

MARY ROWLANDSON.

Mary Rowlandson, the narrative of whose *Captivity and Removes among the Indians* appeared in 1682, and was a very popular book, was a daughter of John White and the wife of Rev. Joseph Rowlandson, the first minister of Lancaster, Massachusetts. During King Philip's War, on the tenth of February, 1676, this town was surprised and burned, and she was among the captives. Her narrative tells of her sufferings from hunger, of the death of her child from cold, and of her sale by her Narragansett captor to an Indian chief, in whose wife she found "a most uncomfortable mistress," though King Philip treated her with much courtesy. For some three months she accompanied the Indians on their marches and countermarches, suffering from hunger, abuse, and insult. Finally she was redeemed for about eighty dollars, a sum raised by several women of Boston, though the negotiations were carried on through a resident of Concord. Her later life was uneventful, but the story of these three months, typical as it was of the sufferings of many, sank deep into the consciousness of the colonists, and gave to border strife something of the consecration of a holy war.

INDIAN ASSAULT.

[From "Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Roulandson." 1682.]

At length they came and beset our house, [at Lancaster, February 10, 1675, O. S.] and quickly it was the dolefulest day that ever mine eyes saw. The house stood upon the edge of a hill; some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind anything that would shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail, and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, then a third. About two hours (according to my observation in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it, (which they did with flax and hemp which they brought out of the barn, and there being no defence about the house, only two flankers at two opposite corners, and one of them not finished) they fired it once, and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadful hour come that I have often heard of (in time of the war, as it was the case of others) but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out for themselves and one another, Lord, what shall we do! Then I took my children (and one of my sisters hers) to go forth

and leave the house: but, as soon as we came to the door and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house as if one had taken a handful of stones and threw them, so that we were forced to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison, but none of them would stir, though at another time if an Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is always in him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house, but my brother-in-law (being before wounded in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my poor child in my arms. One of my elder sister's children (named William) had then his leg broke, which the Indians perceiving they knocked him on the head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathens, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest sister being yet in the house, and seeing those woful sights, the infidels hauling mothers one way and children another, and some wallowing in their blood; and her eldest son telling her that her son William was dead, and myself was wounded, she said, "and Lord, let me die with them;" which was no sooner said, but she

was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good labors, being faithful to the service of God in her place. . . .

SOME OF HER EXPERIENCES.

[From the Same.]

I had often before this said, that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial, my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit, that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous bears, than that moment to end my days. And that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several Removes we had up and down the wilderness.

THE FIRST REMOVE.

Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill, within sight of the town, where we intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house (deserted by the English before, for fear of the Indians); I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night? to which they answered, "What, will you love Englishmen still?" This was the dolefulest night that ever my

eyes saw. Oh, the roaring and singing, and dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And miserable was the waste that was there made, of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowls (which they had plundered in the town), some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling, to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough, though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad, bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the Bay; and to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward), my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home, and all our comforts within door and without, all was gone (except my life), and I knew not but the next moment that might go too.

There remained nothing to me but one poor, wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death, that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think, what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous enemy, those even that seem to profess more than others among them, when the English have fallen into their hands. . . .

THE SECOND REMOVE.

But now (the next morning) I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the

vast and desolate wilderness, I know not whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure; but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse; it went moaning all along: "I shall die, I shall die." I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms, till my strength failed and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture on the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill, we both fell over the horse's head, at which they, like inhuman creatures, laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his power, yea so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it. . . .

THE EIGHTH REMOVE.

. . . As I sat amongst them, musing on things past, my son Joseph unexpectedly came to me. We asked of each other's welfare, bemoaning our doleful condition and the change that had come upon us. We had husband and father, and children and sisters, and friends and relations, and house and home, and many comforts of this life; but now we might say as Job, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and

naked shall I return: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." I asked him whether he would read? he told me he earnestly desired it. I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon that comfortable scripture, Psalm cxviii. 17, 18: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord: The Lord hath chastened me sore, yet he hath not given me over unto death." Look here, mother (says he), did you read this? And here I may take occasion to mention one principal ground of my setting forth these lines, even as the Psalmist says, to declare the works of the Lord, and his wonderful power in carying us along, preserving us in the wilderness while under the enemy's hand, and returning of us in safety again; and his goodness in bringing to my hand so many comfortable and suitable scriptures in my distress.

But to return: We traveled on till night, and in the morning we must go over the river to Philip's crew. When I was in the canoe, I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of Pagans that were on the bank on the other side. When I came ashore, they gathered all about me, I sitting alone in the midst: I observed they asked one another questions, and laughed, and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a weeping; which was the first time, to my remembrance, that I wept before them; although I had met with so much affliction, and my heart was many times ready to break, yet could I not shed one tear in their sight, but rather had been all this while in a maze, and like one astonished; but now I may say as Psal. cxxxvii. 1: "By the river of Babylon, there

we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." There one of them asked me why I wept? I could hardly tell what to say; yet I answered, they would kill me: No, said he, none will hurt you. Then came one of them, and gave me two spoonfuls of meal (to comfort me) and another gave me half a pint of peas, which was worth more than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see King Philip; he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it? (a usual compliment now a days, among the saints and sinners), but this in no way suited me. For though I had formerly used tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a bait the devil lays to make men lose their precious time. I remember with shame how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another; such a bewitching thing it is: but I thank God, He has now given me power over it; surely there are many who may be better employed than to sit sucking a stinking tobacco-pipe.

Now the Indians gathered their forces to go against Northampton. Over night one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. Whereupon they went to boiling of ground-nuts, and parching corn (as many as had it) for their provision: and in the morning away they went. During my abode in this place, Philip spake to me to make a shirt for his boy, which I did; for which he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my mistress, but she bid me keep it, and with it I bought a piece of horse-flesh. Afterward he asked me to make a cap for his boy, for which he invited me to dinner;

I went, and he gave me a pancake, about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten and fried in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life. There was a squaw who spake to me to make a shirt for her sannup; for which she gave me a piece of beef. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockings, for which she gave me a quart of peas. I boiled my peas and beef together, and invited my master and mistress to dinner; but the proud gossip, because I served them both in one dish, would eat nothing, except one bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife. Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and found him lying flat on the ground; I asked him how he could sleep so? he answered me, that he was not asleep, but at prayer; and that he lay so, that they might not observe what he was doing. I pray God he may remember these things now he is returned in safety. At this place (the sun now getting higher) what with the beams and heat of the sun, and smoke of the wigwams, I thought I should have been blinded. I could scarce discern one wigwam from another. There was one Mary Thurston, of Medfield, who, seeing how it was with me, lent me a hat to wear; but as soon as I was gone, the squaw that owned that Mary Thurston came running after me, and got it away again. Here was a squaw who gave me a spoonful of meal; I put it in my pocket to keep it safe, yet notwithstanding somebody stole it, but put five Indian corns in the room of it; which corns were the greatest provision I had in my travel for one day.

HER RETURN.

. . . About the sun's going down, Mr. Hoar, myself, and the two Indians, came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years among my relations and neighbors; and now not one Christian to be seen, or one house left standing. We went on to a farm house that was yet standing, where we lay all night; and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, and raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon we came to Concord. Now was I full of joy and yet not without sorrow: joy, to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbors. There I met with my brother, and brother-in-law, who asked me if I knew where his wife was. Poor heart! he had helped to bury her and knew it not; she, being shot down by the house, was partly burned, so that those who were at Boston at the desolation of the town, came back afterward and buried the dead, did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own children among the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received; and I did not know whether ever I should see them again. Being recruited with food and raiment, we went to Boston that day, where I met with my dear husband; but the thoughts of our dear children, one being dead, and the other we could not tell where, abated our comfort in each other. . . . About this time the council had ordered a day of public thanksgiving,

though I had still cause of mourning ; and being unsettled in our minds we thought we would ride eastward to see if we could hear anything concerning our children. As we were riding along between Ipswich and Rowley, we met with William Hubbard, who told us our son Joseph and my sister's son were come into Major Waldren's ; I asked him how he knew it ? He said the Major himself told him so. So along we went till we came to Newbury ; and their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the thanksgiving for them ; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but he would go over to Salisbury to hear father, and come again in the morning, which he did, and preached there that day. At night when he had done, one came and told him that his daughter was come into Providence. Here was mercy on both hands. Now we were between them, the one on the east, and the other on the west ; our son being nearest, we went to him first, to Portsmouth, where we met with him and with the Major also, who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem him under seven pounds, which the good people thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the Major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labor of love. My sister's son was redeemed for four pounds, which the council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our children, we hastened toward the other. Going back through Newbury, my husband preached there on the Sabbath Day, for which they rewarded him manifold.

On Monday we came to Charlestown, where we heard that the Governor of Rhode Island had sent over

for our daughter, to take care of her, being now within his jurisdiction; which should not pass without our acknowledgments. But she being nearer Rehoboth than Rhode Island, Mr. Newman went over and took care of her, and brought her to his own house. And the goodness of God was admirable to us in our low estate, in that He raised up compassionate friends on every side, when we had nothing to recompense any for their love. The Indians were now gone that way, that it was apprehended dangerous to go to her; but the cart which carried provision to the English army, being guarded, brought her with them to Dorchester, where we received her safe; blessed be the Lord for it. Her coming in was after this manner: She was traveling one day with the Indians, with her basket on her back; the company of Indians were got before her and gone out of sight, all except one squaw. She followed the squaw till night, and then both of them lay down, having nothing over them but the heavens, nor under them but the earth. Thus she traveled three days together, having nothing to eat or drink but water and green whortleberries. At last they came into Providence, where she was kindly entertained by several of that town. The Indians often said that I should never have her under twenty pounds, but now the Lord hath brought her in upon free cost, and given her to me the second time. The Lord make us a blessing indeed to each other. Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of the horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. 'Tis the desire of my soul that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are receiving.

URIAN OAKES.

Urian Oakes, a New England clergyman, poet, Latinist, and President of Harvard College, was born in England in 1631, and died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1681. He was brought to America as an infant, and showed great precosity, especially in mathematics. He was graduated at Harvard in 1649, studied theology, and preached for a time at Roxbury. Then he went to England, where he obtained a benefice under the Protectorate, which he lost at the Restoration. In 1668 he was summoned to take charge of the church in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and assumed that post three years later. He succeeded Dr. Leonard Hoar as President of Harvard in 1675, although he was not formally inaugurated till 1680. He is especially noteworthy for the scholarly Latinity of his Commencement Sermons, but was also a gifted preacher in the vernacular, and the author of one of the few really good poems of the epoch — an elegy on his friend the Rev. Thomas Shepard, who died in 1677.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS SHEPARD.

[An "Elegy upon the Death of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Shepard." 1677.]

Oh! that I were a poet now in grain!
How would I invocate the Muses all
To deign their presence, lend their flowing vein;
And help to grace dear Shepard's funeral!
How would I paint our griefs, and succors borrow
From art and fancy, to limn out our sorrow!

Now could I wish (if wishing would obtain)
The sprightliest efforts of poetic rage,
To vent my griefs, make others feel my pain,
For this loss of the glory of our age.
Here is a subject for the loftiest verse
That ever waited on the bravest hearse.

And could my pen ingeniously distill
The purest spirits of a sparkling wit
In rare conceits, the quintessence of skill
In elegiac strains; none like to it:
I should think all too little to condole
The fatal loss (to us) of such a soul.

Could I take highest flights of fancy, soar
Aloft; if wit's monopoly were mine;
All would be much too low, too light, too poor,
To pay due tribute to this great divine.

Ah ! wit avails not, when th' heart's like to break,
Great griefs are tongue-tied, when the lesser speak.

* * * * * * *

Oh ! that my head were waters, and mine eyes
A flowing spring of tears, still issuing forth
In streams of bitterness, to solemnize
The obits of this man of matchless worth !
Next to the tears our sins do need and crave,
I would bestow my tears on Shepard's grave.

Not that he needs our tears : for he hath dropt
His measure full ; not one tear more shall fall
Into God's bottle from his eyes ; Death stopt
That water-course, his sorrows ending all.
He fears, he cares, he sighs, he weeps no more :
He's past all storms, arriv'd at th' wished shore.

Dear Shepard ! could we reach so high a strain
Of pure seraphic love, as to divest
Ourselves, and love, of self respects, thy gain
Would joy us, though it cross our interest.
Then would we silence all complaints with this,
Our dearest friend is doubtless gone to bliss.

Ah ! but the lesson's hard, thus to deny
Our own dear selves, to part with such a loan
Of Heaven (in time of such necessity)
And love thy comforts better than our own.
Then let us moan our loss, adjourn our glee,
Till we come thither to rejoice with thee.

As when some formidable comet's blaze,
As when portentous prodigies appear,
Poor mortals with amazement stand and gaze,
With hearts affrighted, and with trembling fear:
So are we all amazed at this blow,
Sadly portending some approaching woe.

We shall not summon bold astrologers
To tell us what the stars say in the case,
(Those cousin-germans to black conjurers),
We have a sacred Oracle that says,
When th' righteous perish, men of mercy go,
It is a sure presage of coming wo.

He was (ah, woful word! to say he was)
Our wrestling Israel, second unto none,
The man that stood i' th' gap, to keep the pass,
To stop the troops of judgments rushing on.
This man the honor had to hold the hand
Of an incensed God against our Land.

* * * * * * *

Oh for the raptures, transports, inspirations
Of Israel's Singer, when his Jonathan's fall
So tun'd his mourning harp! what Lamentations
Then would I make for Shepard's funeral!
How truly can I say, as well as he,
"My dearest brother, I am distress'd for thee."

How lovely, worthy, peerless, in my view!
How precious, pleasant hast thou been to me!

How learned, prudent, pious, grave, and true !
And what a faithful friend ! who like to thee!
Mine eye's desire is vanish'd : who can tell
Where lives my dearest Shepard's parallel ?

'Tis strange to think : but we may well believe,
That not a few, of different persuasions
From this great worthy, do now truely grieve
I' th' mourning crowd, and join their lamentations
Such powers magnetic had he to draw to him
The very hearts, and souls, of all that knew him !

Art, nature, grace, in him were all combin'd
To shew the world a matchless paragon :
In whom of radiant virtues no less shin'd
Than a whole constellation : but he's gone !
He's gone alas ! Down in the dust must lye
As much of this rare person as could die.

* * * * * * *

Great was the father, once a glorious light
Among us, famous to an high degree :
Great was this son : indeed (to do him right)
As great and good (to say no more) as he.
A double portion of his father's spirit
Did this (his eldest) son, through grace, inherit.

His look commanded reverence and awe,
Though mild and amiable, not austere :
Well-humor'd was he as I ever saw
And rul'd by love and wisdom, more than fear,
The Muses, and the Graces too, conspir'd
To set forth this rare piece, to be admir'd,

He govern'd well the tongue (that busy thing,
Unruly, lawless and pragmatical),
Gravely reserv'd, in speech not lavishing,
Neither too sparing, nor too liberal.
His words were few, well-season'd, wisely weigh'd,
And in his tongue the law of kindness sway'd.

Learned he was beyond the common size,
Befriended much by nature in his wit,
And temper (sweet, sedate, ingenious, wise),
And (which crown'd all) he was Heaven's favourite;
On whom the God of all Grace did command,
And show'r down blessings with a liberal hand.

Wise he, not wily, was; grave, not morose;
Not stiff, but steady; serious, but not sour;
Concern'd for all, as if he had no Foes;
(Strange if he had!) and would not waste an hour.
Thoughtful and active for the common good:
And yet his own place wisely understood.

* * * * * * *

Large was his heart, to spend without regret,
Rejoicing to do good: not like those moles
That root i' th' earth, or roam abroad, to get
All for themselves (those sorry, narrow souls!)
But he, like th' sun (i' th' center, as some say)
Diffus'd his rays of goodness every way.

He breath'd love, and pursu'd peace in his day,
As if his soul were made of harmony:
Scarce ever more of goodness crowded lay
In such a piece of frail mortality.

Sure Father Wilson's genuine son was he,
New-England's Paul had such a Timothy.

No slave to th' world's grand idols ; but he flew
At fairer quarries, without stooping down
To sublunary prey : his great soul knew
Ambition none, but of the heavenly crown :
Now he hath won it, and shall wear 't with honor
Adoring grace, and God in Christ, the donor.

A friend to truth, a constant foe to error,
Powerful i' th' pulpit, and sweet in converse,
To weak ones gentle, to th' profane a terror, —
Who can his virtues and good works rehearse ?
The Scripture — Bishop's character read o're,
Say this was Shepard's : what need I say more ;

I say no more ; let them that can declare
His rich and rare endowments, paint this sun
With all its dazzling rays : but I despair,
Hopeless by any hand to see it done.
They that can Shepard's goodness well display
Must be as good as he ; but who are they ?

See where our Sister Charlestown sits and moans !
Poor widow'd Charlestown ! all in dust, in tears !
Mark how she wrings her hands ! hear how she groans !
See how she weeps ! what sorrow like to hers !
Charlestown, that might for joy compare of late
With all about her, now looks desolate.

As you have seen some pale, wan, ghastly look,
When grisly death, that will not be said nay,
Hath seiz'd all for itself, possession took,
And turn'd the soul out of its house of clay :
So visag'd is poor Charlestown at this day ;
Shepard, her very soul, is torn away.

Cambridge groans under this so heavy cross,
And sympathizes with her Sister dear ;
Renews her griefs afresh for her old loss
Of her own Shepard, and drops many a tear.
Cambridge and Charlestown now joint mourners are,
And this tremendous loss between them share.

Must Learning's friend (ah ! worth us all) go thus ?
That great support to Harvard's nursery !
Our Fellow (that no fellow had with us)
Is gone to Heaven's great University.
Ours now indeed's a lifeless Corporation,
The soul is fled, that gave it animation !

Poor Harvard's sons are in their mourning dress :
Their sure friend's gone ! their hearts have put on mourning ;
Within their walls are sighs, tears, pensiveness ;
Their new foundations dread an overturning.
Harvard ! where's such a fast friend left to thee ?
Unless thy great friend LEVERET, it be.

We must not with our greatest Sovereign strive,
Who dare find fault with him that is most high ?
That hath an absolute prerogative.
And doth his pleasure : none may ask him, why ?

We're clay-lumps, dust-heaps, nothings in his sight :
The Judge of all the earth doth always right.

Ah ! could not prayers and tears prevail with God !
Was there no warding off that dreadful blow !
And was there no averting of that rod !
Must Shepard die ! and that good angel go !
Alas ! Our heinous sins (more than our hairs)
It seems, were louder, and out-cried our prayers.

See what our sins have done ! what ruins wrought
And how they have pluck'd out our very eyes !
Our sins have slain our Shepard ! we have bought,
And dearly paid for, our enormities.
Ah, cursed sins ! that strike at God and kill
His servants, and the blood of prophets spill.

As you would loath the sword that's warm and red,
As you would hate the hands that are embrued
I' th' heart's-blood of your dearest friends : so dread,
And hate your sins ; Oh ! let them be pursued :
Revenges take on bloody sins : for there's
No refuge-city for these murtherers.

In vain we build the prophets' sepulchers,
In vain bedew their tombs with tears, when dead ;
In vain bewail the deaths of ministers,
Whilst prophet-killing sins are harbored.
Those that these murtherous traitors favor, hide ;
Are with the blood of Prophets deeply dy'd.

New-England ! know thy heart-plague : feel this
blow ;

A blow that sorely wounds both head and heart,
A blow that reaches all, both high and low,
A blow that may be felt in every part.
Mourn that this great man's fallen in Israel :
Let it be said, " with him New-England fell !"

Farewell, dear Shepard ! Thou art gone before,
Made free of Heaven, where thou shalt sing loud hymns
Of high triumphant praises ever more,
In the sweet quire of saints and seraphims.
Lord ! look on us here, clogg'd with sin and clay,
And we, through grace, shall be as happy as they.

My dearest, inmost, bosom-friend is gone !
Gone is my sweet companion, soul's delight !
Now in an hud'ling crowd I'm all alone,
And almost could bid all the world " Goodnight."
Blest be my Rock ! God lives : O let him be,
As He is All, so All in All to me !

INCREASE MATHER.

Of the noted families of New England clergymen, that of the Mathers is probably the most distinguished. The founder of the family, Richard Mather, was born in Lancashire, England, in 1596, and died in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 22, 1669. He was a strong man and a typical clergyman, who brought up six sons, four of whom were ministers. We have already learned something of his labors in connection with the *Bay Psalm Book*. Of his sons, the youngest, Increase, who was born June 21, 1639, at Dorchester, and died August 23, 1723, at Boston, was the most famous. A passage to be given shortly from the biography of him written by his still more famous son, Cotton, will explain how he came by his curious name, and will present some of his most marked characteristics. He graduated at Harvard in 1656, and then at the request of his older brothers, Samuel and Nathaniel, who were preachers in Ireland and England respectively, he crossed the Atlantic, took his second degree at Trinity College, Dublin, and received a ministerial charge in Devonshire. A little later he was made chaplain of a garrison in Guernsey, but after the Restoration returned to Massachusetts, and, in 1664, became pastor of the new North Church in Boston, a position which he held until his death. Here he soon

established his reputation, not merely as a great preacher, but as a great man.

Only a few important facts from his crowded biography can be given here. He opposed every liberal movement among the New England clergy, but toward the close of his life was doomed to see many innovations prevail. He took part in the famous persecution of the witches, but was on the whole conservative, more so than his son Cotton. In 1681 he was elected President of Harvard in succession to Urian Oakes, but his church not being willing to give him up, he resigned the office. Four years latter, another vacancy occurring, an arrangement was made by which he could still reside in Boston, and he became President, holding the office until 1701, when his less orthodox opponents managed by shrewd legislation to secure his retirement. His most important services, however, were not as clergyman, voluminous author, and college president, but as agent for Massachusetts to King William III. for the restoration of the Charter. This restoration could not be accomplished, but he secured a new Charter which lasted to the Revolution, and he won the confidence of the King and of his fellow-citizens. In his last years, as we have noted, he found his conservative influence waning, but as our extract from his son's book will show, he died as full of honors as of years.

Throughout his life Increase Mather kept the printing-press busy ; the titles of his works are said to amount to no less than one hundred and thirty-six. Of course most of these productions were sermons, but not a few of them were important books written

in English of considerable vigor and displaying vast learning. Among the most noteworthy are *A History of the War with the Indians* (1676), *A Relation of Troubles of New England from the Indians* (1677), *An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences* (1684), and *Cases of Conscience* (1693). The two latter works may be obtained in the "Library of Old Authors"; new editions of the two former were brought out by Samuel G. Drake in 1862 and 1864. A good account of Increase Mather's life is given in Professor Barrett Wendell's biography of Cotton Mather.

CONCERNING THE WRITING OF HISTORY.

[From the Preface to "A Brief History of the War with the Indians in New England." 1676.]

. . . And I hope that in one thing (though it may be in little else) I have performed the part of an historian, viz. in endeavoring to relate things truly and impartially, and doing the best I could that I might not lead the reader into a mistake. History is indeed in itself a profitable study. Learned men know that Polybius, and the great Philosopher call it, Αληθινωτάτην παιδεῖαν καὶ χρησιμην γυμνασιαν. And there is Holy Scripture to encourage a work of this nature; For what was the *Book of the Wars of the Lord?* Num. 21. 14. And that book of Jasher, which we read of in Joshua and in Samuel? Yea,

the book of the Chronicles, mentioned in the book of Kings (for we find not some of those things referred unto in the canonical book of Chronicles.) What were these books but the faithful records of the providential dispensations of God in the days of old? Yea, and it is proper for the ministers of God, to engage themselves in services of this nature; Witness the History or Commentary מדרש of the Prophet Iddo, 2 Chro. 13. 22. Whether my defective manner of management in this history renders it unprofitable, I know not. Considering the other employments that are always upon me, together with my personal inabilities, I have cause to suspect it may be so in a great measure. If any one shall hereby be incited to do better, I hope I shall rather thank than envy him, πλεόνων ἔργον ἀμεινον. And I earnestly wish that some effectual course may be taken (before it be too late) that a just History of New England be written and published to the world. That is a thing that hath often been spoken of, but was never done to this day, and yet the longer it is deferred, the more difficulty will there be in effecting of it.

THE HAND OF GOD.

[From "An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences." 1684.]

It hath been by many observed, that men addicted to horrid cursings and execrations have pulled down the imprecated vengeance of Heaven upon themselves. Sundry very awful examples of this kind have lately happened: I shall here mention one or two.

The hand of God was very remarkable in that which came to pass in the Narragansett country in New England, not many weeks since ; for I have good information, that on August 28, 1683, a man there (viz. Samuel Wilson) having caused his dog to mischief his neighbor's cattle was blamed for his so doing. He denied the fact with imprecations, wishing that he might never stir from that place if he had so done. His neighbor being troubled at his denying the truth, reproved him, and told him he did very ill to deny what his conscience knew to be truth. The atheist thereupon used the name of God in his imprecations, saying, "He wished to God he might never stir out of that place, if he had done that which he was charged with." The words were scarce out of his mouth before he sunk down dead, and never stirred more ; a son-in-law of his standing by and catching him as he fell to the ground.

A thing not unlike this happened (though not in New England yet) in America, about a year ago ; for in September, 1682, a man at the Isle of Providence, belonging to a vessel, whereof one Wollery was master, being charged with some deceit in a matter that had been committed to him, in order to his own vindication, horridly wished "that the devil might put out his eyes if he had done as was suspected concerning him." That very night a rheum fell into his eyes, so that within a few days he became stark blind. His company being astonished at the Divine hand which thus conspicuously and signally appeared, put him ashore at Providence, and left him there. A physician being desired to undertake his cure, hearing how he came to lose his sight, refused

to meddle with him. This account I lately received from credible persons, who knew and have often seen the man whom the devil (according to his own wicked wish) made blind, through the dreadful and righteous judgment of God.

PREPARATION FOR JUDGMENT.

[From "The Greatest Sinners exhorted and encouraged to come to Christ, and that now without delaying." 1686.]

Consider. 3. That as death leaveth a man, so judgment will find him. All the time which men have to prepare for judgment is only whilst they are in this world. There is no work in the grave whither thou goest. For there is a particular judgment passeth upon every soul at death. Heb. 9, 27. It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. When once a man's soul is out of his body, it appears before the judge of all, and is sentenced either to life or death forever; which particular judgment will be published at the Last Day. If death find a man unprepared, so will judgment. Therefore it highly concerns every man to prepare now. Miserable sinner, thou knowest not how soon death may come upon thee like an armed man, and drag thy soul before the judgment seat of GOD! It may be this night it will be so. Death sometimes giveth no warning before it comes. Remember that Scripture, Amos 4. 11. I have overthrown some of you, as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.

And how was that? Verily by thunder and lightning from Heaven. And has it not been so amongst us also? There have been (to my observation) about twenty persons in this land, who have at several times and places been killed with lightning, some such very lately. Therefore if God fell upon them and struck them dead in a moment, how dost thou know but that it may be so with thee? If thou continuest unprepared for death and judgment, thou knowest not but that the next thunderstorm that cometh may prove to thy soul, as snares and fire, and brimstone, and an horrible tempest.

Consider. 4. As judgment shall find a man so it will be with him to all eternity. Eternity will fasten its iron teeth upon thy soul then. Hence the Scripture speaketh of Eternal Judgment, Heb. 6. 2. because men shall then be judged to an eternal estate either of weal or of woe. The wicked shall then go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal. If judgment find a man in a good estate he shall be for ever with the Lord, he shall be where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. But if judgment find him in his sins, he shall be cast into a dungeon out of which he shall never come, even into blackness of darkness for ever. O think of this one word, If judgment find thee in thy sins; after thou hast been in misery as many millions of ages as there have been days and minutes since the world began, thou art no nearer to an end of thy misery than thou wast the first hour that the Son of God passed on thee a sentence of eternal death.

STRANGE CERTAINTIES FROM SCRIPTURE AND HISTORY.

[From "Cases of Conscience concerning Evil Spirits." 1693.]

Ar[gument] 4. It is certain both from Scripture and history, that magicians by their enchantments and hellish conjurations may cause a false representation of persons and things. An enchanted eye shall see such things as others cannot discern; it is a thing too well known to be denied, that some by rubbing their eyes with a bewitched water have immediately thereupon seen that which others could not discern; and there are persons in the world, who have a strange spectral sight. Mr. Glanvil speaks of a Dutchman that could see ghosts which others could perceive nothing of. There are in Spain a sort of men whom they call Zahurs, these can see into the bowels of the earth; they are able to discover minerals and hidden treasures; nevertheless, they have their extraordinary sight only on Tuesdays and Fridays, and not on the other days of the week. Delrio saith, that when he was at Madrid, Anno Dom. 1575, he saw some of these strange sighted creatures. Mr. George Sinclare, in his book entituled "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," has these words, "I am undoubtedly informed, that men and women in the High-lands can discern fatality approaching others, by seeing them in the water or with winding sheets about them. And that others can lecture in a sheep's shoulder-bone a death within the parish seven or eight days

before it come. It is not improbable but that such a preternatural knowledge comes first by a compact with the devil, and is derived downward by succession to their posterity. Many such I suppose are innocent, and have this sight against their will and inclination." Thus Mr. Sinclare. I concur with his supposal, that such knowledge is originally from Satan, and perhaps the effect of some old enchantment. There are some at this day in the world, that if they come into a house where one of the family will die within a fortnight, the smell of a dead corpse offends them to such a degree, as that they cannot stay in that house. It is reported that near unto the Abbey of Maurice in Burgundy there is a fish-pond in which are fishes put according to the number of the monks of that place; if any one of them happened to be sick, there is a fish seen to float and swim above water half dead, and if the monk shall die, the fish a few days before dieth. In some parts in Wales death-lights or corpse candles (as they call them) are seen in the night time going from the house where some body will shortly die, and passing in to the churchyard. Of this, my honored and never to be forgotten friend, Mr. Richard Baxter, has given an account in his book about witchcrafts lately published: what to make of such things, except they be the effect of some old enchantment, I know not; nor what natural reason to assign for that which I find amongst the Observations of the Imperial Academy for the year 1687, viz. that in an orchard where are choice Damascen plums, the master of the family being sick of a quartan ague, whilst he continued very ill, four of his plum-trees

instead of Damascens brought forth a vile sort of yellow plums: but recovering health, the next year the tree did (as formerly) bear Damascens again; but when after that he fell into a fatal dropsy, on those trees were seen not Damascens, but another sort of fruit. The same author gives instances of which he had the certain knowledge, concerning apple-trees and pear-trees, that the fruit of them would on a sudden wither as if they had been baked in an oven, when the owners of them were mortally sick. It is no less strange that in the illustrious Electoral House of Brandenburg before the death of some one of the family feminine spectres appeared. And often in the houses of great men, voices and visions from the invisible world have been the harbingers of death. When any heir in the worshipful family of the Breertons in Cheshire is near his death, there are seen in a pool adjoining, bodies of trees swimming for certain days together, on which learned Camden has this note, "These and such like things are done either by the holy tutelar angels of men, or else by the devils, who by God's permission mightily show their power in this inferior world." As for Mr. Sinclare's notion that some persons may have a second sight (as 'tis termed), and yet be themselves innocent, I am satisfied that he judgeth right; for this is common amongst the Laplanders, who are horribly addicted to magical incantations. They bequeath their dæmons to their children as a legacy, by whom they are often assisted (like bewitched persons as they are) to see and do things beyond the power of nature. An historian who deserves credit relates, that a certain Laplander gave him a

true and particular account of what had happened to him in his journey to Lapland ; and further complained to him with tears, that things at great distance were represented to him, and how much he desired to be delivered from that diabolical sight, but could not ; this doubtless was caused by some enchantment. But to proceed to what I intend ; the eyes of persons, by reason of enchanting charms, may not only see what others do not, but be under such power of fascination, as that things which are not shall appear to them as real: The apostle speaks of bewitched eyes, Gal. iii. 1, and we know from Scripture, that the imaginations of men have by enchantments been imposed upon ; and histories abound with very strange instances of this nature. The old witch Circe by an enchanted cup caused Ulysses his companions to imagine themselves to be turned into swine ; and how many witches have been themselves so bewitched by the devil, as really to believe that they were transformed into wolves, or dogs, or cats. It is reported of Simon Magus, that by his sorceries he would so impose on the imaginations of people, as that they thought he had really changed himself into another sort of creature. Apollonius of Tyana could outdo Simon with his magic. The great Bohemian conjurer Zyto by his enchantments caused certain persons whom he had a mind to try his art upon, to imagine that their hands were turned into the feet of an ox, or into the hoofs of a horse, so that they could not reach to the dishes before them to take any thing thence ; he sold wisps of straw to a butcher who bought them for swine ; that many such prestigious pranks were played by the unhappy Faustus, is at-

tested by Camerarius, Wyerus, Voetius, Lavater, and Lonicer.

There is newly published a book (mentioned in the *Acta Eruditorum*) wherein the author (Wiechard Valvassor) relates, that a Venetian Jew instructed him (only he would not attend his instructions) how to make a magical glass which should represent any person or thing according as he should desire. If a magician by an enchanted glass can do this, he may as well by the help of a dæmon cause false idæas of persons and things to be impressed on the imaginations of bewitched persons; the blood and spirits of a man, that is bitten with a mad-dog, are so envenomed, as that strange impressions are thereby made on his imagination. Let him be brought into a room where there is a looking-glass, and he will (if put upon it) not only say but swear that he sees a dog, though in truth there is no dog it may be within 20 miles of him; and is it not then possible for the dogs of hell to poison the imagination of miserable creatures, so as that they shall believe and swear that such persons hurt them as never did so? I have heard of an enchanted pin, that has caused the condemnation and death of many scores of innocent persons. There was a notorious witchfinder in Scotland, that undertook by a pin, to make an infallible discovery of suspected persons, whether they were witches or not, if when the pin was run an inch or two into the body of the accused party, no blood appeared, nor any sense of pain, then he declared them to be witches; by means hereof my author tells me no less than 300 persons were condemned for witches in that kingdom. This bloody juggler, after he had done

enough in Scotland, came to the town of Berwick upon Tweed; an honest man now living in New-England assureth me, that he saw the man thrust a great brass pin two inches into the body of one, that some would in that way try whether there was witchcraft in the case or no: the accused party was not in the least sensible of what was done, and therefore in danger of receiving the punishment justly due for witchcraft; only it so happened, that Colonel Fenwick (that worthy gentleman, who many years since lived in New-England) was then the military governor in that town; he sent for the mayor and magistrates advising them to be careful and cautious in their proceedings; for he told them, it might be an enchanted pin, which the witchfinder made use of: Whereupon the magistrates of the place ordered that he should make his experiment with some other pin as they should appoint: But that he would by no means be induced unto, which was a sufficient discovery of the knavery and witchery of the witchfinder.

FALSE CONFESSIONS OF WITCHES.

[From the Same.]

I could mention dismal instances of innocent blood which has been shed by means of the lies of some confessing witches; there is a very sad story mentioned in the preface to the relation of the witchcrafts in Sweedland, how that in the year 1676, at Stockholm, a young woman accused her own mother (who had indeed been a very bad woman, but not guilty of

witchcraft), and swore that she had carried her to the nocturnal meetings of witches, upon which the mother was burnt to death. Soon after the daughter came crying and howling before the judges in open court, declaring that to be revenged on her mother for an offence received, she had falsely accused her with a crime which she was not guilty of; for which she also was justly executed. A most wicked man in France freely confessed himself to be a magician, and accused many others, whose lives were thereupon taken from them; and a whole province had like to have been ruined thereby, but the impostor was discovered. The confessing pretended wizard was burnt at Paris in the year 1668. I shall only take notice further of an awful example mentioned by A. B. Spotswood in his History of Scotland, p. 449. His words are these: "This summer (viz. Anno 1597), there was a great business for the trial of witches, amongst others, one Margaret Atkin being apprehended on suspicion, and threatened with torture, did confess herself guilty; being examined touching her associates in that trade, she named a few, and perceiving her delations find credit, made offer to detect all of that sort, and to purge the country of them; so she might have her life granted. For the reason of her knowledge, she said, 'That they had a secret mark all of that sort in their eyes, whereby she could surely tell, how soon she looked upon any, whether they were witches or not'; and in this she was so readily believed, that for the space of 3 or 4 months she was carried from town to town to make discoveries in that kind; many were brought in question by her delations, especially at Glasgow,

where divers innocent women, through the credulity of the minister Mr. John Cowper, were condemned and put to death; in the end she was found to be a mere deceiver, and sent back to Fife, where she was first apprehended. At her trial she affirmed all to be false that she had confessed of herself or others, and persisted in this to her death, which made many forethink their too great forwardness that way, and moved the king to recall his commission given out against such persons, discharging all proceedings against them, except in case of a voluntary confession, till a solid order should be taken by the estates touching the form that should be kept in their trial." Thus that famous historian.

2. If two credible persons shall affirm upon oath that they have seen the party accused speaking such words, or doing things which none but such as have familiarity with the devil ever did or can do, that's a sufficient ground for conviction.

Some are ready to say, that wizards are not so unwise as to do such things in the sight or hearing of others, but it is certain that they have very often been known to do so. How often have they been seen by others using enchantments? Conjuring to raise storms? And have been heard calling upon their familiar spirits? And have been known to use spells and charms? And to shew in a glass or in a shew-stone persons absent? And to reveal secrets which could not be discovered but by the devil? And have not men been seen to do things which are above human strength, that no man living could do without diabolical assistances? Claudia was seen by witnesses enough to draw a ship which no

human strength could move. Tuccia a vestal virgin was seen to carry water in a sieve. The devil never assists men to do supernatural things undesired. When therefore such like things shall be testified against the accused party, not by spectres which are devils in the shape of persons either living or dead, but by real men or women who may be credited, it is proof enough that such an one has that conversation and correspondence with the devil, as that he or she, whoever they be, ought to be exterminated from amongst men. This notwithstanding I will add: It were better that ten suspected witches should escape, than that one innocent person should be condemned.

. . . That is an old saying, and true, *Prestat reum nocentem absolvi, quam ex prohibitis Indiciis & illegitima probatione condemnari.* It is better that a guilty person should be absolved, than that he should without sufficient ground of conviction be condemned. I had rather judge a witch to be an honest woman, than judge an honest woman as a witch. The word of God directs men not to proceed to the execution of the most capital offenders, until such time as, upon searching diligently, the matter is *found to be a truth, and the thing certain*, Deut. 13, 14, 15.

COTTON MATHER.

This most distinguished of all the Mathers was born in Boston, February 12, 1663, and died there February 13, 1728, surviving his great father, Increase, not quite five years. He was a prodigy of learning from his youth, graduating from Harvard when less than sixteen, and beginning to preach before he was eighteen, but not before he had cured himself from stammering. In 1684 he became an associate pastor with his father in the North Church. Here he did most useful work of a philanthropic nature, combatting intemperance and other social evils. This phase of his career is summed up in his widely read book, *Essays to do Good* (1710). Unfortunately most of his books are written in such a quaint style, and have such fantastic titles, and his chief work, the ecclesiastical history of New England, entitled *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702), is so monumental a production, that as a writer Cotton Mather has a less reputation among modern readers than he deserves. The chief part of his fame also is far from being based on anything philanthropic. He is best known for the share he took in the persecution of the witches, and while it is most likely that the charges brought against him by his opponents were much exaggerated, it is quite clear that he did not exercise ordinary prudence in his relations with those supposed

to be possessed. He was himself an ascetic who had visions, and he was a pedant scholar who believed firmly in what had been handed down from the past; in consequence he was quite ready to credit the most marvellous of the stories told about the unfortunate victims of popular frenzy. Till the last he believed confidently that he had done God service in the deplorable affair. It is more to his credit to-day that he was among the earliest and most unflinching advocates of inoculation for smallpox.

It is impossible to do justice here to Mather's complex character. He was very vain, yet from his earliest youth he was trained and trained himself to be self-conscious, and he was always subjected to a great deal of adulation. He had many domestic misfortunes, yet he bore up bravely under them. He was pedantic and fantastic, yet his industry was enormous, and his learning nothing short of colossal. He had many opponents who managed to keep the presidency of Harvard out of his grasp, and to thwart him in many ways, yet, as we have seen, he was one of the earliest of our philanthropists, his example in this respect stimulating Benjamin Franklin himself. But this active man was all the while a visionary who indulged in vigils and fasts to the point of extravagance, and who actually never coughed or washed his hands without a private prayer or pious ejaculation.

As a scholar and writer Cotton Mather was the most celebrated American colonial before the days of Franklin. He was a fellow of the Royal Society, and conducted a large correspondence with learned foreigners. His productions, many of them sermons of course, run up to or pass the prodigious number of

four hundred titles, and there are voluminous diaries and treatises by him that are still in manuscript. He has been called, with not a little truth, a "literary behemoth," but he was also on the whole a great writer whose *Magnalia* is the most important work of its epoch, and many of whose minor writings may be read with interest and profit, especially the quaint *Parentator* (1724), in which he described the life of his father, and *The Wonders of the Invisible World* (1693), his chief contribution to the literature of the witchcraft delusion. His son, Samuel, wrote a very dull life of him in 1729, but he has been fortunate in finding in Professor Barrett Wendell a most sympathetic and competent biographer.

THE ORIGIN OF WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.

[From "The Wonders of the Invisible World." 1693.]

We have been advised by some credible Christians yet alive, that a malefactor, accused of witchcraft as well as murder, and executed in this place more than forty years ago, did then give notice of an horrible plot against the country by witchcraft, and a foundation of witchcraft then laid, which if it were not seasonably discovered would probably blow up and pull down all the churches in the country. And we have now with horror seen the discovery of such a witchcraft! An army of devils is horribly broke in upon the place which is the centre, and, after a sort,

the first-born of our English settlements; and the houses of the good people there are fill'd with the doleful shrieks of their children and servants, tormented by invisible hands, with tortures altogether preternatural. After the mischiefs there endeavored, and since in part conquered, the terrible plague, of evil angels, hath made its progress into some other places, where other persons have been in like manner diabolically handled. These our poor afflicted neighbors, quickly after they become infected and infested with these dæmons, arrive to a capacity of discerning those which they conceive the shapes of their troublers; and notwithstanding the great and just suspicion, that the dæmons might impose the shapes of innocent persons in their spectral exhibitions upon the sufferers (which may perhaps prove no small part of the witch-plot in the issue), yet many of the persons thus represented being examined, several of them have been convicted of a very damnable witchcraft. Yea, more than one twenty have confessed that they have signed unto a book which the devil show'd them, and engaged in his hellish design of bewitching and ruining our land. We know not, at least I know not, how far the delusions of Satan may be interwoven into some circumstances of the confessions; but one would think all the rules of understanding human affairs are at an end, if after so many most voluntary harmonious confessions, made by intelligent persons of all ages, in sundry towns, at several times, we must not believe the main strokes wherein those confessions all agree; especially when we have a thousand preternatural things every day before our eyes, wherein the confessors do acknowledge their

concernment, and give demonstration of their being so concerned. If the devils now can strike the minds of men with any poisons of so fine a composition and operation, that scores of innocent people shall unite in confessions of a crime which we see actually committed, it is a thing prodigious, beyond the wonders of the former ages, and it threatens no less than a sort of dissolution upon the world. Now, by these confessions 'tis agreed that the devil has made a dreadful knot of witches in the country, and by the help of witches has dreadfully increased that knot; that these witches have driven a trade commissioning their confederate spirits, to do all sorts of mischiefs to the neighbors, whereupon there have ensued such mischievous consequences upon the bodies and estates of the neighborhood, as could not otherwise be accounted for. Yea, that at prodigious witch-meetings, the wretches have proceeded so far as to concert and consult the methods of rooting out the Christian religion from this country, and setting up instead of it, perhaps a more gross diabolism than ever the world saw before. And yet it will be a thing little short of miracle, if in so spread a business as this, the devil should not get in some of his juggles to confound the discovery of all the rest. . . .

CONCERNING THE DEVIL.

[From a Discourse on "The Wonders of the Invisible World." Uttered (in Part) on August 4, 1692. Printed in the Above.]

That there is a devil, is a thing doubted by none but such as are under the influences of the devil. For any to deny the being of a devil must be from an ignorance or profaneness, worse than diabolical. A devil. What is that? We have a definition of the monster, in Eph. vi. 12. A spiritual wickedness, that is, a wicked spirit. A devil is a fallen angel, an angel fallen from the fear and love of God, and from all celestial glories; but fallen to all manner of wretchedness and cursedness. He was once in that order of heavenly creatures which God in the beginning made ministering spirits, for his own peculiar service and honor, in the management of the universe; but we may now write that epitaph upon him, "How art thou fallen from heaven! thou hast said in thine heart, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; but thou art brought down to hell!" A devil is a spiritual and rational substance, by his apostacy from God inclined unto all that is vicious, and for that apostacy confined unto the atmosphere of this earth, in chains unto darkness, unto the judgment of the great day. This is a devil; and the experience of mankind, as well as the testimony of Scripture, does abundantly prove the existence of such a devil. . . .

First, then, 'tis to be granted; the devils are so

many, that some thousands can sometimes at once apply themselves to vex one child of man. It is said, in Mark v. 15, he that was possessed with the devil had the legion. Dreadful to be spoken! A legion consisted of twelve thousand five hundred people; and we see that in one man or two, so many devils can be spared for a garrison. As the prophet cried out, "Multitudes, multitudes, in the Valley of Decision!" So I say, there are multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of destruction, where the devils are! When we speak of the devil, 'tis a name of multitude; it means not one individual devil, so potent and scient, as perhaps a Manichee would imagine; but it means a kind which a multitude belongs unto. Alas, the devils they swarm about us, like the frogs of Egypt, in the most retired of our chambers. Are we at our boards? There will be devils to tempt us unto sensuality. Are we in our beds? There will be devils to tempt us unto carnality. Are we in our shops? There will be devils to tempt us unto dishonesty. Yea, though we get into the church of God, there will be devils to haunt us in the very temple itself, and there tempt us to manifold misbehaviors. I am verily persuaded that there are very few human affairs whereinto some devils are not insinuated. There is not so much as a journey intended, but Satan will have an hand in hindering or furthering of it.

Secondly, 'Tis to be supposed, that there is a sort of arbitrary, even military government, among the devils. This is intimated, when in Mar. v. 9, the unclean spirit said, "My name is Legion." They are such a discipline as legions use to be. Hence we

read about the prince of the powers of the air. Our air has a power? or an army of devils in the high places of it; and these devils have a prince over them, who is king over the children of pride. 'Tis probable that the devil, who was the ringleader of that mutinous and rebellious crew which first shook off the authority of God, is now the general of those hellish armies; our Lord that conquered him has told us the name of him; 'tis Belzebub; 'tis he that is the devil and the rest are his angels, or his soldiers. Think on vast regiments of cruel and bloody French dragoons, with an intendant over them, overrunning a pillaged neighborhood, and you will think a little what the constitution among the devils is.

Thirdly, 'tis to be supposed that some devils are more peculiarly commission'd, and perhaps qualify'd, for some countries, while others are for others. This is intimated when in Mar. v. 10, the devils besought our Lord much, that he would not send them away out of the country. Why was that? But in all probability, because these devils were more able to do the work of the devil, in such a country, than in another. It is not likely that every devil does know every language; or that every devil can do every mischief. 'Tis possible that the experience, or, if I may call it so, the education of all devils is not alike, and that there may be some difference in their abilities. If one might make an inference from what the devils do, to what they are, one cannot forbear dreaming that there are degrees of devils. Who can allow that such trifling dæmons, as that of Mascon, or those that once infested our Newberry, are of so much grandeur, as those dæmons, whose games are mighty

kingdoms? Yea, 'tis certain, that all devils do not make a like figure in the invisible world. Nor does it look agreeably that the dæmons, which were the familiars of such a man as the old Apollonius, differ not from those baser goblins that choose to nest in the filthy and loathsome rags of a beastly sorceress. Accordingly, why may not some devils be more accomplished for what is to be done in such and such places, when others must be detach'd for other territories? Each devil, as he sees his advantage, cries out, "Let me be in this couutry, rather than another." But enough, if not too much, of these things. . . .

SOME OF THE EVIDENCE AT THE WITCH TRIALS.

[From the Same.]

FROM THE TRIAL OF GEORGE BURROUGHS.

Glad should I have been if I had never known the name of this man; or never had this occasion to mention so much as the first letters of his name. But the government requiring some account of his trial to be inserted in this book, it becomes me with all obedience to submit unto the order.

This G. B. was indicted for witch-craft, and in the prosecution of the charge against him he was accused by five or six of the bewitched, as the author of their miseries; he was accused by eight of the confessing witches, as being a head actor at some of their hellish randezvouzes, and one who had the promise

of being a king in Satan's kingdom, now going to be erected. He was accused by nine persons for extraordinary lifting, and such feats of strength as could not be done without a diabolical assistance. And for other such things he was accused, until about thirty testimonies were brought in against him ; nor were these judg'd the half of what might have been considered for his conviction. However they were enough to fix the character of a witch upon him according to the rules of reasoning, by the judicious Gaule, in that case directed. . . .

The testimonies of the other sufferers concurred with these ; and it was remarkable that, whereas biting was one of the ways which the witches used for the vexing of the sufferers, when they cry'd out of G. B. biting them, the print of the teeth would be seen on the flesh of the complainers, and just such a set of teeth as G. B.'s would then appear upon them, which could be distinguished from those of some other men's. Others of them testified that in their torments G. B. tempted them to go unto a sacrament, unto which they perceived him with a sound of trumpet summoning of other witches, who quickly after the sound would come from all quarters unto the rendezvous. One of them falling into a kind of trance affirmed that G. B. had carried her away into a very high mountain, where he shewed her mighty and glorious kingdoms, and said, "He would give them all to her, if she would write in his book" ; but she told him, "They were none of his to give" ; and refused the motions ; enduring of much misery for that refusal.

It cost the Court a wonderful deal of trouble, to hear the testimonies of the sufferers ; for when they

were going to give in their depositions, they would for a long time be taken with fits that made them uncapable of saying any thing. The chief judge asked the prisoner, who he thought hindered these witnesses from giving their testimonies. And he answered, "He supposed it was the devil." That honorable person replied, "How comes the devil then to be so loath to have any testimony borne against you?" Which cast him into very great confusion. . . .

Accordingly several of the bewitched had given in their testimony, that they had been troubled with the apparitions of two women, who said that they were G. B.'s two wives, and that he had been the death of them; and that the magistrates must be told of it, before whom if B. upon his trial denied it, that they did not know but that they should appear again in court. Now G. B. had been infamous for the barbarous usage of his two late wives, all the country over. Moreover, it was testified, the spectre of G. B. threatening of the sufferers told them he had killed (besides others) Mrs. Lawson and her daughter Ann. And it was noted, that these were the virtuous wife and daughter of one at whom this G. B. might have a prejudice for his being serviceable at Salem Village, from whence himself had in ill terms removed some years before; and that when they died, which was long since, there were some odd circumstances about them, which made some of the attendants there suspect something of witch-craft, though none imagined from what quarter it should come.

Well, G. B. being now upon his trial, one of

the bewitched persons was cast into horror at the ghost of B's two deceased wives then appearing before him, and crying for vengeance against him. Hereupon several of the bewitched persons were successively called in, who all, not knowing what the former had seen and said, concurred in their horror of the apparition, which they affirmed that he had before him. But he, though much appalled, utterly deny'd that he discern'd any thing of it; nor was it any part of his conviction. . . .

A famous divine recites this among the convictions of a witch: "The testimony of the party bewitched, whether pining or dying; together with the joint oaths of sufficient persons that have seen certain prodigious pranks or feats wrought by the party accused." Now, God had been pleased so to leave this G. B. that he had ensnared himself by several instances, which he had formerly given of a preternatural strength, and which were now produced against him. He was a very puny man, yet he had often done things beyond the strength of a giant. A gun of about seven foot barrel, and so heavy that strong men could not steadily hold it out with both hands; there were several testimonies, given in by persons of credit and honor, that he made nothing of taking up such a gun behind the lock with but one hand, and holding it out like a pistol at arms-end. G. B. in his vindication was so foolish as to say, "That an Indian was there, and held it out at the same time." Whereas none of the spectators ever saw any such Indian; but they supposed, the "Black Man" (as the witches call the devil; and they generally say he resembles an Indian) might give him

that assistance. There was evidence likewise brought in, that he made nothing of taking up whole barrels fill'd with molasses or cider in very disadvantageous postures and carrying of them through the difficultest places out of a canoe to the shore.

Yea, there were two testimonies, that G. B. with only putting the forefinger of his right hand into the muzzle of an heavy gun, a fowling-piece of about six or seven foot barrel, did lift up the gun, and hold it out at arms-end; a gun which the deponents thought strong men could not with both hands lift up and hold out at the butt-end, as is usual. Indeed, one of these witnesses was over-persuaded by some persons to be out of the way upon G. B.'s trial; but he came afterwards with sorrow for his withdraw[al], and gave in his testimony. Nor were either of these witnesses made use of as evidences in the trial. . . .

Faltering, faulty, unconstant, and contrary answers upon judicial and deliberate examination, are counted some unlucky symptoms of guilt, in all crimes, especially in witchcrafts. Now there never was a prisoner more eminent for them than G. B. both at his examination and on his trial. His tergiversations, contradictions, and falsehoods were very sensible. He had little to say, but that he had heard some things that he could not prove, reflecting upon the reputation of some of the witnesses.

Only he gave in a paper to the jury; wherein, although he had many times before granted, not only that there are witches, but also that the present sufferings of the country are the effects of horrible witchcrafts, yet he now goes to evince it, "That there

neither re, nor ever were witches, that having made a compact with the devil can send a devil to torment other people at a distance." This paper was transcribed out of Ady; which the Court presently knew, as soon as they heard it. But he said, he had taken none of it out of any book; for which his evasion afterwards was, that a gentleman gave him the discourse in a manuscript, from whence he transcribed it.

The jury brought him in guilty. But when he came to die, he utterly denied the fact whereof he had been thus convicted.

FROM THE TRIAL OF BRIDGET BISHOP.

To crown all, John Bly and William Bly testified that being employed by Bridget Bishop to help to take down the cellar wall of the old house wherein she formerly lived; they did in holes of the said old wall find several puppets, made up of rags and hogs-bristles, with headless pins in them, the points being outward; whereof she could give no account to the court that was reasonable or tolerable. . . .

There was one very strange thing more with which the court was newly entertained. As this woman was under a guard, passing by the great and spacious meeting-house of Salem, she gave a look towards the house, and immediately a daemon invisibly entering the meeting-house, tore down a part of it; so that though there was no person to be seen there, yet the people at the noise, running in, found a board, which was strongly fastened with several nails, transported into another corner of the house.

FROM THE TRIAL OF ELIZABETH HOW.

Here was likewise a cluster of depositions that Mr. Isaac Cummings, refusing to lend his mare unto the husband of Mrs. How, the mare was within a day or two taken in a strange condition. The beast seemed much abused, being bruised as if she had been running over the rocks, and marked where the bridle went, as if burnt with a red-hot bridle. Moreover, one using a pipe of tobacco for the cure of the beast, a blue flame issued out of her, took hold of her hair, and not only spread and burnt on her, but it also flew upwards towards the roof of the barn, and had like to have set the barn on fire. And the mare died very suddenly.

FROM THE TRIAL OF MARTHA CARRIER.

Martha Carrier was indicted for the bewitching certain persons, according to the form usual in such cases pleading not guilty to her indictment; there were first brought in a considerable number of the bewitched persons; who not only made the court sensible of a horrid witchcraft committed upon them, but also deposed that it was Martha Carrier or her shape that grievously tormented them by biting, pricking, pinching and choking of them. It was further deposed that while this Carrier was on her examination before the magistrates, the poor people were so tortured that every one expected their death upon the very spot, but that upon the binding of Carrier they were eased. Moreover the look of Carrier then laid the afflicted people for dead; and

her touch, if her eye at the same time were off them, raised them again. Which things were also now seen upon her trial. And it was testified, that upon the mention of some having their necks twisted almost round by the shape of this Carrier, she replied, "It's no matter though their necks had been twisted quite off."

Before the trial of this prisoner several of her own children had frankly and fully confessed, not only that they were witches themselves, but that this their mother had made them so. This confession they made with great shews of repentance, and with much demonstration of truth. They related place, time, occasion; they gave an account of journeys, meetings and mischiefs by them performed, and were very credible in what they said. Nevertheless, this evidence was not produced against the prisoner at the bar, inasmuch as there was other evidence enough to proceed upon. . . .

Allin Toothaker testify'd that Richard, the son of Martha Carrier, having some difference with him, pull'd him down by the hair of the head. When he rose again he was going to strike at Richard Carrier; but fell down flat on his back to the ground and had not power to stir hand or foot, until he told Carrier he yielded; and then he saw the shape of Martha Carrier go off his breast.

This Toothaker had received a wound in the wars; and he now testify'd that Martha Carrier told him he should never be cured. Just afore the apprehending of Carrier, he could thrust a knitting needle into his wound, four inches deep; but presently after her being seized, he was thoroughly healed. . . .

One Foster, who confessed her own share in the witchcraft for which the prisoner stood indicted, affirmed that she had seen the prisoner at some of their witch meetings, and that it was this Carrier, who persuaded her to be a witch. She confess'd, that the devil carry'd them on a pole to a witch-meeting; but the pole broke, and she hanging about Carrier's neck, they both fell down, and she then received an hurt by the fall whereof she was not at this very time recovered. . . .

In the time of this prisoner's trial, one Susanna Sheldon in open court had her hands unaccountably ty'd together with a wheel-band, so fast that without cutting it could not be loosed. It was done by a spectre; and the sufferer affirm'd it was the prisoner's.

Memorandum. This rampant hag, Martha Carrier, was the person, of whom the confessions of the witches, and of her own children among the rest, agreed, that the devil had promised her she should be Queen of Hell.

A COLONIAL MUNICIPAL REFORMER.

[From "The Bostonian Ebenezer," delivered April 7, 1698.]

. . . Infant-Boston, thou hast those whom the Bible calls *nursing-fathers*. Oh, be not froward, as thou art in thy treating of thy nurses; but give thanks to God for them. I forget my self; 'tis with the fathers themselves that I am concerned.

When it was demanded of Demosthenes, what it was that so long preserved Athens in a flourishing

state, he made this answer: "The orators are men of learning and wisdom, the magistrates do justice, the citizens love quiet, and the laws are kept among them all." May Boston flourish in such happy order!

And first, you may assure yourselves that the MINISTERS of the Lord Jesus Christ among you will be joyful to approve themselves, as the Book of God has called them, "The helpers of your joy." O our dear flocks, we owe you our all; all our love, all our strength, all our time; we watch for you as those that must give an account; and I am very much mistaken if we are not willing to *die* for you, too, if called unto it. If our Lord Jesus Christ should say to us, "My servant, if you'll die to-night, you shall have this reward: the people that you preach to shall be all converted unto me!" I think we should with triumphing souls reply, "Ah! Lord, then I'll die with all my heart." Sirs, we should go away "rejoycing with joy unspeakable and full of glory." I am satisfied that the most furious and foul-mouthed reviler that God may give any of us to be buffeted withal, if he will but come to sober thoughts, he will say, That there is not any one man in the town, but the ministers wish that man as well as they do their own souls, and would gladly serve that man by day or by night, in any thing that it were possible to do for him. Wherefore, O our beloved people, I beseech you leave off, leave off to throw stones at your Ebenezers. Instead of that, *pray for us*, and "strive together with us in your prayers to God for us." Then with the help of Christ we'll promise you we will set our selves to

observe what special *truths* may be most needful to be inculcated upon you, and we will inculcate them. We will set our selves to observe the *temptations* that beset you, the *afflictions* that assault you, and the *duties* that are incumbent on you; and we will accommodate our selves unto them. We will set our selves to observe what souls among you do call for our more particular addresses, and we will address them faithfully, and even *travel* in *birth* for them. Nor will we give over praying, and fasting, and crying to our great LORD for you until you die. Whatever other helpers the town enjoys, they shall have that convenience in Ezra v. 2, "With them were the prophets of God, helping them." . . .

And now will the JUSTICES of the town set themselves to consider, How they may help to suppress all growing vices among us?

Will the CONSTABLES of the town set themselves to consider, How they may help to prevent all evil orders among us?

There are some who have the eye of the town so much upon them, that the very name of TOWNS-MEN is that by which they are distinguished. Sirs, will you also consider how to help the affairs of the town, so as that all things may go well among us?

Moreover, may not SCHOOL-MASTERS do much to instil principles of religion and civility, as well as other points of good education, into the children of the town? Only let the town well encourage its well-deserving school-masters.

There are some officers; but concerning *all*, there are these two things to be desired: First, it is to be desired that such officers as are chosen among us,

may be chosen in the fear of God. May none but pious and prudent men, and such as *love* the town, be chosen to serve it. And, secondly, it is to be desired that officers of several sorts would often come together for consultation. Each of the sorts by themselves, may they often come together to consult, "What shall we do to serve the town in those interests which are committed unto our charge?" Oh! what a deplorable thing will it be for persons to be entrusted with talents, (your opportunities to serve the town are so many talents!) and they never seriously consider, "What good shall I do with my talents in the place where God hath stationed me?"

And will the REPRESENTATIVES of the town be considered among the rest, as entrusted with some singular advantages for our help? The Lord give you understanding in all things!

. . . But beware, I beseech you, of those provoking evils that may expose us to a plague, exceeding all that are in the catalogue of the twenty-eighth of Deuteronomy. Let me go on to say, What! shall there be any bawdy-houses in such a town as this! It may be the neighbours, that could smoke them, and rout them, if they would, are loth to stir, for fear of being reputed ill neighbours. But I say unto you, that you are ill neighbours because you do it not. All the neighbours are like to have their children and servants poisoned, and their dwellings laid in ashes, because you do it not. And, Oh! that the drinking-houses in the town might once come under a laudable *regulation*. The town has an *enormous number* of them; will the *haunters* of those houses hear the counsels of Heaven? For you that are the town-dwellers, to be oft or long in your visits

of the *ordinary*, 'twill certainly expose you to mischiefs more than ordinary. I have seen certain taverns, where the pictures of horrible devourers were hanged out for the signs; and, thought I, 'twere well if such signs were not sometimes too *significant:* alas, men have their estates *devoured*, their names *devoured*, their hours *devoured*, and their very souls *devoured*, when they are so besotted that they are not in their element, except they be tipling at such houses. When once a man is bewitched with the ordinary, what usually becomes of him? He is a gone man; and when he comes to die, he will cry out, as many have done, "Ale-houses are hell-houses! ale-houses are hell-houses!" But let the owners of those houses also now hear our counsels. "Oh! hearken to me, that God may hearken to you another day!" It is an *honest*, and a *lawful*, though it may not be a very *desirable* employment, that you have undertaken: you may glorify the Lord Jesus Christ in your employment if you will, and benefit the town considerably. There was a very godly man that was an innkeeper, and a great minister of God could say to that man, in 3 John 2 "Thy soul prospereth." O let it not be said of you, since you are fallen into this employment, "Thy soul withereth!" It is thus with too many: especially, when they that get a license perhaps to sell drink out of doors, do stretch their license to sell within doors. Those private houses, when once a professor of the gospel comes to *steal* a living out of them, it commonly precipitates them into an abundance of wretchedness and confusion. But I pray God assist you that keep ordinaries, to keep the commandments of God in them. There

was an Inn at Bethlehem where the Lord JESUS CHRIST was to be met withal. Can Boston boast of many such? Alas, too ordinarily it may be said, "there is no room for him in the Inn!" . . .

Furthermore, What *changes* have we seen in point of possessions? If some that are now *rich* were once *low* in the world, 'tis possible, more that were once *rich* are now brought very *low*. Ah! Boston, thou hast seen the vanity of all worldly possessions. One fatal morning, which laid fourscore of thy dwelling-houses, and seventy of thy ware-houses, in a ruinous heap, not nineteen years ago, gave thee to read it in fiery characters. And an huge *fleet* of thy vessels, which they would make if they were all together, that have miscarried in the late war, has given thee to read more of it. Here is one petition more to be made unto our God: "Lord, help us to ensure a better and a lasting substance in heaven, and the good part that cannot be taken away."

In fine, how dreadfully have the *young people* of Boston perished under the *judgments* of God! A renowned writer among the Pagans could make this remark: there was a town so irreligious and atheistical, that they did not pay their first fruits unto God; (which the *light of nature* taught the Pagans to do!) and, says he, they were by a sudden desolation so strangely destroyed, that there were no remainders either of the persons, or of the houses, to be seen any more. Ah, my young folks, there are few first-fruits paid unto the Lord Jesus Christ among you. From hence it comes to pass, that the consuming wrath of God is every day upon you. New-England has been like a *tottering house*, the very *founda-*

tions of it have been shaking; but the house thus oversetting by the whirlwinds of the wrath of God, hath been like Job's house: "It falls upon the young men, and they are dead!" The disasters on our young folks have been so multiplied, that there are few parents among us but what will go with wounded hearts down unto their graves: their daily moans are, "Ah, my son, cut off in his youth! My son, my son!" Behold then the *help* that we are to ask of our God; and why do we, with no more days of prayer with fasting, ask it? "Lord, help the young people of Boston to remember thee in the days of their youth, and satisfy unto the survivors the terrible things that have come upon so many of that generation."

And now as Joshua, having reasoned with his people a little before he died, in Josh. xxiv. 26, 27, "took a great *stone*, and set it up, and said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God;" thus we have been this day setting up a STONE, even an Ebenezer, among you; and I conclude, earnestly testifying unto you, Behold this stone shall be a witness unto you, that the Lord JESUS CHRIST has been a good Lord unto you, and if you seek him, he will be still found of you; but if you forsake him, he will cast you off for ever.

HIS PURPOSES IN WRITING THE MAGNALIA.

[From the General Introduction to the "Magnalia Christi Americana." 1702.]

I write the wonders of the christian religion, flying from the depravations of Europe, to the American strand: and, assisted by the Holy Author of that religion, I do, with all conscience of truth required therein by him, who is the truth itself, report the wonderful displays of his infinite power, wisdom, goodness, and faithfulness, wherewith his Divine Providence hath irradiated an Indian wilderness.

I relate the considerable matters that produced and attended the first settlement of colonies, which have been renowned for the degree of reformation, professed and attained by evangelical churches, erected in those ends of the earth: and a field being thus prepared, I proceed unto a relation of the considerable matters which have been acted thereupon.

I first introduce the actors that have, in a more exemplary manner, served those colonies; and give remarkable occurrences, in the exemplary lives of many magistrates, and of more ministers, who so lived, as to leave unto posterity examples worthy of everlasting remembrance.

I add hereunto the notables of the only Protestant University, that even shone in that hemisphere of the New World; with particular instances of Criolians, in our biography, provoking the whole world with virtuous objects of emulation.

I introduce, then, the actions of a more eminent importance that have signalized those colonies: whether the establishments, directed by their synods, with a rich variety of synodical and ecclesiastical determinations; or, the disturbances, with which they have been from all sorts of temptations and enemies tempestuated; and the methods by which they have still weathered out each horrible tempest.

And into the midst of these actions, I interpose an entire book, wherein there is, with all possible veracity, a collection made of memorable occurrences; and amazing judgments and mercies, befalling many particular persons among the people of New England.

Let my readers expect all that I have promised them, in this bill of fare; and it may be that they will find themselves entertained with yet many other passages, above and beyond their expectations, deserving likewise a room in history: in all which, there will be nothing but the author's too mean way of preparing so great entertainments, to reproach the invitation.

THE LEARNED MRS. BRADSTREET.

[From the Same, Book I.]

But when I mention the poetry of this gentleman [Gov. Thomas Dudley] as one of his accomplishments, I must not leave unmentioned the fame with which the poems of one descended from him have been celebrated in both Englands. If the rare learn-

ing of a daughter, was not the least of those bright things that adorned no less a judge of England than Sir Thomas More ; it must now be said, that a judge of New England, namely, Thomas Dudley, Esq. had a daughter (besides other children) to be a crown unto him. Reader, America justly admires the learned women of the other hemisphere. She has heard of those that were tutoresses to the old professors of all philosophy : she hath heard of Hippatia, who formerly taught the liberal arts ; and of Sarocchia, who more lately was very often the moderatrix in the disputations of the learned men of Rome : She has been told of the three Corinnæs, which equalled, if not excelled, the most celebrated poets of their time : She has been told of the Empress Eudocia, who composed poetical paraphrases on divers parts of the Bible : and of Rosuida, who wrote the lives of holy men ; and of Pamphilia, who wrote other histories unto the life : the writings of the most renowned Anna Maria Schurnian, have come over unto her. But she now prays, that into such catalogues of authoresses, as Beverovicius, Hottinger, and Voetius, have given unto the world, there may be a room now given unto Madam Ann Bradstreet, the daughter of our governor Dudley, and the consort of our governor Bradstreet, whose poems, divers times printed, have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles. It was upon these poems that an ingenious person bestowed this epigram : —

> Now I believe tradition, which doth call
> The Muses virtues, graces, females all.
> Only they are not nine, eleven, or three ;

Our auth'ress proves them but an unity.
Mankind, take up some blushes on the score;
Monopolize perfection hence no more.
In your own arts confess yourselves outdone;
The moon hath totally eclips'd the sun:
Not with her sable mantle muffing him,
But her bright silver makes his gold look dim:
Just as his beams force our pale lamps to wink,
And earthly fires within their ashes shrink.

A TALE OF MUTINY AND TREASURE-TROVE.

[From the Same. The Life of Sir Wm. Phips.]

. . . Being thus of the true temper for doing of great things, he betakes himself to the sea, the right scene for such things; and upon advice of a Spanish wreck about the Bahamas, he took a voyage thither; but with little more success than what just served him a little to furnish him for a voyage to England; whither he went in a vessel, not much unlike that which the Dutchmen stamped on their first coin, with these words about it: *Incertum quo Fata ferant.* Having first informed himself that there was another Spanish wreck, wherein was lost a mighty treasure, hitherto undiscovered, he had a strong impression upon his mind that he must be the discoverer; and he made such representations of his design at White-Hall, that by the year 1683 he became the captain of a king's ship, and arrived at New-England commander of the Algier-Rose, a frigate of eighteen guns and ninety-five men.

To relate all the dangers through which he passed,

both by sea and land, and all the tiresome trials of his patience, as well as of his courage, while year after year the most vexing accidents imaginable delayed the success of his design, it would even tire the patience of the reader; for very great was the experiment that Captain Phips made of the Italian observation, "He that cannot suffer both good and evil, will never come to any great preferment." Wherefore I shall supersede all journal of his voyages to and fro, with reciting one incident of his conduct, that showed him to be a person of no contemptible capacity. While he was captain of the Algier-Rose, his men growing weary of their unsuccessful enterprise, made a mutiny, wherein they approached him on the quarter-deck, with drawn swords in their hands, and required him to join with them in running away with the ship, to drive a trade of piracy on the South Seas. Captain Phips, though he had not so much of a weapon as an ox-goad, or a jawbone in his hands, yet, like another Shamgar or Samson, with a most undaunted fortitude, he rushed in upon them, and with the blows of his bare hands felled many of them, and quelled all the rest.

But this is not the instance which I intended; that which I intend is, that (as it has been related unto me) one day while his frigate lay careening, at a desolate Spanish island, by the side of a rock, from whence they had laid a bridge to the shore, the men, whereof he had about an hundred, went all but about eight or ten to divert themselves, as they pretended, in the woods; where they all entered into an agreement, which they signed in a ring, that about seven o'clock that evening they would seize the captain,

and those eight or ten which they knew to be true unto him, and leave them to perish on this island, and so be gone away unto the South Sea to seek their fortune. Will the reader now imagine that Captain Phips, having advice of this plot but about an hour and a half before it was to be put in execution, yet within two hours brought all these rogues down upon their knees to beg for their lives? But so it was! for these knaves considering that they should want a carpenter with them in their villainous expedition, sent a messenger to fetch unto them the carpenter, who was then at work upon the vessel; and unto him they shewed their articles; telling him what he must look for if he did not subscribe among them. The carpenter, being an honest fellow, did with much importunity prevail for one half hour's time to consider of the matter; and returning to work upon the vessel, with a spy by them set upon him, he feigned himself taken with a fit of the cholic, for the relief whereof he suddenly run unto the captain in the great cabin for a dram; where, when he came, his business was only, in brief, to tell the captain of the horrible distress which he was fallen into; but the captain bid him as briefly return to the rogues in the woods, and sign their articles, and leave him to provide for the rest. The carpenter was no sooner gone but Captain Phips, calling together the few friends (it may be seven or eight) that were left him aboard, whereof the gunner was one, demanded of them, whether they would stand by him in the extremity which he informed them was now come upon him; whereto they replied, "They would stand by him, if he could save them;" and

he answered, "By the help of God he did not fear it." All their provisions had been carried ashore to a tent, made for that purpose there; about which they had placed several great guns to defend it, in case of any assault from Spaniards, that might happen to come that way. Wherefore Captain Phips immediately ordered those guns to be silently drawn and turned; and so pulling up the bridge, he charged his great guns aboard, and brought them to bear on every side of the tent. By this time the army of rebels comes out of the woods; but as they drew near to the tent of provisions, they saw such a change of circumstances, that they cried out, "We are betrayed!" And they were soon confirmed in it, when they heard the captain with a stern fury call to them, "Stand off, ye wretches, at your peril!" He quickly saw them cast into a more than ordinary confusion, when they saw him ready to fire his great guns upon them, if they offered one step further than he permitted them; and when he had signified unto them his resolve to abandon them unto all the desolation which they had purposed for him, he caused the bridge to be again laid, and his men begun to take the provisions aboard. When the wretches beheld what was coming upon them, they fell to very humble entreaties; and at last fell down upon their knees, protesting, "That they never had anything against him, except only his unwillingness to go away with the king's ship upon the South-Sea design; but upon all other accounts they would choose rather to live and die with him than with any man in the world. However, since they saw how much he was dissatisfied at it, they would insist upon it no more,

and humbly begged his pardon." And when he judged that he had kept them on their knees long enough, he having first secured their arms, received them aboard ; but he immediately weighed anchor, and arriving at Jamaica, he turned them off.

THE SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP.

[From the Same.]

Now, with a small company of other men he sailed from thence to Hispaniola, where, by the policy of his address, he fished out of a very old Spaniard (or Portuguese) a little advice about the true spot where lay the wreck which he had been hitherto seeking, as unprosperously as the chymists have their aurisic stone ; that it was upon a reef of shoals, a few leagues to the northward of Port de la Plata, upon Hispaniola, a port so called, it seems, from the landing of some of the shipwrecked company, with a boat full of plate, saved out of their sinking frigate ; nevertheless, when he had searched very narrowly the spot, whereof the old Spaniard had advised him, he had not hitherto exactly lit upon it. Such thorns did vex his affairs while he was in the Rose-frigate ; but none of all these things could retund the edge of his expectations to find the wreck ; with such expectations he returned then into England, that he might there better furnish himself to prosecute a new discovery ; for though he judged he might, by proceeding a little further, have come at the right spot ; yet he found his present company too ill a crew to be confided in.

So proper was his behaviour, that the best noblemen in the kingdom now admitted him into their conversation; but yet he was opposed by powerful enemies, that clogged his affairs with such demurrages, and such disappointments, as would have wholly discouraged his designs, if his patience had not been invincible. "He who can wait hath what he desireth." Thus his indefatigable patience, with a proportionable diligence, at length overcame the difficulties that had been thrown in his way; and prevailing with the Duke of Albemarle, and some other persons of quality, to fit him out, he set sail for the fishing-ground, which had been so well baited half an hundred years before; and as he had already discovered his capacity for business in many considerable actions, he now added unto those discoveries, by not only providing all, but also by inventing many of the instruments necessary to the prosecution of his intended fishery. Captain Phips arriving with a ship and a tender at Port de la Plata, made a stout canoe of a stately cotton-tree, so large as to carry eight or ten oars, for the making of which periaga (as they call it) he did, with the same industry that he did every thing else, employ his own hand and adse, and endure no little hardship, lying abroad in the woods many nights together. This periaga, with the tender, being anchored at a place convenient, the periaga kept busking to and again, but could only discover a reef of rising shoals thereabouts, called "The Boilers," — which, rising to be within two or three foot of the surface of the sea, were yet so steep, that a ship striking on them would immediately sink down, who could say how many fathom, into the ocean? Here

they could get no other pay for their long peeping among the boilers, but only such as caused them to think upon returning to their captain with the bad news of their total disappointment. Nevertheless, as they were upon the return, one of the men, looking over the side of the periaga, into the calm water, he spied a sea feather, growing, as he judged, out of a rock; whereupon they bade one of their Indians to dive, and fetch this feather, that they might, however, carry home something with them, and make, at least, as fair a triumph as Caligula's. The diver bringing up the feather, brought therewithal a surprising story, that he perceived a number of great guns in the watery world where he had found his feather; the report of which great guns exceedingly astonished the whole company; and at once turned their despondencies for their ill success into assurances that they had now lit upon the true spot of ground which they had been looking for; and they were further confirmed in these assurances, when, upon further diving, the Indian fetched up a sow, as they styled it, or a lump of silver worth perhaps two or three hundred pounds. Upon this they prudently buoyed the place, that they might readily find it again; and they went back unto their captain, whom for some while they distressed with nothing but such bad news as they formerly thought they must have carried him. Nevertheless, they so slipt in the sow of silver on one side under the table, where they were now sitting with the captain, and hearing him express his resolutions to wait still patiently upon the providence of God under these disappointments, that when he should look on one side, he might see that odd thing

before him. At last he saw it; seeing it, he cried out with some agony, "Why! what is this? whence comes this?" And then, with changed countenances, they told him how and where they got it. "Then," said he, "thanks be to God! we are made;" and so away they went, all hands to work; wherein they had this one further piece of remarkable prosperity, that whereas if they had first fallen upon that part of the Spanish wreck where the pieces of eight had been stowed in bags among the ballast, they had seen a more laborious, and less enriching time of it; now, most happily, they first fell upon that room in the wreck where the bullion had been stored up; and they so prospered in this new fishery, that in a little while they had, without the loss of any man's life, brought up thirty-two tuns of silver; for it was now come to measuring of silver by tuns. Besides which, one Adderly, of Providence, who had formerly been very helpful to Captain Phips in the search of this wreck, did, upon former agreement, meet him now with a little vessel here; and he, with his few hands, took up about six tuns of silver; whereof, nevertheless, he made so little use, that in a year or two he died at Bermudas, and, as I have heard, he ran distracted some while before he died.

Thus did there once again come into the light of the sun a treasure which had been half an hundred years groaning under the waters; and in this time there was grown upon the plate a crust like limestone, to the thickness of several inches; which crust being broken open by iron contrived for that purpose, they knocked out whole bushels of rusty pieces of eight which were grown thereinto. Besides that incredible

treasure of plate in various forms, thus fetched up, from seven or eight fathom under water, there were vast riches of gold, and pearls and jewels, which they also lit upon ; and, indeed, for a more comprehensive invoice, I must but summarily say, "All that a Spanish frigate uses to be enriched withal." Thus did they continue fishing till, their provisions failing them, 'twas time to be gone ; but before they went, Captain Phips caused Adderly and his folk to swear that they would none of them discover the place of the wreck, or come to the place any more till the next year, when he expected again to be there himself. And it was also remarkable that though the sows came up still so fast, that on the very last day of their being there they took up twenty, yet it was afterwards found that they had in a manner wholly cleared that room of the ship where those massy things were stowed.

But there was one extraordinary distress which Captain Phips now found himself plunged into ; for his men were come out with him upon seamen's wages, at so much per month ; and when they saw such vast litters of silver sows and pigs, as they called them, come on board them at the captain's call, they knew not how to bear it, that they should not share all among themselves, and be gone to lead "a short life and a merry," in a climate where the arrest of those that had hired them should not reach them. In this terrible distress he made his vows unto Almighty God, that if the Lord would carry him safe home to England, with what he had now given him, "to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sands," he would forever devote himself unto the

interests of the Lord Jesus Christ and of his people, especially in the country which he did himself originally belong unto. And he then used all the obliging arts imaginable to make his men true unto him, especially by assuring them that, besides their wages, they should have ample requitals made unto them; which if the rest of his employers would not agree unto, he would himself distribute his own share among them. Relying upon the word of one whom they had ever found worthy of their love, and of their trust, they declared themselves content; but still keeping a most careful eye upon them, he hastened back for England with as much money as he thought he could then safely trust his vessel withal; not counting it safe to supply himself with necessary provisions at any nearer port, and so return unto the wreck, by which delays he wisely feared lest all might be lost, more ways than one. Though he also left so much behind him, that many from divers parts made very considerable voyages of gleanings after his harvest; which came to pass by certain Bermudians compelling of Adderly's boy, whom they spirited away with them to tell them the exact place where the wreck was to be found.

THE INCARNATED WONDERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

[From the Same.]

When Toxaris met with his countryman Anacharsis in Athens, he gave him this invitation, "Come along with me, and I will shew thee at once all the wonders of Greece;" whereupon he shewed him Solon,

as the person in whom there centred all the glories of that city or country. I shall now invite my reader to behold at once the "wonders" of New-England, and it is in one Thomas Hooker that he shall behold them; even in that Hooker, whom a worthy writer would needs call "Saint Hooker," for the same reason (he said), and with the same freedom that Latimer would speak of Saint Bilney, in his commemorations. 'Tis that Hooker, of whom I may venture to say, that the famous Romanist, who wrote a book, *De Tribus Thomis*, or Of Three Thomas's — meaning Thomas the Apostle, Thomas à Becket, and Sir Thomas More — did not a thousandth part so well sort his Thomas's, as a New-Englander might, if he should write a book, *De Duobus Thomis*, or Of Two Thomas's; and with Thomas the Apostle, join our celebrious Thomas Hooker; my one Thomas, even our apostolical Hooker, would in just balances weigh down two of Stapleton's rebellious archbishops or bigoted Lord Chancellors. 'Tis he whom I may call, as Theodoret called Iranæus, "The light of the western churches."

TWO SPEECHES OF JOHN WINTHROP — NEHEMIAS AMERICANUS.

[From the Same.]

Once more there was a time when some active spirits among the deputies of the colony, by their endeavours not only to make themselves a Court of Judicature, but also to take away the negative by which the magistrates might check their votes, had

like by over-driving to have run the whole government into something too democratical. And if there were a town in Spain undermined by coneys, another town in Thrace destroyed by moles, a third in Greece ranversed by frogs, a fourth in Germany subverted by rats; I must on this occasion add, that there was a country in America like to be confounded by a swine. A certain stray sow being found, was claimed by two several persons with a claim so equally maintained on both sides, that after six or seven years' hunting the business from one court unto another, it was brought at last into the General Court where the final determination was, "that it was impossible to proceed unto any judgment in the case." However, in the debate of this matter, the negative of the upper-house upon the lower in that Court was brought upon the stage; and agitated with so hot a zeal, that a little more, and all had been in the fire. In these agitations, the governor was informed that an offence had been taken by some eminent persons at certain passages in a discourse by him written thereabout; whereupon, with his usual condescendency, when he next came into the General Court, he made a speech of this import: . . .

This acknowledging disposition in the governor made them all acknowledge, that he was truly "a man of an excellent spirit." In fine, the victories of an Alexander, an Hannibal, or a Cæsar over other men, were not so glorious as the victories of this great man over himself, which also at last proved victories over other men.

§ 9. But the stormiest of all the trials that ever befell this gentleman, was in the year 1645, when he

was, in title, no more than Deputy-governor of the colony. If the famous Cato were forty-four times called into judgment, but as often acquitted ; let it not be wondred, and if famous Winthrop were one time so. There happening certain seditious and mutinous practices in the town of Hingham, the Deputy-governor, as legally as prudently, interposed his authority for the checking of them : whereupon there followed such an enchantment upon the minds of the deputies in the General Court, that upon a scandalous petition of the delinquents unto them, wherein a pretended invasion made upon the liberties of the people was complained of, the Deputy-governor was most irregularly called forth unto an ignominious hearing before them in a vast assembly ; whereto with a sagacious humilitude he consented, although he shewed them how he might have refused it. The result of that hearing was, that notwithstanding the touchy jealousy of the people about their liberties lay at the bottom of all this prosecution, yet Mr. Winthrop was publicly acquitted, and the offenders were severally fined and censured. But Mr. Winthrop then resuming the place of Deputy-governor on the bench, saw cause to speak unto the root of the matter after this manner : . . . [See Vol. I., p. 106.]

PRIVATE ASSOCIATIONS FOR PROMOTING RELIGION.

[From "Essays to do Good," 1710. Section XIII.]

We cannot dismiss the offices of good neighborhood, without offering a proposal, to animate and

regulate private meetings of religious persons, for the exercises of religion. It is very certain that where such private meetings have been maintained, and well conducted, the Christians who have composed them have, like so many "coals of the altar," kept one another alive, and maintained a lively Christianity in the neighborhood. Such societies have been strong and tried instruments, to uphold the power of godliness. The giving up of such societies has been accompanied with a visible decay of godliness: the less they have been loved or regarded in any place, the less has godliness flourished.

The rules observed by some ASSOCIATED FAMILIES may be offered with advantage on this occasion. They will show us what good may be done in a neighborhood by such societies.

1. It is proposed, That about twelve families agree to meet (the men and their wives) at each other's houses in rotation, once in a fortnight or a month, as shall be thought most proper, and spend a suitable time together in religious exercises.

2. The exercises of religion proper for such a meeting are: for the brethren in rotation to commence and conclude with prayer; for psalms to be sung; and for sermons to be repeated.

* * * * * * * *

6. The members of such a society should consider themselves as bound up in one "bundle of love"; and count themselves obliged, by very close and strong bonds to be serviceable to one another. If any one in the society should fall into affliction all the rest should presently study to relieve and support

the afflicted person in every possible manner. If any one should fall into temptation, the rest should watch over him, and, with the "spirit of meekness," with "meekness of wisdom," endeavor to recover him. It should be like a law of the Medes and Persians to the whole society — that they will upon all just occasions, affectionately give, and as affectionately receive mutual admonitions of anything that they may see amiss in each other.

7. It is not easy to reckon the good offices which such a society may do to many others besides its own members . . . yea, all the land may be the better for them.

THE CONVERSATION OF GENTLEMEN.

[From the Same. Section xx.]

There seems no need of adding anything but this, that when gentlemen occasionally meet together, why should not their conversation correspond with their superior station? Methinks they should deem it beneath persons of their quality to employ the conversation on trifling impertinences, or in such a way that, if it were secretly taken in shorthand, they would blush to hear it repeated — "Nothing but jesting and laughing, and words scattered by the wind." Sirs, it becomes a gentleman to entertain his company with the finest thoughts on the finest themes; and certainly there cannot be a subject so worthy of a gentleman as this — What good is there to be done in the world? Were this noble subject

more frequently started in the conversation of gentle men, an incredible good might be done.

A HERCULEAN STUDENT.

[From "Memoirs of Remarkables in the Life and the Death of the Ever-memorable Dr. Increase Mather," 1724. Article xxxi. "The Latter-days."]

The Dr. still had many opportunities for special service continued unto him, and he approved himself a prudent and faithful steward of his talents. He grew in the exercises of repentance and of patience, and of all piety, and communion with God; and in the painful discharge of his ministry, and watchfully laid hold on all opportunities to bear testimonies for the cause of God, and of his people, as the matter might require. But if I cut the chapter into little sections, it may add something to the relish of it.

1. His purpose and manner of life, is exactly described, in a book about holiness, which was written by him, twenty years before he died. In that book he offers admirable rules for growth towards a perfection of holiness, in the fear of God: Which he introduces with saying, *I shall not set before you directions impossible to be followed, or heavy burdens which I would be loth myself to touch.* No, we saw his rules livelily exemplified. But his daily course may be enquired after. Besides his patient continuance in that stroke of well-doing, which lay in his course of setting apart whole days for the religion of the

closet, and which he continued until the last year of his life was coming on: His daily course was this: And what a grateful spectacle to angels in it!

In the morning repairing to his study, (where his custom was to sit up very late, even until midnight, and perhaps after it) he deliberately read a chapter, and made a prayer, and then plied what of reading and writing he had before him. At nine o'clock he came down, and read a chapter and made a prayer, with his family. He then returned unto the work of the study. Coming down to dinner, he quickly went up again, and begun the afternoon with another prayer. There he went on with the work of the study till the evening. Then with another prayer he again went unto his Father; after which he did more at the work of the study. At nine o'clock he came down to his family sacrifices. Then he went up again to the work of the study, which anon he concluded with another prayer; And so he betook himself unto his repose.

In the prayers of the day, what there fell short of the number, in the hundred and sixty fourth verse of the hundred and nineteenth psalm, was doubtless made up with numberless ejaculations — Of such ejaculatory prayers, no doubt, is to be understood, what antiquity reports of the apostle Bartholomew, That he prayed one hundred times in a day; and of one Paulus, That he did it three hundred times. I can't say, That this our Eusebius had so many ejaculatory prayers as these come to; But he was the happy man, that had his quiver full of them!

He commonly spent sixteen hours of the four and twenty in his laborious hive! Being very much

of Thomas à Kempis his mind, *Nusquam requiem invenio nisi in libro et in claustro.* He was there, some thought, even to a fault. More of his pastoral visits were wished for.

A GREEN OLD AGE.

[From the Same.]

And now the time draws nigh, in which Dr. Mather is to die.

He grows old, yet what a green olive-tree in the *proseucha* of his God! — *nec tarda senectus debilitat vires animi, mutatve vigorem.*

Old age came on. But what an one! How bright! How wise! How strong! And in what an uncommon measure serviceable! He had been an old man while he was yet a young man; I can quote a Rabbi for it: *Sapiens appellatur senex, etiamsi diebus sit exiguus.* And now he was an old man his public performances had a vigor in them, which 'tis a rare thing to see a young man have any thing equal to.

How did the good people far and near discover even a growth of their appetite for the enjoyment of as much as might be obtained from him! The churches would not permit an ordination to be carried on without him as long as he was able to travel in a coach unto them.

And on the day of his attaining to fourscore he preached a sermon full of light and life on those words, Ezek. xvi. 5, "The day when thou wast born." They that wrote after him have printed it.

The *mens et ratio et consilium* which are by Cicero mentioned as the prerogatives of "Old Age," were found in him to an uncommon degree. On very many accounts he might have said, as old Georgias did, *Nihil habeo propter quod senectutem meam accusem;* yea, as a better man, old Drusius did, *Senectus mihi melior quam ipsa juventus.* But that which most of all gave him a comfortable old age, was what Calvin, who did not live to old age, well pitches on as the chiefest comfort of old age: *Tenendum est, præcipuam partem bonæ senectutis, in bona conscientia animoque; sereno ac tranquillo consistere.* A good heart, filled with the love and peace of God and the soul of an Abraham.

In consideration of this εὐγηρία, it was not amiss for a grandson, upon the birthday on which he entered fourscore, thus to compliment him.

To my most honored Grandfather, on the day of his entering the eightieth year of his age.

To my Grandfather in all good so great,
His nephew does his age congratulate.
'Tis not enough, Sir, that you live to see
Such years; we hope you'll our true Nestor be.
We wish the years in which you live and preach,
To those of a Methuselah may reach.
'Tis true, in common reckoning we suppose
You want eight hundred eighty-six of those,
But measuring life by works and not by years,
Your age nine hundred sixty-nine appears.
Methuselah had a bright father too;
A "walker with his God;" Sir, such as you.
If you and we must have a parting day,
Death, strike not! — Let him go in Enoch's way
And Sir, if prophets mayn't forever live,
May you in Grandsons left by you survive.

But it is now time for me to tell that after fourscore the report of Moses did no longer want confirmation with him. He began to be more sensible of those decays which not only caused him to recite the verse of the Roman satirist :

O quam continuis, et quantis plena senectus longa malis ! ——.

but also caused him several times to say to me : "Be sure, you don't pray that you may live beyond fourscore !" Yet now he preached nobly on "An Old Disciple ;" as well as many other subjects.

And now, he that had wished for "sufferings for the Lord," must be content with sufferings from the Lord. Even these borne with the faith and patience of the saints have a sort of martyrdom in them, and will add unto the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

On September 25th, he did with an excellent and pathetic prayer, in a mighty auditory, conclude a "day of prayer" kept by his church, to obtain a good success of the Gospel and the growth of real and vital piety, with plentiful effusions of the good Spirit, especially upon the "Rising Generation." Within two days after this he fell into an apoplectic sort of deliquium (very much occasioned, as it was thought, by too extreme a concern of his mind on some late occurrences at New Haven), out of which he recovered in a few minutes ; but it so enfeebled him, that he never went abroad any more.

However, his "wisdom yet remained with him."

VERSES FROM THE MAGNALIA.

Cotton Mather was no poet, but like many of his quaint predecessors of the seventeenth century he thought it added dignity to his pages to insert poetical tributes to the distinguished men about whom he wrote. Some of these elegies and epitaphs were written by himself in the fantastic style of two generations before. Others, such as the lines on John Cotton by Benjamin Woodbridge, given in our first volume, were gathered from other sources. We here select some of Mather's own lines, some contributed by the Rev. Nicholas Noyes (1647–1717), pastor at Salem, the most fantastic of all our poets and an inveterate punster, an epitaph by the "ingenious merchant," Mr. Samuel Bache, and a few verses by a certain Benjamin Thompson (1642–1714), who has the credit of being our first native born poet, of whom, however, very little is known. His *New England's Crisis*, which is supposed to be an epic of King Philip's War, seems to have been preserved only in selections, but our specimen of Thompson's verse will hardly cause great regrets for the fate of his *magum opus*.

"A PREFATORY POEM, ON THAT EXCELLENT BOOK, ENTITULED *MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA;* WRITTEN BY THE REV. MR. COTTON MATHER, PASTOR OF A CHURCH AT BOSTON, NEW ENGLAND."

By Nicholas Noyes.

TO THE CANDID READER.

Struck with huge love, of what to be possest,
I much despond, good reader, in the quest;
Yet help me, if at length it may be said,
Who first the chambers of the south display'd?
Inform me, whence the tawny people came?
Who was their father, Japhet, Shem, or Cham?
And how they straddled to th' Antipodes,
To look another world beyond the seas?
And when, and why, and where they last broke ground,
What risks they ran, where they first anchoring found?
Tell me their patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings,
Religion, manners, monumental things:
What charters had they? What immunities?
What altars, temples, cities, colonies,
Did they erect? Who were their public spirits?
Where may we find the records of their merits?
What instances, what glorious displays
Of heav'n's high hand, commenced in their days?
These things in black oblivion covered o'er,

(As they'd ne'er been) lie with a thousand more,
A vexing thought, that makes me scarce forbear,
To stamp, and wring my hands, and pluck my hair,
To think, what blessed ignorance hath done,
What fine threads learning's enemies have spun,
How well books, schools, and college may be spared,
So men with beasts may fitly be compared!
Yes, how tradition leaves us in the lurch,
And who, nor stay at home, nor go to church:
The light-within-enthusiasts, who let fly
Against our pen and ink divinity,
Who boldly do pretend (but who'll believe it)?
If Genesis were lost, they could retrieve it;
Yea, all the sacred writ; pray let them try
On the New Word, their gift of prophecy.
For all them, the new world's antiquities,
Smother'd in everlasting silence lies:

* * * * *

Who can past things to memory command,
Till one with Aaron's breast-plate up shall stand?
Mischiefs remediless such sloth ensue;
God and their parents lose their honor due,
And children's children suffer on that score,
Like bastards cast forlorn at any door;
And they and others put to seek their father,
For want of such a scribe as Cotton Mather;
Whose piety, whose pains, and peerless pen,
Revives New England's nigh-lost origin.

* * * * *

He hath related academic things,
And paid their first fruits to the King of kings;
And Alma Mater that just favor,

To shew *sal gentium* hath not lost its savor.
He writes like an historian, and divine,
Of Churches, Synods, Faith, and Discipline.

* * * * *

The stuff is true, the trimming neat and spruce,
The workman's good, the work of public use;
Most piously designed, a public store.
And well deserves the public thanks, and more.

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM PHIPS, KNT.

LATE CAPTAIN GENERAL AND GOVERNOUR IN CHIEF OF THE PROVINCE OF THE MASSACHUSET-BAY IN NEW-ENGLAND, WHO EXPIRED AT LONDON, FEB. 1694–1695.

> And to Mortality a sacrifice
> Falls he, whose deeds must him immortalize!

REJOICE, Messieurs; Netops rejoice; 'tis true,
Ye Philistines, none will rejoice but you:
Loving of all he dy'd; who love him not
Now, have the grace of publicans forgot.
Our Almanacks foretold a great eclipse,
This they foresaw not, of our greater Phips.
Phips our great friend, our wonder, and our glory,
The terror of our foes, the world's rare story.
England will boast him too whose noble mind
Impell'd by Angels, did those treasures find,
Long in the bottom of the ocean laid,
Which her three hundred thousand richer made,
By silver yet ne'er canker'd, nor defil'd

By Honor, nor betray'd when Fortune smil'd.
Since this bright Phœbus visited our shore,
We saw no fogs but what were rais'd before :
Those vanish'd too ; harass'd by bloody wars
Our land saw peace, by his most generous cares.
The wolvish Pagans at his dreaded name,
Tam'd, shrunk before him, and his dogs became
Fell Moxus and fierce Dockawando fall,
Charm'd at the feet of our brave general.

* * * * *

Stout to a prodigy : living in pain
To send back Quebec-bullets once again.
Thunder, his music, sweeter than the spheres,
Chim'd roaring canons in his martial ears.
Frigates of armed men could not withstand,
'Twas tried, the force of his one swordless hand :
Hand, which in one, all of Briareus had,
And Hercules' twelve toils but pleasures made.

* * * * *

Now lest ungrateful brands we should incur,
Your salary we'll pay in tears, great Sir !

* * * * *

But thou chief loser, poor New-England, speak
Thy dues to such as did thy welfare seek,
The governour that vow'd to rise and fall
With thee, thy fate shows in his funeral.
Write now his epitaph, 'twill be thine own,
Let it be this, A PUBLIC SPIRIT'S GONE.
Or, but name PHIPS ; more needs not be exprest ;
Both Englands, and next ages, tell the rest.

REMARKS.

On the Bright and the Dark Side of that American Pillar, the Reverend Mr. William Thompson; Pastor of the Church at Braintree. Who triumphed on Dec. 10, 1666.

But may a rural pen try to set forth
Such a great father's ancient grace and worth!
I undertake a no less arduous theme,
Than the old sages found the Chaldee dream.
'Tis more than Tithes of a profound respect,
That must be paid such a Melchizedeck.

Oxford this light, with tongues and arts doth trim;
And then his northern town doth challenge him.
His time and strength he center'd there in this;
To do good work, and be what now he is.
His fulgent virtues there, and learned strains,
Tall, comely presence, life unsoil'd with stains,
Things most on worthies, in their stories writ,
Did him to moves in orbs of service fit.
Things more peculiar yet, my muse, intend,
Say stranger things than these; so weep and end.

When he forsook first his Oxonian cell,
Some scores at once from popish darkness fell;
So this reformer studied! rare first fruits!
Shaking a crab-tree thus by hot disputes,
The acid juice by miracle turned wine,
And rais'd the spirits of our young divine.
Hearers, like doves, flock'd with contentious wing,

Who should be first, feed most, most homeward bring,
Laden with honey, like Hyblæan bees,
They knead it into combs upon their knees.

* * * * *

Apollyon owing him a cursed spleen
Who an Apollos in the church had been,
Dreading his traffic here would be undone
By num'rous proselytes he daily won,
Accus'd him of imaginary faults,
And push'd him down so into dismal vaults:
Vaults, where he kept long Ember-weeks of grief,
Till Heaven alarmed sent him in relief.
Then was a Daniel in the lions' den,
A man, oh, how belov'd of God and men!
By his bed-side an Hebrew sword there lay,
With which at last he drove the devil away.
Quakers too durst not bear his keen replies,
But fearing it half drawn, the trembler flies.
Like Lazarus, new rais'd from death, appears
The saint that had been dead for many years.
Our Nehemiah said, Shall such as I
Desert my flock, and like a coward fly!
Long had the churches begg'd the saint's release;
Releas'd at last, he dies in glorious peace.
The night is not so long, but phosphor's ray
Approaching glories doth on high display.
Faith's eye in him discern'd the morning star,
His heart leap'd; sure the sun cannot be far.
In extasies of joy, he ravish'd cries,
Love, love the lamb, the lamb! in whom he dies.

AN "ELEGANT ELEGY WHICH MR. SAMUEL BACHE, AN INGENIOUS MERCHANT, MADE" UPON THE REV. JOHN WILSON.

When as the poor want succor, where is he
Can say, all can be said, extempore?
Vie with the lightning, and melt down to th' quick
Their souls, and make themselves their pockets pick?
Where's such a leader, thus has got the slight
T' teach holy hands to war, fingers to fight;
Their arrow hit? Bowels to bowels meant it,
God, Christ, and saints, accept, but Wilson sent it.
Which way so e'er the propositions move,
The *ergo* of his syllogism's love.
So bountiful to all: but if the poor
Was christian too, all's money went, and more,
His coat, rug, blanket, gloves; he thought their due
Was all his money, garments, one of two.

UPON THE VERY REVEREND SAMUEL WHITING.

By Benjamin Thompson.

Mount fame, the glorious chariot of the sun;
Through the world's cirque, all you, her heralds, run:
And let this great saint's merits be reveal'd,
Which, during life, he studiously conceal'd.
Cite all the Levites, fetch the sons of art,

In these our dolours to sustain a part.
Warn all that value worth, and every one
Within their eyes to bring an Helicon.
For in this single person we have lost
More riches, than an India has engrost.

When Wilson, that plerophory of love,
Did from our banks, up to his center move,
Rare Whiting quotes Columbus on this coast,
Producing gems, of which a king might boast.
More splendid far than ever Aaron wore,
Within his breast, this sacred father bore.
Sound doctrine Urim, in his holy cell,
And all perfections Thummim there did dwell.
His holy vesture was his innocence,
His speech embroideries of curious sense.
Such awful gravity this doctor us'd,
As if an angel every word infus'd.

No turgent style, but Asiatic store;
Conduits were almost full, seldom run o'er
The banks of Time: come visit when you will,
The streams of nectar were descending still:
Much like Septemfluous Nilus, rising so,
He watered christians round, and made them grow
His modest whispers could the conscience reach,
As well as whirlwinds, which some others preach;
No Boanerges, yet could touch the heart,
And clench his doctrine by the meekest art.
His learning and his language, might become
A province not inferior to Rome.
Glorious was Europe's heaven when such as these
Stars of his size, shone in each diocese.

* * * * *

SAMUEL SEWALL.

Samuel Sewall, whose Diary has done more than any other book to make the intimate life of New England, toward the close of the seventeenth and in the early decades of the eighteenth century, familiar to modern readers, was born in Bishopstoke, England, in 1652 and died in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1730. He was brought to New England in youth, entered Harvard at fifteen, took his Bachelor's and Master's degrees in due course, studied Divinity and had entered on the ministry, when his marriage in 1677 diverted him from this career and turned him to public life, in which his father-in-law, John Hull, held offices of trust and distinction. He first took charge of the Colonial Printing Press, but in 1684 was chosen Assistant Governor, and in 1688 spent a year in England. On his return he was again chosen Assistant Governor, and in 1692 Member of the Council and Judge of the Probate Court. This brought him into prominence in the Salem Witchcraft Trials, into which he entered with conscientious zeal for the fulfilment of duty, but soon after, having convinced himself of error, was the only one of the judges implicated in that affair who confessed publicly his mistake in what was then called a "Bill," read before the congregation of the Old South Church by the minister in January of 1697, Sewall himself remaining

standing in his pew during the reading. Till the end of his life, for thirty-one years, he set apart annually a day of fasting, meditation, and prayer in token of his offence, and it seems to have had a permanent effect upon his character. In 1699 the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel made him a Commissioner and afterward their Secretary and Treasurer for New England. In 1700 he issued what seems to be the first American anti-slavery tract *The Selling of Joseph*, and this was but indicative of a sympathy with the oppressed that characterized a benevolent and charitable career. For ten years, from 1718 to 1728, he was Chief Justice of Massachusetts. During his lifetime he published only four small treatises, *The Selling of Joseph*, *The Accomplishment of Prophecies*, in 1713; a Memorial relating to the Kennebec Indians, in 1721, and a *Description of the New Heaven* (1727). Eclipsing all these in importance and interest are the Diary, and the Letters published by the Mass. Hist. Soc. (1878–1882). They exhibit a man of high ability and sterling character, certainly one of the most remarkable men of his generation in New England, and they show also the political, civil, and social life of the times, as only the minute diary of a man of judicious temper and the widest social and civic opportunity could do.

Of Sewall's character the *Boston Weekly Newsletter* of January 8th, 1730, said: "He was universally and greatly reverenced, esteemed, and beloved amongst us for his eminent piety, learning, and wisdom; his grave and venerable aspect and carriage; his instructive, affable, and cheerful conversation; his strict integrity and regard to justice; his extraordinary tender

and compassionate heart ; his neglect of the world ; his abundant liberality ; his catholic and public spirit ; his critical acquaintance with the Scriptures in their inspired originals ; his zeal for the purity of instituted worship ; his constant, diligent, and reverent attendance in it, both in the church and family ; his love for the churches, people, and ministers, the civil and religious interest of this country ; his tender concern for the aboriginal natives ; and as the crown of all, his moderation, peaceableness, and humility ; which, being all united in the same person, and in an high degree and station, rendered him one of the most shining lights and honors of the age and land wherein he lived, and worthy of a very distinguished regard in the New English Histories." — (*Sewall Papers*, Vol. III. p. 410.)

FROM THE DIARY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

Discipline at Harvard College.

Monday, June 15, 1674. . . . . Thomas Sargeant was examined by the Corporation : finally, the advice of Mr. Danforth, Mr. Stoughton, Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Mather (then present) was taken. This was his sentence.

That being convicted of speaking blasphemous words concerning the H. G. he should be therefore publicly whipped before all the Scholars. 2. That he should be suspended as to taking his degree of Bachelor (this sentence read before him twice at the Prts. before this committee, and in the library 1 up

before execution.) 3. Sit alone by himself in the Hall uncovered at meals, during the pleasure of the President and Fellows, and be in all things obedient, doing what exercise was appointed him by the President, or else be finally expelled from the College. The first was presently put in execution in the Library (Mr. Danforth Jr. being present) before the Scholars. He kneeled down and the instrument Goodman Hely attended the President's word as to the performance of his part in the work. Prayer was had before and after by the President. July 1, 1674. Sir Thatcher commonplaced, Justification was his head. He had a good solid piece: stood above an hour and yet brake off before he came to any use. By reason that there was no warning given, none (after the undergraduates) were present, save Mr. Dan Gookin, Sr., the President and myself. July 3, 1674. N.B. Mr. Gookin, Jr., was gone a fishing with his brothers.

April 4, 1675, Sab. day. I holp preach for my Master (Mr. Parker) in the afternoon. Being afraid to look on the glass, ignorantly and unwillingly I stood two hours and a half.

The Pangs of Despised Love.

Saturday Even. Aug. 12, 1676, just as prayer ended Tim. Dwight sank down in a swoon, and for a good space was as if he perceived not what was done to him: after, kicked and sprawled, knocking his hands and feet upon the floor like a distracted man. Was carried pickpack to bed by John Alcock, there

his clothes pulled off. In the night it seems he talked of ships, his master, father and uncle Eliot. The Sabbath following Father went to him, spake to him to know what ailed him, asked if he would be prayed for, and for what he would desire his friends to pray. He answered, for more sight of sin, and God's healing grace. I asked him, being alone with him, whether his troubles were from some outward cause or spiritual. He answered, spiritual. I asked him why then he could not tell it his master, as well as any other, since it is the honor of any man to see sin and be sorry for it. He gave no answer, as I remember. Asked him if he would go to meeting. He said, 'twas in vain for him; his day was out. I asked, what day; he answered, of Grace. I told him 'twas sin for any one to conclude themselves reprobate, that this was all one. He said he would speak more, but could not, &c. Notwithstanding all this semblance (and much more than is written) of compunction for sin, 'tis to be feared that his trouble arose from a maid whom he passionately loved: for that when Mr. Dwight and his master had agreed to let him go to her, he eftsoons grew well.

Spiritual Lessons in Chicken Food.

Jan. 13, 1676/7. Giving my chickens meat, it came to my mind that I gave them nothing save Indian corn and water, and yet they eat it and thrived very well, and that that food was necessary for them, how mean soever, which much affected me and convinced what need I stood in of spiritual food, and that I should not nauseate daily duties of prayer, &c.

Regulations of the South Watch Company of Boston.

(1679). For the better inspection of the several Watches and the four several Guards in this Town of Boston. It is ordered, agreed and concluded by the Committee of Militia for the said Town, that the eight Foot Companies by their Commission Officers and Sergeants (being seven in each company) or for want thereof, or by reason of any other hindrance, a sufficient supply be made at the discretion of the rest of the Officers of said Company: Also the Officers of the Troop that live in the Town (eight) or for want thereof to be supplied of their troopers, as abovesaid: which said sixty four men shall each in their respective turn as hereafter mentioned take unto them one or two more that live in the Precincts of their own Company who shall walk every night (in their several turn) throughout the Town in every Quarter, and shall take inspection of the several Guards and Watches, how they are managed, and give such directions as to them shall seem meet for the better discharge of their duty according to law. Taking the care and charge of all the Watches in the Town in their respective nights; Who shall march with an half pike with a fair head, by which he may be known to the Commander of the Watch and in the morning leave the same with him whose turn is next, which shall be accounted a sufficient warning or notice to the next Commander to take his turn.

How they kept Christmas Day.

Dec. 25. Friday, 1685. Carts come to Town and shops open as is usual. Some somehow observe the day; but are vexed I believe that the body of the people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compell them to keep it. A great snow fell last night so this day and night very cold.

Puritan Hostility to Anglican Worship.

Saturday, June 23, 1688. Capt. Frary and I go to his Excellency at the Secretaries, Office, and there desired that he would not alter his time of meeting, and that Mr. Willard consented to no such thing, neither did he count that 'twas in his power so to do. Mr. West said he went not to ask Mr. Willard leave. His Excellency asked who the house [the Old South Meeting House] belong'd to; we told Him the title to the House was on record. His Excellency turned to Mr. Graham and said Mr. Attorney we will have that look'd into. Governor said if Mr. Willard not the Parson, so great an Assembly must be considered. We said he was master of the Assembly, but had no power to dispose of the House, neither had others, for the deed expressed the use 'twas to be put to. Governor complain'd of our long staying Sabbath-day sennight; said 'twas the Lord's Supper, and (he) had promised to go to some other House on such days; Mr. Randolph said he knew of no such promise, and the Governor seemed angry and said he would not so break his word for all the Massachusetts Colony, and therefore, to avoid mis-

takes, must give in writing what we had to say; we answered Mr. Randolph brought not any writing to those he spake to. Governor said we rent off from the old Church against the Government, and the land the House stood on was bought clandestinely, and that one should say he would defend the work with his Company of soldiers. Mention'd folks backwardness to give, and the unreasonableness; because if any stinking filthy thing were in the House we would give something to have it carried out, but would not give to build them an house: Said came from England to avoid such and such things, therefore could not give to set them up here: and the Bishops would have thought strange to have been asked to contribute towards setting up the New-England Churches. Governor said God willing they would begin at eight in the Morning and have done by nine: we said 'twould hardly be so in winter. Mr. Graham said if they had their service by candle-light what was that to any: And that the service appointed by the Church for morning could not be held after noon.

Sabbath, June 24. We read and sing in course the 57th Psal. Aitaschith. They (the Church of England congregation) have done before nine in the morn, and about a quarter after one in the afternoon; so we have very convenient time.

July 1. Governor takes his old time again after our coming out, and Sir William Phips' chaplain preaches. We were a little hurried and disappointed in the morning the Bell ringing about quarter before nine.

Domestic Amenities and a Catastrophe.

Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1691/2. . . . This night (*blank*) Hamlen, formerly Plats, before that, Crabtree, a middle-aged woman, through some displeasure at her son, whom she beat, sat not down to supper with her husband and a stranger at table; when they had done, she took away, and in the room where she set it, took a piece of grisly meat of a shoulder of mutton into her mouth, which got into the top of the larynx and stopt it fast, so she was presently choked. Tho. Pemberton and others found it so when they opened her throat. She gave a stamp with her foot and put her finger in her mouth: but Pemberton not at home, and died immediately. What need have all to acknowledge God in whose hand their breath is, &c.

Comfort in Tribulation.

Saturday, Feb. 27, 1691/2. Between 4. and 5. *mane*, we are startled at the roaring of a beast, which I conjectur'd to be an ox broken loose from a butcher, running along the street, but proved to be our own Cow bitten by a dog, so that were forc'd to kill her; though calved but Jan. 4th and gives plenty of milk. Happy are they, who have God for their Spring and Breast of Supplies. Exceeding high wind this day at North East.

Notes on the Witchcraft Persecution.

April 11th, 1692. Went to Salem, where, in the Meeting-house, the persons accused of Witch-

craft were examined; was a very great Assembly; 'twas awful to see how the afflicted persons were agitated. Mr. Noyes pray'd at the beginning, and Mr. Higginson concluded. (*In the margin*) Væ, Væ, Væ, Witchcraft.

Augt. 19th, 1692. . . . This day (*in the margin*, Doleful Witchcraft) George Burrough, John Willard, Jno. Procter, Martha Carrier, and George Jacobs were executed at Salem, a very great number of spectators being present. Mr. Cotton Mather was there, Mr. Sims, Hale, Noyes, Chiever &c. All of them said they were innocent, Carrier and all. Mr. Mather said they all died by a righteous sentence. Mr. Burrough by his speech, prayer, protestation of his innocence, did much move unthinking persons, which occasions their speaking hardly concerning his being executed.

Monday, Sept. 19, 1692. About noon, at Salem, Giles Corey was press'd to death for standing mute; much pains were used with him two days, one after another, by the Court and Capt. Gardner of Nantucket who had been of his acquaintance; but all in vain.

Sept. 20. Now I hear from Salem that about 18 years ago, he was suspected to have stamped and press'd a man to death, but was cleared. 'Twas not remembered till Anne Putnam was told of it by Corey's spectre the Sabbath-day night before the execution.

Sept. 21, 1692. A petition is sent to Town in behalf of Dorcas Hoar who now confesses: Accordingly an order is sent to the Sheriff to forbear her execution, notwithstanding her being in the warrant to die to-morrow. This is the first condemned person who has confess'd.

1696/7. (Petition put up by Mr. Sewall on the Fast Day.)

Copy of the Bill I put up on the Fast day; giving it to Mr. Willard as he pass'd by, and standing up at the reading of it, and bowing when finished; in the Afternoon.

Samuel Sewall, sensible of the reiterated strokes of God upon himself and family; and being sensible, that as to the guilt contracted upon the opening of the late Commission of Oyer and Terminer at Salem (to which the order for this Day relates), he is, upon many accounts, more concerned than any that he knows of, Desires to take the blame and shame of it, Asking pardon of men, And especially desiring prayers that God, who has an unlimited authority, would pardon that sin and all other sins; personal and relative; And, according to his infinite benignity and sovereignty, not visit the sin of him, or of any other, upon himself or any of his, nor upon the land: But that He would powerfully defend him against all temptations to sin, for the future; and vouchsafe him the efficacious, saving conduct of his Word and Spirit.

Young Joseph and the Old Adam.

Nov. 6, 1692. Joseph threw a knop of brass and hit his Sister Betty on the forehead so as to make it bleed and swell; upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whipped him pretty smartly. When I first went in (called by his Grandmother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the cradle: which gave me the sorrowful remembrance of Adam's carriage.

A Critic Criticised.

Sept. 10, 1696. Letter. Mrs. Martha Oakes. Not finding opportunity to speak with you at your house, nor at my own, I write to persuade you to be sensible that your striking your daughter-in-law before me, in my house, is not justifiable: though 'twas but a small blow, 'twas not a small fault: especially considering your promise to refrain from speech itself; or at least any that might give disturbance. As for New England, it is a cleaner country than ever you were in before, and, therefore, with disdain to term it *filthy* is a sort of blasphemy, which, by proceeding out of your mouth, hath defiled you. I write not this to upbraid, but to admonish you, with whom I sympathize under your extraordinary provocations and pressures; and pray God command you freedom from them. S. S.

Night Thoughts of Harvard.

Jan. 26, 1696. I lodged at Charlestown at Mrs. Shepard's, who tells me Mr. Harvard built that house. I lay in the chamber next the street. As I lay awake past midnight, in my meditation, I was affected to consider how long ago God had made provision for my comfortable lodging that night; seeing that was Mr. Harvard's house: And that led me to think of Heaven the House not made with hands, which God for many thousands of years has been storing with the richest furniture (saints that are from time to time placed there), and that I had some hopes of being entertained in that magnificent convenient Palace, every way fitted and furnished. These thoughts were very refreshing to me.

Thoughts on Slavery.

Fourth-day, June 19, 1700. . . . Having been long and much dissatisfied with the trade of fetching Negroes from Guinea; at last I had a strong inclination to write something about it; but it wore off. At last reading Bayne, Ephes. about servants, who mentions Blackamoors; I began to be uneasy that I had so long neglected doing anything. When I was thus thinking, in came Bro. Belknap to show me a petition he intended to present to Gen[l] Court for the freeing of a Negro and his wife, who were unjustly held in bondage. And there is a motion by a Boston Committee to get a law that all importers of Negroes shall pay 40*s* per head, to discourage the bringing of them. And Mr. C. Mather

resolves to publish a sheet to exhort masters to labor their conversion. Which makes me hope that I was called of God to write this apology for them. Let his blessing accompany the same.

Speech at his Mother's Grave.

Jany. 4th, 1700/1. . . . Went abt. 4 P.M. Nathan[1] Bricket taking in hand to fill the grave, I said, Forbear a little, and suffer me to say that amidst our bereaving sorrows we have the comfort of beholding this saint put into the rightful possession of that happiness of living desir'd and dying lamented. She liv'd commendably four and fifty years with her dear husband, and my dear father: And she could not well brook the being divided from him at her death; which is the cause of our taking leave of her in this place. She was a true and constant lover of God's Word, worship and saints: And she always, with a patient cheerfulness, submitted to the divine decree of providing bread for her self and others in the sweat of her brows. And now her infinitely gracious and bountiful Master has promoted her to the honor of higher employments, fully and absolutely discharged from all manner of toil and sweat. My honored and beloved Friends and Neighbors! My dear mother never thought much of doing the most frequent and homely offices of love for me: and lavished away many thousands of words upon me, before I could return one word in answer: And therefore I ask and hope that none will be offended that I have now ventured to speak one word in her behalf; when she herself has become speechless.

Made a motion with my hand for the filling of the grave. Note. I could hardly speak for passion and tears.

Judge Sewall elected Captain of the Artillery Company.

Monday, June 2, 1701. Mr. Pemberton preaches the Artillery Sermon from Luke, 3–14. Dine at Monk's. Because of the rain and mist, this day, the election is made upon the Town-house, Sewall, Capt. : Tho. Hutchinson, Lieut. ; Tho. Savage, jun^{r}, Ensign. ; Tho. Fitch. 1 Sergt. ; Oliver Noyes 2 : Hab. Savage 3 ; Charles Chauncy 4. Called down the Council out of the Chamber, set their chairs below ; Col. Pynchon gave the Staves and Ensign. I said was surprised to see they had mistaken a sorry pruning hook for a military spear ; but paid such a deference to the Company that would rather run the venture of exposing my own inability than give any occasion to suspect I slighted their call. To Serg^{t} Fitch, Doubted not but if I could give any thing tolerable words of command, he would mend them in a vigorous and speedy performance : was glad of so good a hand to me and the Company (Mr. Noyes abroad in the Gally). To Hab S[avage], The savages are soldiers *ex traduce ;* in imitation of his honored father, uncle and grandfather, hoped for worthy performance from him. To Ch. Chauncy, Had such a honor for your grandfather and father that was glad was join^{d} with me in this relation. Drew out before Mr. Usher's, gave 3 volleys. Drew into Townhouse again ; sent Serg^{t}

Chauncy for Mr. Pemberton, who said he was glad to see the staff in my hands; pray'd with us. Had the company to my house, treated them with bread, beer, wine sillibub. — They ordered Capt. Checkly and me to thank Mr. Pemberton for his sermon, which we did on Tuesday, desiring a copy. June 4. Bro[r] comes to Town, I treat him at Plyes: goes home.

The Casuistry of the Wig.

Tuesday, June 10th Having last night heard that Josiah Willard had cut off his hair (a very full head of hair) and put on a wig, I went to him this morning. Told his mother what I came about, and she called him. I inquired of him what extremity had forced him to put off his own hair, and put on a wig? He answered, none at all. But said that his hair was straight and that it parted behind. Seemed to argue that men might as well shave their hair off their head, as off their face. I answered men were men before they had hair on their faces, (half of mankind never have any). God seems to have ordained our hair as a test, to see whether we can bring our minds to be content to be at his finding: or whether we would be our own carvers, lords, and come no more at him. If disliked our skin, our nails; 'tis no thanks to us, that for all that, we cut them not off: Pain and danger restrain us. Your calling is to teach men self denial. Twill be most displeasing and burdensome to good men: And they that care not what men think of them care not what God thinks of them. Father, Bro[r] Simon, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Wigglesworth,

Oakes, Noyes (Oliver), Brattle of Cambridge, their example. Allow me to be so far a *Censor Morum* for this end of the Town. Pray'd him to read the Tenth Chapter of the Third book of Calvin's Institutions. I read it this morning in course, not of choice. Told him it was condemned by a Meeting of Ministers at Northampton in Mr. Stoddard's house, when the said Josiah was there. Told him of the Solemnity of the Covenant which he and I had lately entered into, which put me upon discoursing to him. He seemed to say he would leave off his wig when his hair was grown. I spake to his father of it a day or two after: He thank'd me that had discoursed his son, and told me that when his hair was grown to cover his ears, he promised to leave off his wig. If he had known of it would have forbidden him. His mother heard him talk of it; but was afraid positively to forbid him; lest he should do it, and so be more faulty.

Training Day of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery.

Monday, Oct. 6, 1701. Very pleasant fair weather; Artillery trains in the afternoon (Sewall in command). March with the Company to the Elms; Go to prayer, March down and shoot at a mark. Mr. Cushing I think was the first that hit it. Mr. Gerrish twice, Mr. Fitch, Chauncy, and the Ensign of the Officers. By far the most missed, as I did for the first. Were much contented with the exercise. Led them to the Trees again, performed some facings and doublings. Drew them together;

propounded the question about the Colours ; 'twas voted very freely and fully. I informed the Company I was told the Company's halberds &c. were borrowed ; I understood the leading staff was so, and therefore asked their acceptance of a half-pike, which they very kindly did ; I delivered it to Mr. Gibbs for their use.

They would needs give me a volley in token of their respect on this occasion. The pike will, I suppose, stand me in forty shillings, being headed and shod with silver : Has this motto fairly engraven :

Agmen Massachusettense
est in tutelam Sponsae
AGNI Uxoris
1701

The Lord help us to answer the profession. Were treated by the Ensign in a fair chamber. Gave a very handsome volley at Lodging the Colors. The training in Sept. was a very fair day, so was this.

A St. George's Day Celebration in Boston.

Tuesday, Apr. 23, 1706. Govr. comes to Town guarded by the troops with their swords drawn ; dines at the Dragon from thence proceeds to the Townhouse, illuminations at night. Capt. Pelham tells me several wore crosses in their hats ; which makes me resolve to stay at home ; (though Maxwell was at my House and spake to me to be at the Council-Chamber at 4 p. m.) Because to drinking healths, now the keeping of a day to fictitious St. George is plainly set on foot. It seems Capt. Dudley's men

wore crosses. Somebody had fastened a cross to a dog's head; Capt. Dudley's boatswain seeing him, struck the dog, and then went into the shop, next where the dog was, and struck down a carpenter, one Davis, as he was at work, not thinking anything: Boatswain and the other with him were fined 10*s* each for breach of peace, by Jer. Dummer, Esqr.: pretty much blood was shed by means of this bloody cross, and the poor dog a sufferer.

A Colonial Wedding.

Octobr. 29, 1713. . . . In the Evening Mr. Ebenezer Pemberton marries my son Joseph Sewall and Mrs. Elizabeth Walley. Wait Winthrop esqr. and Lady, Samuel Porter esqr., Edmund Quinsey esqr., Ephriam Savage esqr. and wife, Madam Usher, Mr. Mico and wife, Jer. Dummer esqr., Cousin Sam. Storke, Cous. Carter, and many more present. Sung out of the 115th Ps. 2½ staves from the 11th to the end. W. which I set. Each had a piece of cake and sack-posset. Mr. Pemberton craved a blessing and returned Thanks at eating the sack-posset. Came away between 9 and 10. Daughter Sewall came in the coach with my wife, who invited her to come in and lodge here with her husband; but she refus'd, and said she had promised to go to her Sister Wainwright's and did so.

The Love Affairs of a Chief Justice.

June 9, 1718. . . . Mrs. D——n came in the morning about nine o'clock and I took her up into my

chamber and discoursed thoroughly with her; She desired me to provide another and better nurse. I gave her the two last *News Letters* — told her I intended to visit her at her own house next Lecture Day. She said 'twould be talked of. I answered: In such cases, persons must run the gauntlet. Gave her Mr. Whiting's Oration for Abijah Walter, who brought her on horseback to town. I think little or no notice was taken of it.

October 29, 1719. Thanksgiving Day: between 6 and 7 Brother Moody & I went to Mrs. Tilley's, and about 7 or 8, were married by Mr. J. Sewall, in the best room below stairs. Mr. Prince prayed the second time. Mr. Adams the minister at Newington was there, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Timothy Clark, Justices, and many more. Sung the 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 verses of the 90th Psalm. Cousin S. Sewall set Low-Dutch tune in a very good key, which made the singing with a good number of voices very agreeable. Distributed cake. . . .

Septr 5, 1720. Mary Hirst goes to board with Madam Oliver and her Mother Loyd. Going to Son Sewall's I there meet with Madam Winthrop, told her I was glad to meet her there, had not seen her a great while; gave her Mr. Homes's Sermon. . . .

7^r 30. Mr. Colman's Lecture: Daughter Sewall acquaints Madam Winthrop that if she pleas'd to be within at 3. p. m. I would wait on her. She answer'd she would be at home.

8r 1. Saturday, I dine at Mr. Stoddard's: from thence I went to Madam Winthrop's just at 3. Spake to her, saying, my loving wife died so soon and suddenly, 'twas hardly convenient for me to think of marrying again; however I came to this resolution, that I would not make my court to any person without first consulting with her. Had a pleasant discourse about 7 [seven] single persons sitting in the Fore-seat 7r 29th, viz. Madm Rebekah Dudley, Catharine Winthrop, Bridget Usher, Deliverance Legg, Rebekah Loyd, Lydia Colman, Elizabeth Bellingham. She propounded one and another for me; but none would do, said Mrs. Loyd was about her age.

Octobr 3. Waited on Madam Winthrop again; 'twas a little while before she came in. Her daughter Noyes being there alone with me, I said, I hoped my waiting on her mother would not be disagreeable to her. She answer'd she should not be against that that might be for her comfort. I saluted her, and told her I perceiv'd I must shortly wish her a good time; (her mother had told me, she was with child, and within a month or two of her time). By and by in came Mr. Airs, Chaplain of the Castle, and hang'd up his hat, which I was a little startled at, it seeming as if he was to lodge there. At last Madam Winthrop came too. After a considerable time, I went up to her and said, if it might not be inconvenient I desired to speak with her. She assented, and spake of going into another room; but Mr. Airs and Mrs. Noyes presently rose up, and went out, leaving us there alone. Then I usher'd in discourse from the names in the Fore-seat; at last I pray'd that Catha-

rine [Mrs. Winthrop] might be the person assign'd for me. She instantly took it up in the way of denial, as if she had catch'd at an opportunity to do it, saying she could not do it before she was asked. Said that was her mind unless she should change it, which she believed she should not; could not leave her children. I express'd my sorrow that she should do it so speedily, pray'd her consideration, and ask'd her when I should wait on her again. She setting on time, I mention'd that day sennight. Gave her Mr. Willard's Fountain Open'd with the little print and verses; saying, I hop'd if we did well read that book, we should meet together hereafter, if we did not now. She took the book, and put it in her pocket. Took leave.

8^{r} 5. Midweek, I din'd with the Court; from thence went and visited Cousin Jonathan's wife, lying in with her little Betty. Gave the Nurse 2^{s} Although I had appointed to wait upon her, M^{m} Winthrop, next Monday, yet I went away from my Cousin Sewall's thither about 3. p. m. The nurse told me Madam dined abroad at her daughter Noyes's, they were to go out together. I ask'd for the maid, who was not within. Gave Katy a penny and a kiss, and came away. Accompanied my son and daughter Cooper in their remove to their new house. Went to tell Joseph, and Mr. Belcher saw me by the South Meetinghouse though 'twas duskish, and said I had been at house-warming, (he had been at our house). Invited me to drink a glass of wine at his house at 7. and eat part of the pasty provided for the Commissioners' voyage

to Casco-Bay. His Excellency, Madam Belcher, S. S. Col. Fitch, Mr. D. Oliver, Mr. Anthony Stoddard, M. Welsteed, Mr. White, Mr. Belcher sat down. At coming home gave us of the cake and ginger-bread to carry away. 'Twas about ten before we got home; Mr. Oliver and I waited on the Governour to his gate; and then Mr. Oliver would wait on me home.

8^{r} 6th Lecture-day, Mr. Cutler, President of the Connecticut College, preached in Dr. C. Mather's turn. He made an excellent discourse from Heb. xi. 14. For they that say such things, declare plainly that they seek a country. Bro^{r} Odlin, Son Sewall of Brooklin, and Mary Hirst dine with me. I ask'd Mary of Madam Lord, Mr. Oliver and wife, and bid her present my service to them. 8^{r} 6th A little after 6. p. m. I went to Madam Winthrop's. She was not within. I gave Sarah Chickering the maid 2^{s}, Juno, who brought in wood, 1^{s} Afterward the nurse came in, I gave her 18^{d}, having no other small bill. After awhile Dr. Noyes came in with his mother; and quickly after his wife came in: They sat talking, I think, till eight o'clock. I said I fear'd I might be some interruption to their business: Dr. Noyes reply'd pleasantly: He fear'd they might be an interruption to me, and went away. Madam seem'd to harp upon the same string. Must take care of her children; could not leave that house and neighbourhood where she had dwelt so long. I told her she might do her children as much or more good by bestowing what she laid out in house-keeping, upon them. Said her son would be

of age the 7th of August. I said it might be inconvenient for her to dwell with her daughter-in-law, who must be mistress of the house. I gave her a piece of Mr. Belcher's cake and ginger-bread wrapped up in a clean sheet of paper; told her of her father's kindness to me when Treasurer, and I Constable. My daughter Judith was gone from me and I was more lonesome — might help to forward one another in our journey to Canaan. — Mr. Eyre came within the door; I saluted him, ask'd how Mr. Clark did, and he went away. I took leave about 9 o'clock. I told [her] I came now to refresh her memory as to Monday-night; said she had not forgot it. In discourse with her, I ask'd leave to speak with her sister; I meant to gain Madm Mico's favour to persuade her sister. She seem'd surpris'd and displeas'd, and said she was in the same condition! . . .

In the evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me with a great deal of courtesy; wine, marmalade. I gave her a News-Letter about the Thanksgiving; Proposals, for sake of the Verses for David Jeffries. She tells me Dr. Increase Mather visited her this day, in Mr. Hutchinson's coach. . . .

8r 11th I writ a few Lines to Madam Winthrop to this purpose: "Madam, These wait on you with Mr. Mayhew's Sermon, and Account of the state of the Indians on Martha's Vinyard. I thank you for your unmerited favours of yesterday; and hope to have the happiness of waiting on you to-morrow before eight o'clock after Noon. I pray God to keep you, and give you a joyful entrance upon the

two hundred and twenty-ninth year of Christopher Columbus his Discovery; and take leave, who am, Madam, your humble Servt S. S."

. . . 8^{r} 12. Mrs. Anne Cotton came to door ('twas before 8.) said Madam Winthrop was within, directed me into the little room, where she was full of work behind a stand; Mrs. Cotton came in and stood. Madam Winthrop pointed to her to set me a chair. Madam Winthrop's countenance was much changed from what 'twas on Monday, look'd dark and lowering. At last, the work, (black stuff or silk) was taken away, I got my chair in place, had some converse, but very cold and indifferent to what 'twas before Ask'd her to acquit me of rudeness if I drew off her glove. Enquiring the reason, I told her 'twas great odds between handling a dead goat, and a living lady. Got it off. I told her I had one petition to ask of her, that was, that she would take off the negative she laid on me the third of October; She readily answer'd she could not, and enlarg'd upon it; She told me of it so soon as she could; could not leave her house, children, neighbours, business. I told her she might do some good to help and support me. Mentioning Mrs. Gookin, Nath., the widow Weld was spoken of; said I had visited Mrs. Denison. I told her Yes! Afterward I said, If after a first and second vagary she would accept of me returning, her victorious kindness and good will would be very obliging. She thank'd me for my book, (Mr. Mayhew's Sermon), but said not a word of the letter. When she insisted on the negative, I pray'd there might be no more

thunder and lightning, I should not sleep all night. I gave her Dr. Preston, The Church's Marriage and the Church's Carriage, which cost me 6^{s} at the sale. The door standing open, Mr. Airs came in, hung up his hat, and sat down. After awhile, Madam Winthrop moving, he went out. Jno Eyre look'd in, I said How do ye, or, your servant Mr. Eyre: but heard no word from him. Sarah fill'd a glass of wine, she drank to me, I to her, She sent Juno home with me with a good lantern, I gave her 6.^{d} and bid her thank her mistress. In some of our discourse, I told her I had rather go the Stone-House adjoining to her, than to come to her against her mind. Told her the reason why I came every other night was lest I should drink too deep draughts of pleasure. She had talk'd of Canary, her kisses were to me better than the best Canary. Explain'd the expression concerning Columbus.

. . . 8^{r} 17. In the evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me courteously, but not in clean linen as somtimes. She said, she did not know whether I would come again, or no. I ask'd her how she could so impute inconstancy to me. (I had not visited her since Wednesday night being unable to get over the indisposition received by the treatment received that night, and *I must* in it seem'd to sound like a made piece of formality.) Gave her this day's Gazette. Heard David Jeffries say the Lord's Prayer, and some other portions of the Scriptures. He came to the door, and ask'd me to go into chamber, where his grandmother was tending little Katy, to whom she had given physic;

but I chose to sit below. Dr. Noyes and his wife came in, and sat a considerable time; had been visiting son and daughter Cooper. Juno came home with me.

8r 18. Visited Madam Mico, who came to me in a splendid dress. I said, It may be you have heard of my visiting Madam Winthrop, her sister. She answer'd, her sister had told her of it. I ask'd her good will in the affair. She answer'd, If her sister were for it, she should not hinder it. I gave her Mr. Homes's Sermon. She gave me a glass of Canary, entertain'd me with good discourse, and a respectful remembrance of my first wife. I took leave.

8r 19. Midweek. Visited Madam Winthrop; Sarah told me she was at Mr. Walley's, would not come home till late. I gave her Hannah 3 oranges with her duty, not knowing whether I should find her or no. Was ready to go home: but said if I knew she was there, I would go thither. Sarah seem'd to speak with pretty good courage, She would be there. I went and found her there, with Mr. Walley and his wife in the little room below. At 7 o'clock I mentioned going home; at 8. I put on my coat, and quickly waited on her home. She found occasion to speak loud to the servant, as if she had a mind to be known. Was courteous to me; but took occasion to speak pretty earnestly about my keeping a coach: I said 'twould cost £100. per annum: she said 'twould cost but £40. Spake much against John Winthrop, his false-heartedness. Mr.

Eyre came in and sat awhile; I offer'd him Dr. Incr. Mather's Sermons, whereof Mr. Appleton's Ordination Sermon was one; said he had them already. I said I would give him another. Exit. Came away somewhat late.

8r 20. . . . Madam Winthrop not being at Lecture, I went thither first; found her very serene with her daughter Noyes, Mrs. Dering, and the widow Shipreev sitting at a little table, she in her arm'd chair. She drank to me, and I to Mrs. Noyes. After awhile pray'd the favour to speak with her. She took one of the candles, and went into the best room, clos'd the shutters, sat down upon the couch. She told me Madam Usher had been there, and said the coach must be set on wheels, and not by rusting. She spake something of my needing a wig. Ask'd me what her sister said to me. I told her, She said, If her sister were for it, she would not hinder it. But I told her, she did not say she would be glad to have me for her brother. Said, I shall keep you in the cold, and asked her if she would be within to morrow night, for we had had but a running feat. She said she could not tell whether she should, or no. I took leave. As were drinking at the Governour's, he said: In England the ladies minded little more than that they might have money, and coaches to ride in. I said, And New England brooks its name. At which Mr. Dudley smiled. Govr said they were not quite so bad here.

8r 21. Friday, My son, the Minister, came to me p. m. by appointment and we pray one for

another in the Old Chamber; more especially respecting my courtship. About 6. o'clock I go to Madam Winthrop's; Sarah told me her mistress was gone out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently order'd me a fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's Bowels with me to read. I read the two first Sermons, still no body came in: at last about 9. o'clock Mr. Jn° Eyre came in; I took the opportunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs. Noyes before, that I hoped my visiting his mother would not be disagreeable to him; He answered me with much respect. When 'twas about 9. o'clock he of himself said he would go and call her, she was but at one of his brothers: A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice, enquiring somthing about John. After a good while and clapping the garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I mention'd something of the lateness; she banter'd me, and said I was later. She receiv'd me courteously. I ask'd when our proceedings should be made public: She said They were like to be no more public than they were already. Offer'd me no wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 o'clock to come away, saying I would put on my coat, she offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her that Juno might light me home, she open'd the shutter, and said 'twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gone to bed. So I came home by star-light as well as I could. . . .

Octob^r 24. I went in the Hackney Coach through the Common, stop'd at Madam Winthrop's (had told her I would take my departure from thence). Sarah came to the door with Katy in her arms: but I did

not think to take notice of the child. Call'd her mistress. I told her, being encourag'd by David Jeffries' loving eyes, and sweet words, I was come to enquire whether she could find in her heart to leave that house and neighbourhood, and go and dwell with me at the South-end; I think she said softly, Not yet. I told her it did not lie in my lands to keep a coach. If I should, I should be in danger to be brought to keep company with her neighbour Brooker, (he was a little before sent to prison for debt). Told her I had an antipathy against those who would pretend to give themselves; but nothing of their estate. I would a proportion of my estate with my self. And I supposed she would do so. As to a Perriwig, My best and greatest Friend, I could not possibly have a greater, began to find me with hair before I was born, and had continued to do so ever since; and I could not find in my heart to go to another. She commended the book I gave her, Dr. Preston, the Church Marriage; quoted him saying 'twas inconvenient keeping out of a fashion commonly used. I said the time and tide did circumscribe my visit. She gave me a dram of black-cherry brandy, and gave me a lump of the Sugar that was in it. She wish'd me a good journey. I pray'd God to keep her, and came away. Had a very pleasant journey to Salem. . . .

October 31. At night I visited Madam Winthrop about 6. p. m. They told me she was gone to Madam Mico's. I went thither and found she was gone; so return'd to her house, read the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians in Mr. Eyre's Latin Bible. After the

clock struck 8. I began to read the 103. Psalm. Mr. Wendell came in from his warehouse. Ask'd me if I were alone? Spake very kindly to me, offer'd me to call Madam Winthrop. I told him, She would be angry, had been at Mrs. Mico's; he help'd me on with my coat and I came home: left the Gazette in the Bible, which told Sarah of, bid her present my service to Mrs. Winthrop, and tell her I had been to wait on her if she had been at home.

Nov.r 1. I was so taken up that I could not go if I would.

Nov. 2. Midweek, went again and found Mrs. Alden there, who quickly went out. Gave her about ½ pound of sugar almonds, cost 3.s per £. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them, ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a hundred pounds per annum if I died before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should die first? Said I would give her time to consider of it. She said she heard as if I had given all to my children by deeds of gift. I told her 'twas a mistake, Point-Judith was mine &c. That in England I own'd, my father's desire was that it should go to my eldest son; 'twas 20 £ per annum; she thought 'twas forty. I think when I seem'd to excuse pressing this, she seemed to think 'twas best to speak of it; a long winter was coming on. Gave me a glass or two of Canary.

Nov.r 4.th Friday, Went again, about 7. o'clock; found there Mr. John Walley and his wife: sat discoursing pleasantly. I shew'd them Isaac Moses's

[an Indian] writing. Madam W. serv'd comfits to us. After a-while a table was spread, and supper was set. I urg'd Mr. Walley to crave a blessing; but he put it upon me. About 9. they went away. I ask'd Madam what fashioned neck-lace I should present her with, She said, None at all. I ask'd her Whereabout we left off last time; mention'd what I had offer'd to give her; Ask'd her what she would give me; She said she could not change her condition: She had said so from the beginning; could not be so far from her children, the Lecture. Quoted the Apostle Paul affirming that a single life was better than a married. I answer'd That was for the present distress. Said she had not pleasure in things of that nature as formerly: I said, you are the fitter to make a wife. If she held in that mind, I must go home and bewail my rashness in making more haste than good speed. However, considering the supper, I desired her to be within next Monday night, if we liv'd so long. Assented. She charg'd me with saying, that she must put away Juno, if she came to me: I utterly denied it, it never came in my heart; yet she insisted upon it; saying it came in upon discourse about the Indian woman that obtained her freedom this Court. About 10. I said I would not disturb the good orders of her house, and came away. She not seeming pleas'd with my coming away. Spake to her about David Jeffries, had not seen him.

Monday, Nov.r 7.th My son pray'd in the Old Chamber. Our time had been taken up by son and daughter Cooper's Visit; so that I only read the 130.th

and 143. Psalm. Twas on the account of my courtship, I went to Mad. Winthrop ; found her rocking her little Katy in the cradle. I excus'd my coming so late (near eight). She set me an arm'd chair and cushion ; and so the cradle was between her arm'd chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my almonds ; She did not eat of them as before ; but laid them away ; I said I came to enquire whether she had alter'd her mind since Friday, or remained of the same mind still. She said, Thereabouts. I told her I loved her, and was so fond as to think that she loved me : she said had a great respect for me. I told her, I had made her an offer, without asking any advice ; she had so many to advise with, that 'twas an hindrance. The fire was come to one short brand besides the block, which brand was set up in end ; at last it fell to pieces, and no recruit was made : She gave me a glass of wine. I think I repeated again that I would go home and bewail my rashness in making more haste than good speed. I would endeavour to contain myself, and not go on to sollicit her to do that which she could not consent to. Took leave of her. As came down the steps she bid me have a care. Treated me courteously. Told her she had enter'd the 4th year of her widowhood. I had given her the News-Letter before : I did not bid her draw off her glove as sometime I had done. Her dress was not so clean as sometime it had been. Jehovah jireh !

Midweek, 9^{r} 9^{t} Dine at Bro^{r} Stoddard's : were so kind as to enquire of me if they should invite Mrs Winthrop ; I anwer'd No. . . .

About the middle of Decr Madam Winthrop made a treat for her children ; Mr. Sewall, Prince, Willoughby : I knew nothing of it ; but the same day abode in the Council Chamber for fear of the rain, and din'd alone upon Kilby's pies and good beer.

An Interlude.

March 5, 1720/1. . . . Mr. Prince, P.M., preached a funeral sermon from Psalm 90 : 10. Gave Capt. Hill a good character. Just as I sat down in my seat one of my fore-teeth in my under jaw came out, and I put it in my pocket. This old servant and daughter of music leaving me, does thereby give me warning that I must shortly resign my head. The Lord help me to do it cheerfully.

Saturday, July 15, 1721. . . . Call and sit awhile with Madam Ruggles. She tells me they had been up all night, her daughter, Joseph Ruggles's wife, was brought to bed of a daughter. I showed my willingness to renew my old acquaintance (*as a suitor*). She expressed her inability to be serviceable. Gave me cider to drink. I came home Thursday, Aug. 3 (1721), went in the coach and visited Mrs. Ruggles after Lecture. She seems resolved not to move out of that house. May be of some use there ; none at Boston — till she be carried out ; made some difficulty to accept an Election Sermon, lest it should be an obligation on her. The coach staying long (going to Boston for a new fare) I made some excuse for my stay ; she said should be glad to wait upon me till midnight, provided I should solicit her no

more; or to that effect. I said she was willing to get rid of me. She answered, That was too sharp. I gave her Mr. Moodey's Election Sermon, marbled, with her name written in it.

Copy of a Letter to Mrs. Mary Gibbs, Widow, at Newtown, Jany 12th, 1721/2.

Madam: Your removal out of town and the severity of the winter, are the reason of my making you this epistolatory visit. In times past (as I remember) you were minded that I should marry you, by giving you to your desirable bridegroom. Some sense of this intended respect abides with me still; and puts me upon enquiring whether you be willing that I should marry you now, by becoming your husband. Aged, feeble and exhausted as I am, your favorable answer to this enquiry, in a few lines, the candor of it will much oblige Madam your humble serv^{t}. S.S.

Madam Gibbs.

[They were married March 29, 1722. She survived him.]

THE SELLING OF JOSEPH.

A Memorial.

"For as much liberty is in real value next unto life: None ought to part with it themselves, or deprive others of it, but upon most mature consideration."

The numerousness of slaves at this day in the province, and the uneasiness of them under their slavery, hath put many upon thinking whether the foundation

of it be firmly and well laid; so as to sustain the vast weight that is built upon it. It is most certain that all men, as they are the sons of Adam, are coheirs; and have equal right unto liberty, and all other outward comforts of life. "God hath given the earth [with all its commodities] unto the sons of Adam," Psal. cxv. 16. "And hath made of one blood, all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation: That they should seek the Lord. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God," etc. Acts xvii. 26, 27, 29. Now although the title given by the last Adam doth infinitely better men's estates, respecting God and themselves; and grants them a most beneficial and inviolable lease under the broad seal of heaven, who were before only tenants at will: yet through the indulgence of God to our first parents after the fall, the outward estate of all and every of their children remains the same, as to one another. So that originally and naturally there is no such thing as slavery. Joseph was rightfully no more a slave to his brethren, than they were to him; and they had no more authority to sell him than they had to slay him. And if they had nothing to do to sell him, the Ishmaelites bargaining with them, and paying down twenty pieces of silver, could not make a title. Neither could Potiphar have any better interest in him than the Ishmaelites had. Gen. xxxvii. 20, 27, 28. For he that shall in this case plead alteration of property, seems to have forfeited a great part of his own claim to humanity. There is no proportion between twenty pieces of silver and liberty. The commodity itself is the claimer. If

Arabian gold be imported in any quantities, most are afraid to meddle with it, though they might have it at easy rates, lest if it should have been wrongfully taken from the owners, it should kindle a fire to the consumption of their whole estate. 'Tis pity there should be more caution used in buying a horse, or a little lifeless dust, than there is in purchasing men and women: whenas they are the offspring of God, and their liberty is,

——*Auro pretiosior omni.*

And seeing God hath said, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." Exod. xxi. 16. This law being of everlasting equity, wherein man-stealing is ranked among the most atrocious of capital crimes, what louder cry can there be made of that celebrated warning,

Caveat emptor!

And all things considered, it would conduce more to the welfare of the province, to have white servants for a term of years, than to have slaves for life. Few can endure to hear of a negro's being made free; and indeed they can seldom use their freedom well; yet their continual aspiring after their forbidden liberty renders them unwilling servants. And there is such a disparity in their conditions, color and hair, that they can never embody with us and grow up into orderly families, to the peopling of the land: but still remain in our body politic as a kind of extravasate blood. As many negro men as there are among us, so many empty places there are in our train bands, and the places taken up of men that might make husbands for our daughters. And the sons and daughters of New England would

become more like Jacob and Rachel, if this slavery were thrust quite out of doors. Moreover, it is too well known what temptations masters are under, to connive at the fornication of their slaves; lest they should be obliged to find them wives or pay their fines. It seems to be practically pleaded that they might be lawless; 'tis thought much of, that the law should have satisfaction for their thefts and other immoralities; by which means, holiness to the Lord is more rarely engraven upon this sort of servitude. It is likewise most lamentable to think how, in taking negroes out of Africa and selling of them here, that which God has joined together men do boldly rend asunder; men from their country, husbands from their wives, parents from their children. How horrible is the uncleanness, immorality, if not murder, that the ships are guilty of that bring great crowds of these miserable men and women! Methinks, when we are bemoaning the barbarous usage of our friends and kinsfolk in Africa, it might not be unseasonable to inquire whether we are not culpable in forcing the Africans to become slaves among ourselves. And it may be a question whether all the benefit received by negro slaves will balance the account of cash laid out upon them; and for the redemption of our own enslaved friends out of Africa. Besides all the persons and estates that have perished there.

Obj. 1. These blackamoors are of the posterity of Cham, and therefore are under the curse of slavery. Gen. ix. 25, 26, 27.

Answ. Of all offices, one would not beg this, viz., uncalled for, to be an executioner of the vindictive wrath of God; the extent and duration of which is

to us uncertain. If this ever was a commission, how do we know but that it is long since out of date? Many have found it to their cost, that a prophetical denunciation of judgment against a person or people would not warrant them to inflict that evil. If it would, Hazael might justify himself in all he did against his master, and the Israelites, from II. Kings viii. 10, 12.

But it is possible that, by cursory reading, this text may have been mistaken. For Canaan is the person cursed three times over, without the mentioning of Cham. Good expositors suppose the curse entailed on him, and that this prophecy was accomplished in the extirpation of the Canaanites, and in the servitude of the Gibeonites. *Vide pareum.* Whereas the blackamoors are not descended of Canaan, but of Cush. Psal. lxviii. 31. "Princes shall come out of Egypt (Mizraim) Ethiopia (Cush) shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." Under which names, all Africa may be comprehended; and their promised conversion ought to be prayed for. Jer. xiii. 23. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" This shows that black men are the posterity of Cush, who time out of mind have been distinguished by their color. And for want of the true, Ovid assigns a fabulous cause of it:

> *Sanguine tum credunt in corpora summa vocato*
> *Æthiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem.*
> Metamorph. lib. 2.

Obj. 2. The *nigers* are brought out of a pagan country into places where the gospel is preached.

Answ. Evil must not be done, that good may

come of it. The extraordinary and comprehensive benefit accruing to the church of God, and to Joseph personally, did not rectify his brethren's sale of him.

Obj. 3. The Africans have wars one with another : our ships bring lawful captives taken in those wars.

Answ. For aught is known, their wars are much such as were between Jacob's sons and their brother Joseph. If they be between town and town, provincial or national, every war is upon one side unjust. An unlawful war can't make lawful captives. And by receiving, we are in danger to promote and partake in their barbarous cruelties. I am sure, if some gentlemen should go down to the Brewsters to take the air and fish, and a stronger party from Hull should surprise them and sell them for slaves to a ship outward bound, they would think themselves unjustly dealt with ; both by sellers and buyers. And yet 'tis to be feared we have no other kind of title to our *nigers*. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them : for this is the law and the prophets." Matt. vii. 12.

Obj. 4. Abraham had servants bought with his money, and born in his house.

Answ. Until the circumstances of Abraham's purchase be recorded, no argument can be drawn from it. In the meantime charity obliges us to conclude that he knew it was lawful and good.

It is observable that the Israelites were strictly forbidden the buying or selling one another for slaves. Levit. xxv. 39, 46. Jer. xxxiv. 8–22. And God gaged his blessing in lieu of any loss they might conceive they suffered thereby. Deut. xv. 18. And

since the partition wall is broken down, inordinate self-love should likewise be demolished. God expects that Christians should be of a more ingenuous and benign frame of spirit. Christians should carry it to all the world, as the Israelites were to carry it one towards another. And for men obstinately to persist in holding their neighbours and brethren under the rigor of perpetual bondage, seems to be no proper way of gaining assurance that God has given them spiritual freedom. Our blessed Saviour has altered the measures of the ancient love-song, and set it to a most excellent new tune, which all ought to be ambitious of learning. Matt. v. 43, 44. John xii. 34. These Ethiopians, as black as they are, seeing they are the sons and daughters of the first Adam, the brethren and sisters of the last Adam, and the offspring of God, they ought to be treated with a respect agreeable.

SARAH KEMBLE KNIGHT.

Sarah Kemble Knight, a Boston school-teacher and graphic diarist, was born in Boston in 1666, the daughter of Captain Thomas Kemble, a merchant. She married Richard Knight, was left a widow about 1703, and in 1706 opened a school, where she had the honor of training Benjamin Franklin, and the responsibility of nursing the literary aspirations of Samuel Mather. She was popularly known as Madame Knight, and had some reputation for excellence in the art of teaching composition. After seven years she moved to Norwalk, Connecticut, where she was fined for selling liquors to the Indians, but protested her innocence, accusing her own maid. From what she has to say about strong waters in her Journal, one must hope that she was the victim of a misunderstanding. She died near Norwalk on Christmas Day, 1727. She is now remembered for her account of a journey from Boston to New York in the year 1704, a series of sprightly descriptions of early settlements, of inn life, and of the customs and hardships of colonial travel. It was first edited in 1825, by Theodore Dwight and was reprinted in 1865 with additional biographical information.

ON HORSEBACK FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK IN 1704.

[From the Journals of Madam Knight, etc., From The Original Manuscripts. 1825.]

Monday, October the second, 1704. — About three o'clock afternoon, I began my journey from Boston to New Haven, being about two hundred mile. My kinsman, Captain Robert Luist, waited on me as far as Dedham, where I was to meet the western post.

I visited the Rev. Mr. Belcher, the minister of the town, and tarried there till evening, in hopes the post would come along. But he not coming, I resolved to go to Billings's where he used to lodge, being twelve miles further. But being ignorant of the way, Madam Belcher, seeing no persuasions of her good spouse's or hers could prevail with me to lodge there that night, very kindly went with me to the tavern, where I hoped to get my guide, and desired the hostess to inquire of her guests whether any of them would go with me. But they being tied by the lips to a pewter engine, scarcely allowed themselves time to say what clownish. . . . [Here half a page of the MS. is gone.] Pieces of eight, I told her no, I would not be accessory to such extortion.

"Then John shan't go," says she. "No, indeed, shan't he;" and held forth at that rate a long time, that I began to fear I was got among the quaking tribe, believing not a limber-tongued sister among them could outdo Madam Hostess.

Upon this, to my no small surprise, son John arose, and gravely demanded what I would give him to go with me? "Give you?" says I, "are you John?" "Yes," says he, "for want of a better;" and behold! this John looked as old as my host, and perhaps had been a man in the last century. "Well, Mr. John," says I, "make your demands." "Why, half a piece of eight and a dram," says John. I agreed, and gave him a dram (now) in hand to bind the bargain.

My hostess catechised John for going so cheap, saying his poor wife would break her heart. . . . [Here half a page of the MS. is gone.]

His shade on his horse resembled a globe on a gate post. His habit, horse and furniture, its looks and goings incomparably answered the rest.

Thus jogging on with an easy pace, my guide telling me it was dangerous to ride hard in the night (which his horse had the sense to avoid), he entertained me with the adventures he had passed by late riding, and imminent dangers he had escaped, so that, remembering the heroes in "Parismus" and the "Knight of the Oracle," I did'nt know but I had met with a prince disguised.

When we had rid about an hour, we came into a thick swamp, which by reason of a great fog, very much startled me, it being now very dark. But nothing dismayed John: he had encountered a thousand and a thousand such swamps, having a universal knowledge in the woods; and readily answered all my inquiries which were not a few.

In about an hour, or something more, after we left the swamp, we came to Billings's, where I was to

lodge. My guide dismounted and very complacently helped me down and showed the door, signing to me with his hand to go in; which I gladly did — but had not gone many steps into the room, ere I was interrogated by a young lady I understood afterwards was the eldest daughter of the family, with these, or words to this purpose; viz., "Law for me! — what in the world brings you here at this time of night? I never see a woman on the road so dreadful late in all the days of my versal life. Who are you? Where are you going? I'm scared out of my wits!" — with much more of the same kind. I stood aghast, preparing to reply, when in comes my guide — to him madam turned, roaring out: "Lawful heart, John, is it you? — how de do! Where in the world are you going with this woman? Who is she?" John made no answer, but sat down in the corner, fumbled out his black junk, and saluted that instead of Deb; she then turned again to me and fell anew into her silly questions, without asking me to sit down.

I told her she treated me very rudely, and I did not think it my duty to answer her unmannerly questions. But to get rid of them, I told her I came there to have the post's company with me to-morrow on my journey, etc. Miss stared awhile, drew a chair, bade me sit, and then ran up stairs and put on two or three rings (or else I had not seen them before), and returning, set herself just before me, showing the way to Reding, that I might see her ornaments, perhaps to gain the more respect. But her granam's new rung sow, had it appeared, would have affected me as much. I paid honest John with money and dram according to contract, and dismissed him, and prayed

Miss to show me where I must lodge. She conducted me to a parlor in a little back lean-to, which was almost filled with the bedstead, which was so high that I was forced to climb on a chair to get up to the wretched bed that lay on it ; on which having stretched my tired limbs, and laid my head on a sad-colored pillow, I began to think on the transactions of the past day.

Tuesday, October the third, about 8 in the morning, I with the post proceeded forward without observing any thing remarkable ; and about two, afternoon, arrived at the post's second stage, where the western post met him and exchanged letters. Here, having called for something to eat, the woman brought in a twisted thing like a cable, but something whiter ; and, laying it on the board, tugged for life to bring it into a capacity to spread ; which having with great pains accomplished, she served in a dish of pork and cabbage, I suppose the remains of dinner. The sauce was of a deep purple, which I thought was boiled in her dye kettle ; the bread was Indian, and everything on the table service agreeable to these. I, being hungry got a little down ; but my stomach was soon cloyed, and what cabbage I swallowed served me for a cud the whole day after.

Having here discharged the ordinary for self and guide (as I understood was the custom), about three afternoon went on with my third guide, who rode very hard ; and having crossed Providence ferry, we came to a river which they generally ride through. But I dare not venture ; so the post got a lad and canoe to carry me to t'other side, and he rode through and led my horse. The canoe was very small and

shallow, so that when we were in she seemed ready to take in water, which greatly terrified me, and caused me to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes steady, not daring so much as to lodge my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth than t'other, nor so much as think on Lot's wife, for a wry thought would have overset our wherry; but was soon put out of this pain, by feeling the canoe on shore, which I as soon almost saluted with my feet; and rewarding my sculler, again mounted and made the best of our way forwards. . . .

Now was the glorious luminary, with his swift coursers, arrived at his stage, leaving poor me with the rest of this part of the lower world in darkness, with which *we* were soon surrounded. The only glimmering we now had was from the spangled skies, whose imperfect reflections rendered every object formidable. Each lifeless trunk, with its shattered limbs, appeared an armed enemy; and every little stump like a ravenous devourer. Nor could I so much as discern my guide, when at any distance, which added to the terror.

Thus, absolutely lost in thought and dying with the very thoughts of drowning, I came up with the post, whom I did not see till even with his horse: he told me he stopped for me, and we rode on very deliberately a few paces, when we entered a thicket of trees and shrubs, and I perceived by the horse's going we were on the descent of a hill, which, as we came nearer the bottom, was totally dark with the trees that surrounded it. But I knew by the going of the horse we had entered the water, which my

guide told me was the hazardous river he had told me of; and he, riding up close to my side, bid me not fear — we should be over immediately. I now rallied all the courage I was mistress of, knowing that I must either venture my fate of drowning, or be left like the children in the wood. So, as the post bid me, I gave reins to my nag; and sitting as steady as just before in the canoe, in a few minutes got safe to the other side, which he told me was the Narragansett country.

Being come to Mr. Haven's, I was very civilly received, and courteously entertained, in a clean, comfortable house; and the good woman was very active in helping off my riding clothes, and then asked what I would eat. I told her I had some chocolate, if she would prepare it; which with the help of some milk, and a little clean brass kettle, she soon effected to my satisfaction. I then betook me to my apartment, which was a little room parted from the kitchen by a single board partition; where, after I had noted the occurrences of the past day, I went to bed, which, though pretty hard, yet neat and handsome. But I could get no sleep, because of the clamor of some of the town topers in next room, who were entered into a strong debate concerning the signification of the name of their country; viz. *Narragansett*. One said it was named so by the Indians, because there grew a brier there, of a prodigious height and bigness, the like hardly ever known, called by the Indians *Narragansett;* and quotes an Indian of so barbarous a name for his author, that I could not write it. His antagonist replied no — it was from a spring it had its name, which he well knew where it was, which was extreme cold in summer, and as hot as could be imagined in the winter,

which was much resorted to by the natives, and by them called *Narragansett* (hot and cold), and that was the original of their place's name — with a thousand impertinences not worth notice, which he uttered with such a roaring voice and thundering blows with the fist of wickedness on the table, that it pierced my very head. I heartily fretted, and wished them tongue tied; but with as little success as a friend of mine once, who was (as she said) kept a whole night awake, on a journey, by a country lieutenant and a sergeant, ensign and a deacon, contriving how to bring a triangle into a square. They kept calling for t'other gill, which, while they were swallowing, was some intermission; but, presently, like oil to fire, increased the flame. I set my candle on a chest by the bedside, and sitting up, fell to my old way of composing my resentments, in the following manner:

I ask thy aid, O potent Rum!
To charm these wrangling topers dumb.
Thou hast their giddy brains possest —
The man confounded with the beast —
And I, poor I, can get no rest.
Intoxicate them with thy fumes:
O still their tongues till morning comes!

And I know not but my wishes took effect; for the dispute soon ended with t'other dram; and so good night!

Wednesday, October 4th. About four in the morning we set out for Kingston (for so was the town called) with a French doctor in our company. He and the post put on very furiously, so that I could not keep up with them, only as now and then they would stop till they saw me. This road was poorly furnished with accommodations for travellers, so that

we were forced to ride twenty-two miles by the post's account, but nearer thirty by mine, before we could bait so much as our horses, which I exceedingly complained of. But the post encouraged me, by saying we should be well accommodated anon at Mr. Devil's, a few miles further. But I questioned whether we ought to go to the devil to be helped out of affliction. However, like the rest of deluded souls that post to the infernal den, we made all possible speed to this devil's habitation ; where alighting, in full assurance of good accommodation, we were going in. But meeting his two daughters, as I supposed twins, — they so nearly resembled each other, both in features and habit, and looked as old as the devil himself, and quite as ugly, — we desired entertainment, but could hardly get a word out of them, till with our importunity, telling them our necessity, etc., they called the old sophister, who was as sparing of his words as his daughters had been, and no, or none, were the replies he made us to our demands. He differed only in this from the old fellow in t'other country : he let us depart. However, I thought it proper to warn poor travellers to endeavor to avoid falling into circumstances like ours, which at our next stage I sat down and did as followeth :

May all that dread the cruel fiend of night
Keep on, and not at this cursed mansion light.
'Tis hell ; 'tis hell ! and devils here do dwell :
Here dwells the Devil — surely this is hell.
Nothing but wants : a drop to cool your tongue
Can't be procured these cruel fiends among.
Plenty of horrid grins and looks severe,
Hunger and thirst, but pity's banished here —
The right hand keep, if hell on earth you fear !

. . . Saturday, October 7th, we set out early in the morning, and being something unacquainted with the way, having asked it of some we met, they told us we must ride a mile or two and turn down a lane on the right hand; and by their direction we rode on, but not yet coming to the turning, we met a young fellow and asked him how far it was to the lane which turned down towards Guilford. He said we must ride a little further, and turn down by the corner of Uncle Sam's lot. My guide vented his spleen at the lubber; and we soon after came into the road, and keeping still on, without anything further remarkable, about two o'clock afternoon we arrived at New Haven, where I was received with all possible respects and civility. Here I discharged Mr. Wheeler with a reward to his satisfaction, and took some time to rest after so long and toilsome a journey; and informed myself of the manners and customs of the place, and at the same time employed myself in the affair I went there upon.

They are governed by the same laws as we in Boston (or little differing), throughout this whole colony of Connecticut, and much the same way of Church government, and many of them good, sociable people, and I hope religious too; but a little too much independent in their principles, and, as I have been told, were formerly in their zeal very rigid in their administrations towards such as their laws made offenders, even to a harmless kiss or innocent merriment among young people. Whipping being a frequent and counted an easy punishment, about which as other crimes, the judges were absolute in their sentences. They told me a pleasant story about a

pair of justices in those parts, which I may not omit the relation of.

A negro slave belonging to a man in the town, stole a hog's head from his master, and gave or sold it to an Indian, native of the place. The Indian sold it in the neighborhood, and so the theft was found out. Thereupon the heathen was seized, and carried to the Justice's house to be examined. But his worship (it seems) was gone into the field, with a brother in office to gather in his pompions ; whither the malefactor is hurried, and complaint made, and satisfaction in the name of justice demanded. Their worships can't proceed in form without a bench : whereupon they order one to be immediately erected, which, for want of fitter materials, they made with pompions — which being finished, down sit their worships, and the malefactor called, and by the senior justice interrogated after the following manner ; "You Indian, why did you steal from this man? You shouldn't do so — it's a grandy wicked thing to steal." "Hol't, Hol't," cries justice junior, "Brother, you speak negro to him ; I'll ask him. You, sirrah, why did you steal this man's hog's head?" "Hog's head?" replies the Indian, "me no stomany." "No?" says his worship ; and, pulling off his hat, patted his own head with his hand, says, "Tatapa — you, Tatapa — you ; all one this. Hog's head all one this." "Hah!" says Netop, "now me stomany that." Whereupon the company fell into a great fit of laughter, even to roaring. Silence is commanded, but to no effect : for they continued perfectly shouting. "Nay," says his worship, in an angry tone, "if it be so, *take me off the bench.*"

Their diversions in this part of the country are on lecture days and training days mostly : on the former there is riding from town to town.

And on training days the youth divert themselves by shooting at the target, as they call it (but it very much resembles a pillory), where he that hits nearest the white has some yards of red ribbon presented him, which being tied to his hat-band, the two ends streaming down his back, he is led away in triumph, with great applause, as the winners of the Olympic games. They generally marry very young : the males oftener, as I am told, under twenty than above : they generally make public weddings, and have a way something singular (as they say) in some of them, viz., just before joining hands the bridegroom quits the place, who is soon followed by the bridesmen, and as it were dragged back to duty — being the reverse to the former practice among us, to steal mistress bride.

There are great plenty of oysters all along by the sea side, as far as I rode in the colony, and those very good. And they generally lived very well and comfortably in their families. But too indulgent (especially the farmers) to their slaves : suffering too great familiarity from them, permitting them to sit at the table and eat with them (as they say to save time), and into the dish goes the black hoof as freely as the white hand. They told me that there was a farmer lived near the town where I lodged who had some difference with his slave, concerning something the master had promised him and did not punctually perform ; which caused some hard words between them ; but at length they put the matter to

arbitration and bound themselves to stand to the award of such as they named — which done, the arbitrators, having heard the allegations of both parties, ordered the master to pay forty shillings to black face, and acknowledge his fault. And so the matter ended: the poor master very honestly standing to the award.

There are everywhere, in the towns as I passed, a number of Indians the natives of the country, and are the most savage of all the savages of that kind that I had ever seen: little or no care taken (as I heard upon enquiry) to make them otherwise. They have in some places lands of their own, and governed by laws of their own making; — they marry many wives and at pleasure put them away, and on the least dislike or fickle humor, on either side, saying "Stand away," to one another is a sufficient divorce. And indeed those uncomely "Stand aways" are too much in vogue among the English in this (indulgent) colony, as their records plentifully prove, and that on very trivial matters, of which some have been told me, but are not proper to be related by a female pen, though some of that foolish sex have had too large a share in the story.

They give the title of merchant to every trader; who rate their goods according to the time and specie they pay in, viz., "Pay," "Money," "Pay as money," and "Trusting." "Pay" is grain, pork, beef, etc., at the prices set by the General Court that year; "Money" is pieces of eight, reals, or Boston or bay shillings (as they call them), or "good hard money," as sometimes silver coin is termed by them; also "Wampum," viz., Indian

beads, which serves for change. "Pay as money" is provisions, as aforesaid, one-third cheaper than as the Assembly or General Court sets it; and "Trust" as they and the merchant agree for time.

Now, when the buyer comes to ask for a commodity, sometimes before the merchant answers that he has it, he says, "Is your pay ready?" Perhaps the chap replies, "Yes." "What do you pay in?" says the merchant. The buyer having answered, then the price is set; as suppose he wants a sixpenny knife, in pay it is twelve pence — in pay as money, eight pence, and hard money, its own price, viz., six pence. It seems a very intricate way of trade and what *lex mercatoria* had not thought of.

Being at a merchant's house, in comes a tall country fellow, with his alfogeos full of tobacco; for they seldom loose their cud, but keep chewing and spitting as long as their eyes are open, — he advanced to the middle of the room, makes an awkward nod, and spitting a large deal of aromatic tincture, he gave a scrape with his shovel-like shoe, leaving a small shovel full of dirt on the floor, made a full stop, hugging his own pretty body with his hands under his arms, stood staring round him, like a cat let out of a basket. At last, like the creature Balaam rode on, he opened his mouth and said: "Have you any ribinen for hatbands to sell, I pray?" The questions and answers about the pay being past, the ribbon is brought and opened. Bumpkin Simpers cries, "It's confounded gay, I vow;" and beckoning to the door, in comes Joan Tawdry, dropping about fifty curtsies, and stands by him: he shows her the ribbon. "Law, you," says she, "it's right gent, do you take it, 'tis dread-

ful pretty." Then she enquires, "Have you any hood silk, I pray?" which being brought and bought, "Have you any thread silk to sew it with?" says she; which being accommodated with they departed. They generally stand after they come in a great while speechless, and sometimes don't say a word till they are asked what they want, which I impute to the awe they stand in of the merchants, who they are constantly almost indebted to; and must take what they bring without liberty to choose for themselves; but they serve them as well, making the merchants stay long enough for their pay.

We may observe here the great necessity and benefit both of education and conversation; for these people have as large a portion of mother wit, and sometimes a larger, than those who have been brought up in cities; but for want of improvements, render themselves almost ridiculous, as above. I should be glad if they would leave such follies, and am sure all that love clean houses (at least) would be glad on't too.

They are generally very plain in their dress, throughout all the colony, as I saw, and follow one another in their modes; that you may know where they belong, especially the women, meet them where you will.

Their chief red letter day is St. Election, which is annually observed according to charter, to choose their governor — a blessing they can never be thankful enough for, as they will find, if ever it be their hard fortune to lose it. The present governor in Connecticut is the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient and honorable family, whose father was governor here sometime before, and his grandfather

had been governor of the Massachusetts. This gentleman is a very courteous and affable person, much given to hospitality, and has by his good services gained the affections of the people as much as any who had been before him in that post. . . .

The City of New York is a pleasant, well compacted place, situated on a commodious river which is a fine harbor for shipping. The buildings, brick generally, very stately and high, though not altogether like ours in Boston. . . .

They are generally of the Church of England and have a New England gentleman for their minister, and a very fine church set out with all customary requisites. There are also Dutch and divers conventicles, as they call them, viz., Baptist, Quakers, etc. They are not strict in keeping the Sabbath, as in Boston and other places where I had been, but seem to deal with great exactness, as far as I see or deal with. They are sociable to one another and courteous and civil to strangers, and fare well in their houses. The English go very fashionable in their dress. But the Dutch, especially the middling sort, differ from our women, in their habit go loose, wear French muches, which are like a cap and a head band in one, leaving their ears bare, which are set out with jewels of a large size and many in number ; and their fingers hooped with rings, some with large stones in them of many colors, as were their pendants in their ears, which you should see very old women wear as well as young.

They have vendues very frequently and make their earnings very well by them, for they treat with good liquor liberally, and the customers drink as liberally and generally pay for't as well, by

paying for that which they bid up briskly for after the sack has gone plentifully about, though sometimes good pennyworths are got there. Their diversion in the winter is riding sleighs about three or four miles out of town, where they have houses of entertainment at a place called the Bowery, and some go to friends' houses, who handsomely treat them. Mr. Burroughs carried his spouse and daughter and myself out to one Madame Dowes, a gentlewoman that lived at a farmhouse, who gave us a handsome entertainment of five or six dishes and choice beer and metheglin, cider, etc., all which she said was the produce of her farm. I believe we met fifty or sixty sleighs that day; they fly with great swiftness, and some are so furious that they will turn out of the path for none except a loaded cart. Nor do they spare for any diversion the place affords, and sociable to a degree, their tables being as free to their neighbors as to themselves.

Having here transacted the affair I went upon and some other that fell in the way, after about a fortnight's stay there, I left New York with no little regret, and Thursday, December 21st, set out for New Haven with my kinsman Trowbridge, and the man that waited on me. . . .

January 6th. Being now well recruited and fit for business, I discoursed the persons I was concerned with, that we might finish in order to my return to Boston. They delayed as they had hitherto done, hoping to tire my patience. But I was resolute to stay and see an end of the matter, let it be never so much to my disadvantage; so, January 9th, they came again and promised the Wednesday following to go through with

the distribution of the estate, which they delayed till Thursday, and then came with new amusements. But at length, by the mediation of that holy good gentleman, the Rev. Mr. James Pierpont, the minister of New Haven, and with the advice and assistance of other our good friends, we came to an accommodation and distribution, which having finished, though not till February, the man that waited on me to York taking charge of me, I set out for Boston. We went from New Haven upon the ice (the ferry being not passable thereby), and the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, with Madam Prout, cousin Trowbridge, and divers others, were taking leave, we went onward without anything remarkable till we come to New London, and lodged again at Mr. Saltonstall's; and here I dismissed my guide, and my generous entertainer provided me Mr. Samuel Rogers of that place to go home with me. I stayed a day here longer than I intended by the commands of the Hon. Governor Winthrop to stay and take a supper with him, whose wonderful civility I may not omit. The next morning I crossed the ferry to Groton, having had the honor of the company of Madam Livingston (who is the governor's daughter) and Mary Christophers and divers others to the boat; and that night lodged at Stonington, and had roast beef and pumpkin sauce for supper. The next night at Havens, and had roast fowl, and the next day we came to a river, which, by reason of the freshets coming down, was swelled so high, we feared it impassable, and the rapid stream was very terrifying; however, we must over, and that in a small canoe. Mr. Rogers assuring me of his good conduct, I, after a stay of near an hour on the shore for consultation, went into the

canoe, and Mr. Rogers paddled about one hundred yards up the creek by the shore side, turned into the swift stream and dexterously steering her, in a moment we came to the other side, as swiftly passing as an arrow shot out of the bow by a strong arm. I stayed on the shore till he returned to fetch our horses, which he caused to swim over, himself bringing the furniture in the canoe. But it is past my skill to express the exceeding fright all these transactions formed in me. We were now in the colony of the Massachusetts, and, taking lodgings at the first inn we came to, had a pretty difficult passage the next day, which was the second of March, by reason of the sloughy ways then thawed by the sun. Here I met Capt. John Richards of Boston, who was going home, so being very glad of his company we rode something harder than hitherto, and, missing my way in going up a very steep hill, my horse dropped down under me as dead ; this new surprise no little hurt me, meeting it just at the entrance into Dedham, from whence we intended to reach home that night. But was now obliged to get another horse there, and leave my own, resolving for Boston that night if possible. But in going over the causeway at Dedham, the bridge being overflowed by the high waters coming down, I very narrowly escaped falling over into the river, horse and all, which 'twas almost a miracle I did not. Now it grew late in the afternoon, and the people having very much discouraged us about the sloughy way, which they said we should find very difficult and hazardous, it so wrought on me, being tired and dispirited and disappointed of my desires of going home, that I agreed to lodge there that night, which we did at the house of one Draper, and the

next day being March 3d we got safe home to Boston, where I found my aged and tender mother and my dear and only child in good health, with open arms, ready to receive me, and my kind relations and friends flocking in to welcome me and hear the story of my transactions and travels, I having this day been five months from home; and now I cannot fully express my joy and satisfaction, but desire sincerely to adore my Great Benefactor for thus graciously carrying forth and returning in safety his unworthy handmaid.

ROBERT BEVERLY.

Robert Beverly, the most interesting and one of the important of the colonial historians of Virginia, was born in that colony about 1675, and died there in 1716. At twenty-two he succeeded his father, Major Robert Beverly, as Clerk of the Council of Virginia, under Governor Andros. This office gave him access to documentary records, and in 1705, for reasons given in our selections, he published in London a *History and Present State of Virginia*, in four books. This was not merely an account of present conditions, social or economic, though it gives us many intimate details of the daily life in Virginia during the first century of its settlement; it gave also an account of the settlement of the colony and of its history. The work attracted so much attention that two years after its first appearance a French translation of it with fourteen illustrations by Grivelius appeared in Amsterdam, and these illustrations were used in a second English edition in 1722. Beverly enjoys the distinction of being the first American in whose behalf the *habeas corpus* act was invoked, but he deserves the higher distinction of being remembered as a far-sighted, patriotic citizen, and a sensible, sprightly writer.

HOW HE CAME TO WRITE.

[From the Preface to the "History and Present State of Virginia." Edition of 1722.]

My first business in the world being among the public records of my country, the active thoughts of my youth put me upon taking notes of the general administration of the government; but with no other design than the gratification of my own inquisitive mind; these lay by me for many years afterwards, obscure and secret, and would forever have done so, had not the following accident produced them.

In the year 1703, my affairs calling me to England, I was soon after my arrival, complimented by my bookseller with an intimation, that there was prepared for printing a general account of all her Majesty's Plantations in America, and his desire that I would overlook it before it was put to the press; I agreed to overlook that part of it which related to Virginia.

Soon after this he brings me about six sheets of paper written, which contained the account of Virginia and Carolina. This it seems was to have answered a part of Mr. Oldmixon's British Empire in America. I very innocently (when I began to read) placed pen and paper by me, and made my observations upon the first page, but found it in the sequel so very faulty, and an abridgement only of some accounts that had been printed 60 or 70 years ago; in which also he had chosen the most strange and untrue parts, and left out the more sincere and faithful, so that I laid aside all thoughts of farther observations, and gave it

only a reading; and my bookseller for answer, that the account was too faulty and too imperfect to be mended. Withal telling him, that seeing I had in my junior days taken some notes of the government, which I then had with me in England, I would make him an account of my own country, if I could find time, while I staid in London. And this I should the rather undertake in justice to so fine a country; because it has been so misrepresented to the common people of England, as to make them believe that the servants in Virginia are made to draw in cart and plow, as horses and oxen do in England, and that the country turns all people black, who go to live there, with other such prodigious phantasms.

Accordingly before I left London, I gave him a short history of the country, from the first settlement, with an account of its then state; but I would not let him mingle it with Oldmixon's other account of the plantations, because I took them to be all of a piece with those I had seen of Virginia and Carolina, but desired mine to be printed by itself. And this I take to be the only reason of that gentleman's so severely reflecting upon me in his book, for I never saw him in my life that I know of.

GOVERNOR NICHOLSON'S CAREER.

[From the Same, Book I.]

In November, 1698, Francis Nicholson, Esq., was removed from Maryland, to be Governor of Virginia. But he went not then with that smoothness on his

brow he had carried with him, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor. He talked then no more of improving of manufactures, towns, and trade. Neither was he pleased to make the acts of assembly the rule of his judgments, as formerly, but his own all sufficient will and pleasure. Instead of encouraging the manufactures, he sent over inhuman memorials against them, which were so opposite to all reason, that they refuted themselves. In one of these, he remonstrates, "That the tobacco of that country often bears so low a price, that it will not yield clothes to the people that make it;" and yet presently after, in the same memorial, he recommends it to the parliament "to pass an act, forbidding the plantations to make their own clothing;" which, in other words, is desiring a charitable law that the planters shall go naked. In a late memorial concerted between him and his creature, Col. Quarrey, 'tis most humbly proposed, "That all the English colonies on the continent of North America be reduced under one government and under one Viceroy; and that a standing army be there kept on foot, to subdue the Queen's enemies;" surmising that they were intending to set up for themselves.

Soon after his accession to the government, he procured the assembly, and courts of judicature, to be removed from Jamestown, where there were good accommodations for people, to Middle Plantation, where there were none. There he flattered himself with the fond imagination of being the founder of a new city. He marked out the streets in many places, so as that they might represent the figure of a *W*, in memory of his late Majesty King William, after whose name the town was called Williamsburg. There he

procured a stately fabric to be erected, which he placed opposite to the college, and graced it with the magnificent name of the "Capitol." . . .

In the second year of this gentleman's government, there happened an adventure very fortunate for him, which gave him much credit, that was the taking of a pirate within the Capes of that country.

It fell out that several merchant ships were got ready, and fallen down to Lynhaven Bay, near the mouth of James River, in order for sailing. A pirate being informed of this, and hearing that there was no man-of-war there, except a sixth rate, ventured within the Capes, and took several of the merchant ships. But a small vessel happened to come down the bay, and, seeing an engagement between the pirate and a merchantman, made a shift to get into the mouth of the James River, where the Shoram, a fifth rate man-of-war, was newly arrived. The sixth rate, commanded by Capt. John Aldred, was then on the Carine in Elizabeth River, in order for her return to England.

The Governor happened to be at that time at Kiquotan, sealing up his letters, and Captain Passenger, commander of the Shoram, went ashore to pay his respects to him. In the meanwhile news was brought that the pirate was got within the Capes; upon which the captain was in haste to go aboard his ship. But the Governor stayed him a little promising to go along with him. The captain soon after asked his excuse, and went off, leaving him another boat, if he pleased to follow. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon, when the news was brought; but 'twas within night, before his Excellency went aboard, staying all that while ashore, upon some

weighty occasions. At last he followed, and by break of day the man-of-war was fairly out between the Capes and the pirate ; where, after ten hours' sharp engagement, the pirate was obliged to strike and surrender upon the terms of being left to the King's mercy.

Now it happened that three men of this pirate's gang were not on board their own ship at the time of the surrender, and so were not included in the articles of capitulation, but were tried in that country. In summing up the charge against them the (Governor being present), the Attorney-General extolled his Excellency's mighty courage and conduct, as if the honor of taking the pirate had been due to him. Upon this Capt. Passenger took the freedom to interrupt Mr. Attorney in open court, and said that he was commander of the Shoram ; that the pirates were his prisoners ; and that nobody had pretended to command in that engagement but himself. He further desired that the Governor who was then present would do him the justice to confess whether he had given the least word of command all that day, or directed any one thing during the whole fight. This, his Excellency acknowledged was true, and fairly yielded him the honor of that exploit to the Captain.

A PERNICIOUS WEED.

[From the Same, Book II.]

The James Town Weed (which resembles the thorny apple of Peru, and I take to be the plant so

called) is supposed to be one of the greatest coolers in the world. This being an early plant, was gathered very young for a boiled salad, by some of the soldiers sent thither to quell the Rebellion of Bacon; and some of them eat plentifully of it, and the effect of which was a very pleasant comedy; for they turned natural fools upon it for several days. One would blow up a feather in the air; another would dart straws at it with much fury; and another, stark naked, was sitting up in a corner, like a monkey, grinning and making mows at them; a fourth would fondly kiss and paw his companions and sneer in their faces with a countenance more antic than any in a Dutch droll. In this frantic condition they were confined lest they should in their folly destroy themselves; though it was observed that all their actions were full of innocence and good nature. . . . A thousand such simple tricks they played and after eleven days, returned to themselves again, not remembering anything that had passed.

Perhaps this was the same herb that Mark Antony's army met with in his retreat from the Parthian war and the Siege of Phraata, when such as had eaten thereof employed themselves with much earnestness and industry in grubbing up stones and removing them from one place to another, as if it had been a business of the greatest consequence. Wine, as the story says, was found a sovereign remedy for it; which is likely enough, the malignity of this herb being cold.

OF THE SERVANTS AND SLAVES IN VIRGINIA.

[From the Same, Book IV. Part I.]

§ 50. Their servants they distinguish by the names of slaves for life, and servants for a time.

Slaves are the negroes, and their posterity, following the condition of the mother, according to the maxim, *partus sequitur ventrem.* They are called slaves in respect to the time of their servitude, because it is for life.

Servants are those which serve only for a few years, according to the time of indenture, or the custom of the country. The custom of the country takes place upon such as have no indentures. The law in this case is, that if such servants be under nineteen years of age, they must be brought into court, to have their age adjudged; and from the age they are judged to be of, they must serve until they reach four and twenty. But if they be adjudged upwards of nineteen they are then only to be servants for the term of five years.

§ 51. The male-servants, and slaves of both sexes, are employed together in tilling and manuring the ground, in sowing and planting tobacco, corn, etc. Some distinction, indeed, is made between them in their clothes, and food; but the work of both is no other than what the overseers, the freemen, and the planters themselves do.

Sufficient distinction is also made between the female-servants, and slaves; for a white woman is

rarely or never put to work in the ground, if she be good for anything else : and to discourage all planters from using any women so, their law makes female-servants working in the ground tithable, while it suffers all other white women to be absolutely exempted : Whereas on the other hand, it is a common thing to work a woman slave out of doors ; nor does the law make any distinction in her taxes, whether her work be abroad, or at home.

§ 52. Because I have heard how strangely cruel, and severe, the service of this country is represented in some parts of England ; I can't forbear affirming, that the work of their servants and slaves is no other than what every common freeman does. Neither is any servant required to do more in a day, than his overseer. And I can assure you with great truth, that generally their slaves are not worked near so hard, nor so many hours in a day, as the husbandmen, and day-laborers in England. An overseer is a man, that having served his time, has acquired the skill and character of an experienced planter, and is therefore intrusted with the direction of the servants and slaves.

OF THE PEOPLE, INHABITANTS OF VIRGINIA.

[From the Same, Book IV. Part II. Chap. XV.]

§ 65. I can easily imagine with Sir Josiah Child, that this as well as all the rest of the plantations, was for the most part at first peopled by persons of low circumstances, and by such as were willing to seek

their fortunes in a foreign country. Nor was it hardly possible it should be otherwise; for 'tis not likely that any man of a plentiful estate should voluntarily abandon a happy certainty, to roam after imaginary advantages, in a new world. Besides which uncertainty, he must have proposed to himself to encounter the infinite difficulties and dangers that attend a new settlement. These discouragements were sufficient to terrify any man that could live easy in England, from going to provoke his fortune in a strange land.

§ 66. Those that went over to that country first, were chiefly single men, who had not the incumbrance of wives and children in England; and if they had they did not expose them to the fatigue and hazard of so long a voyage, until they saw how it should fare with themselves. From hence it came to pass, that when they were settled there in a comfortable way of subsisting a family, they grew sensible of the misfortune of wanting wives, and such as had left wives in England sent for them; but the single men were put to their shifts. They excepted against the Indian women, on account of their being pagans, as well as their complexions, and for fear they should conspire with those of their own nation, to destroy their husbands. Under this difficulty they had no hopes, but that the plenty in which they lived, might invite modest women, of small fortunes, to go over thither from England. However, they would not receive any, but such as could carry sufficient certificate of their modesty and good behavior. Those, if they were but moderately qualified in other respects, might depend upon marrying very well in those days,

without any fortune. Nay, the first planters were so far from expecting money with a woman, that 'twas a common thing for them to buy a deserving wife that carried good testimonials of her character, at the price of 100 pounds, and make themselves believe they had a bargain.

§ 67. But this way of peopling the colony was only at first ; for after the advantages of the climate, and the fruitfulness of the soil were well known, and all the dangers incident to infant settlement were over, people of better condition retired thither with their families, either to increase the estates they had before, or else to avoid being persecuted for their principles of religion, or government.

Thus in the time of the Rebellion in England, several good cavalier families went thither with their effects to escape the tyranny of the Usurper, or acknowledgement of his title, and so again, upon the Restoration, many people of the opposite party took refuge there, to shelter themselves from the king's resentment. But Virginia had not many of these last, because that country was famous for holding out the longest for the royal family, of any of the English dominions ; for which reason, the Roundheads went for the most part to New-England, as did most of those, that in the reign of King Charles II. were molested on account of their religion, though some of these fell likewise to the share of Virginia. As for malefactors condemned to transportation, tho' the greedy planter will always buy them, yet it is to be feared they will be very injurious to the country, which has already suffered many murthers and robberies, the effects of that new law of England.

THE PASTIMES OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

[From the Same, Book IV. Part II.]

For their recreation, the plantations, orchards, and gardens constantly afford them fragrant and delightful walks. In their woods and fields, they have an unknown variety of vegetables, and other rarities of nature to discover and observe. They have hunting, fishing, and fowling, with which they entertain themselves an hundred ways. Here is the most good-nature and hospitality practised in the world, both toward friends and strangers; but the worst of it is, this generosity is attended now and then with a little too much intemperance. The neighborhood is at much the same distance as in the country in England; but with this advantage, that all the better sort of people have been abroad, and seen the world, by which means they are free from that stiffness and formality, which discover more civility than kindness. And besides, the goodness of the roads and the fairness of the weather bring people oftener together.

The Indians, as I have already observed, had in their hunting a way of concealing themselves, and coming up to the deer, under the blind of a stalking-head, in imitation of which many people have taught their horses to stalk it, that is, to walk gently by the huntsman's side, to cover him from the sight of the deer. Others cut down trees for the deer to browse upon, and lie in wait behind them. Others again set stakes at a certain distance within their fences,

where the deer had been used to leap over into a field of peas, which they love extremely; these stakes they so place, as to run into the body of the deer, when he pitches, by which means they impale him.

They hunt their hares (which are very numerous) a-foot, with mongrels or swift dogs, which either catch them quickly, or force them to a hole in a hollow tree, whither all their hares generally tend, when they are closely pursued. As soon as they are thus holed, and have crawled up into the body of a tree, the business is to kindle a fire and smother them with smoke till they let go their hold and fall to the bottom stifled; from whence they take them. If they have a mind to spare their lives, upon turning them loose they will be as fit as ever to hunt at another time: for the mischief done them by the smoke immediately wears off again.

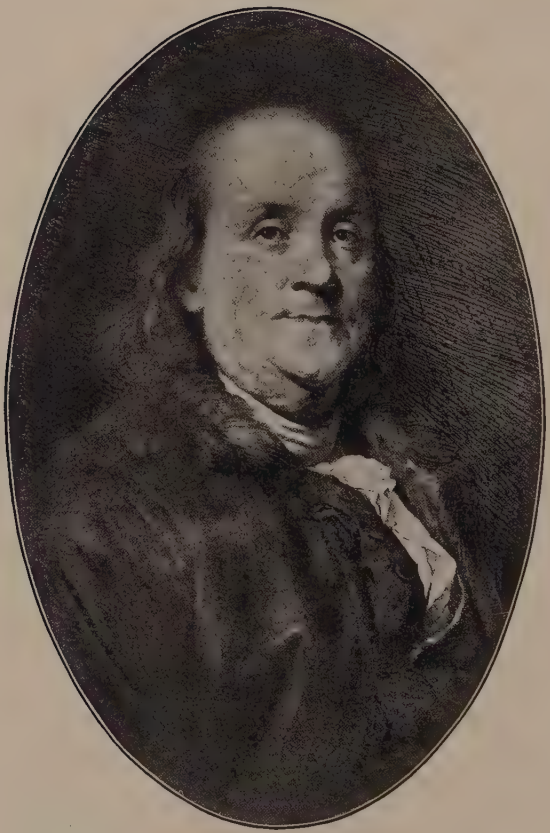
They have another sort of hunting, which is very diverting, and that they call vermin-hunting; it is performed a-foot, with small dogs in the night, by the light of the moon or stars. Thus in summer time they find abundance of raccoons, opossums, and foxes in the corn-fields, and about their plantations; but at other times they must go into the woods for them. The method is to go out with three or four dogs, and, as soon as they come to the place, they bid the dogs seek out, and all the company follow immediately. Wherever a dog barks, you may depend upon finding the game; and this alarm draws both men and dogs that way. If this sport be in the woods, the game by that time you come near it is perhaps mounted to the top of an high tree, and then

they detach a nimble fellow up after it, who must have a scuffle with the beast, before he can throw it down to the dogs; and then the sport increases, to see the vermin encounter those little curs. . . .

For wolves they make traps, and set guns baited in the woods, so that, when he offers to seize the bait, he pulls the trigger, and the gun discharges upon him. What Elian and Pliny write of the horses being benumbed in their legs, if they tread in the track of a wolf, does not hold good here; for I myself, and many others, have rid full speed after wolves in the woods, and have seen live ones taken out of a trap, and dragged at a horse's tail; and yet those that followed on horse-back have not perceived any of their horses to falter in their pace. . . .

The inhabitants are very courteous to travellers, who need no other recommendation, but the being human creatures. A stranger has no more to do, but to inquire upon the road where any gentleman or good housekeeper lives, and there he may depend upon being received with hospitality. This good nature is so general among their people, that the gentry, when they go abroad, order their principal servant to entertain all visitors with everything the plantation affords. And the poor planters, who have but one bed, will very often sit up, or lie upon a form or couch all night, to make room for a weary traveller to repose himself after his journey.

If there happen to be a churl, that either out of covetousness, or ill-nature, would not comply with this generous custom, he has a mark of infamy set upon him, and is abhorred by all.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE GROWTH OF THE NATIONAL SPIRIT

1710–1775

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INTRODUCTION.

The closing period of our colonial literature, leading up, as it does, to the interesting political literature of the Revolution, is characterized in every department by a growing secularization, by an intenser consciousness of the relation of letters to life, by greater freedom of individual expression, and by democratic aspiration. We can trace this change of spirit alike in New England, the Middle, and the Southern Colonies, and in verse as well as in prose.

As we saw in the preceding volume, poetry remained longer out of touch with colonial life than any other form of literature. And still, at the outset of the eighteenth century, its mild, hypothetical successes are those of imitation, but it is the imitation of a secularized England. The sturdy ruggedness of the would-be poets of the earlier period gives place, slowly, to a mechanical melody caught from the school of Pope, smooth, shallow, monotonous in its mimicry of elegance, with little thought and less passion. Such was the poetry of those eloquent preachers, Mather Byles and Benjamin Colman, who were both in intimate relations with British culture, and were too modern in spirit to continue the Fantastic School of Noyes and Cotton Mather. Such, too, was the pathetically poor poetry of Colman's precocious daughter, Jane Turell, who dutifully learned

from her father to regard Dr. Watts as "the laureate of the Church of Christ," and Sir Richard Blackmore as "far above all her praises." The "fatal facility" of the "composures" of these new poets, especially of Byles and his admiring disciples, is their most deadly characteristic. They may have been for their authors, as one of them, perhaps the most naïve of all, Roger Wolcott, says, "the improvement of some vacant hours," but they will hardly prove so for posterity. Yet it must be remembered that, although they wrote execrable poetry, all these poets were exemplary in their domestic and public relations. Colman and Byles were great preachers, even if they did depart far from the traditions of the Brahmins of the preceding century, and Roger Wolcott was almost as sturdy a public servant as Captain Edward Johnson or Daniel Gookin.

This increased secularism of which we have spoken is seen in an extreme form in the doggerel ballads of John Seccomb, which gave him a celebrity intelligible only to those who have made some study of his contemporaries on the New England Parnassus. In somewhat higher humorous vein, very suggestive of the decay of Puritanism in their trivial whimsicality, are the skits of Joseph Green, in which we catch a note of personal satire, characteristic of the formative days of democracy, and destined to find swelling echoes in the succeeding Revolutionary poets, who lie beyond our pale. It is somewhat startling to find the New Englanders of the generation after Cotton Mather prepared to appreciate a parody of one of their own hymns. That they should have appreciated John Osborn's simple *Whaling Song* is not surprising; but this hardy product

of the soil was exceptional, even in Osborn's own scanty verse, while the imitative Benjamin Church and other versifiers, are more numerous than the more crude and original writers of doggerel, like John Maylem and George Cockings, who are not represented in these selections.

If we turn southward, we shall find that here also the rare lyric poets are essentially imitators, though with more real appreciation of their models, at least in the case of Evans and Godfrey. There are occasional good lines in the verses of both, and the latter gives evidence of the possession of an imagination that might have made him, not a great poet, but a worthy rival of Freneau. And it must not be forgotten that with Godfrey the poetic drama practically begins in America. An unactable blank verse tragedy, to be sure, *The Prince of Parthia*, must be pronounced to be thoroughly imitative and scarcely readable, unless one brings to it a considerable amount of patriotic good will and sympathy for youthful talents eclipsed by death. But it was creditable to have made the attempt, and that credit belongs to the Pennsylvanian school, which was more liberal, in its literary ideals, than New England had yet become, and was certainly more in touch with the eighteenth-century philosophic spirit as it was then voicing itself in England and France.

In verse, then, we leave our literature in a state of increasing secularization which in a remote way indicates the presence of that democratic spirit which was slowly transforming the colonial mind. When we turn to the theologians, most of whom in the present volume are New Englanders, we shall

find this democratic independence marked at the very outset in Wise, continuing philosophically in Edwards, and over the verge of iconoclasm in the Scotch physician, Douglass, who aired his opinions on many subjects outside his profession. Wise was one of the most brilliant, forcible, and original of our colonial prose writers. The subject on which he wrote was of immediate and intense interest to the colonists, at least of New England, and he voiced more than any other man of his time the creed of a religious democracy, especially its opposition to the scheme of the Mathers to substitute in church affairs the will of the clergy for the will of the people. The meek and innocuous *Questions and Proposals* of that godly company unmasked themselves but slowly to the popular consciousness. John Wise bided his time, and when everybody was familiar with the question, he gave an answer hardly less remarkable for its learning, its satire, and its invective, than for its tremendous earnestness and its forensic art. The theory of democracy in a Christian church, as it was unfolded here, long remained the palladium of New England's ecclesiastical liberty, and helped to intensify the dread with which, even after that liberty was assured, the Massachusetts colony shrank from the introduction of episcopacy in any form. Of his *Vindication* there is more than one plain echo in the Declaration of Independence. It was but natural that when the Revolutionary leaders were preparing themselves and others for that great act, they caused his books to be reprinted, for these proved, as Professor Tyler has well observed, "an armory of burnished weapons in all that stern fight."

Thus the beginning of the century sends its democratic call to the close; but the independence of colonial theology is no less marked in the realm of philosophy than in that of polity. Jonathan Edwards is not only greater than the earlier theologians, he is something more and other than they; not merely the greatest exponent of New England thought, but the microcosmic expression of its character, in its strength and in its weakness; not alone an inheritor, but a forerunner, bearing indeed the fruit of Cotton Mather and Wigglesworth, but also the seed of Emerson and of Channing. He was the first American to exert a considerable influence on the metaphysical thought of the world. In him Calvinism reached its culmination, and in him the emotional Christianity of New England took a fresh lease of life. He was a poet in embryo, a nature-mystic, a scientist, a logician, a metaphysician, as well as a great preacher and theologian, and to be an enduring classic he lacked only the ripening effects of classical culture. There is a pathos in his inevitable shortcomings; but one recognizes them only with an awestruck admiration of what this provincial accomplished by sheer force of hard thinking.

Independence in still another and distinctly remarkable form is evidenced by William Douglass, who, although he did not come to America from his native Scotland until he was about twenty-five years old, launched himself almost immediately into the "general union of total dissent" that had begun to characterize the Boston even of his period. Controversy seems to have been his native air, whether it were with his professional brethren of the medical art, with the

clergy, the magistrates, or the government. No wonder that a man who commanded such a keen, racy style, and had such pitiless shrewdness to point his sarcasm, should have found one of his chief subjects in the crumbling Calvinistic orthodoxy, looming large, though no longer portentous. He was practically the first of our writers who dared to avow himself a rationalist, what the Frenchmen of his day would have called a *libertin*. When he wrote history it was in a journalistic vein, with a paragraphic pen, wholly unreliable whenever his passions or prejudices were touched, but keeping the mind alert by the very irregularity of his flashing wit. Like Bayle, he is best in his footnotes, and is usually most amusing when he is least instructive. His importance, however, for us lies chiefly in this, that his animosity and unfairness toward the Puritan clergy, though reprobated by many, found favor with some, and that the time had passed for the suppression of such free speech. For this reason we have spoken of him among the theologians, although his heterogeneous activities might as well have entitled him to a place elsewhere, or entirely apart, and although our extracts from him touch only once, and that slightly, upon theological matters.

Douglass serves to carry us over to the historians, the publicists, and the depicters of colonial life and manners. We have given a few extracts from his numerous and needed "animadversions" on the contemporary craze for paper money, and some of our selections from Franklin, that interesting Loyalist, Rev. Jonathan Boucher, and a few other writers, touch upon questions of more or less political import; but following our rule, we have in the main left such

matters to one side. Of depicters of life and manners we have chosen several representatives, about the most important of whom, Byrd, Franklin, and Fithian, more shall be said presently. Here we may mention the interesting critical account of Virginia in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, given by the Rev. Hugh Jones. He is especially valuable for the light he throws upon Virginian education. He himself prepared a series of text-books for his rather self-willed pupils, and it is natural to place him in juxtaposition with that unique production known as *The New England Primer*. This, as well as Jones's tract, may be cited in proof of the contention that, turn where we will, among the writings of this epoch, we find plain indications of the steady growth of the spirit of independence. The *Primer*, indeed, as our extracts show, is a veritable barometer of political feeling throughout the entire century.

When we turn to history proper, we note perhaps a more marked change in essential character than we do in any other department of literature. Narratives, such as those of Bradford, and Winthrop, and Johnson, written by men who had been important participators in the great affairs they describe, are practically no longer encountered. Life in the colonies has become more ordered and less picturesque ; there is not so much temptation to write the annals of one's own generation, or to set down one's own reminiscences, as there is to treat in a critical and philosophical manner the records of the past. Thus, instead of important contemporary historians, we have historical scholars like Thomas Prince, Thomas Hutchinson, and William Stith, all of whom suffered from the

embarrassments incident to pioneer work. Prince and Stith, especially, found their contemporaries indifferent to their scholarly zeal for preserving and setting down in enduring form the records of the heroic planters of the English colonies in the New World; but they have their reward in being remembered as in a very real sense the fathers of American history. Extracts from their writings give but a faint idea of their services to scholarship. It would, of course, have been possible to present selections from such interesting contemporary records as the *Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War* (1716), published by Thomas Church from the minutes of his father, the famous Indian fighter, Colonel Benjamin Church. But we have already dealt sufficiently with the subject of Indian wars in the second volume, and readers will perhaps gain from the additional space we have been enabled to give to such an interesting writer as Colonel Byrd, and to the remarkable *True and Historical Narrative* written by Patrick Tailfer, and others, which represents the only colony founded during the present period, that of Georgia. We need not vouch for its truth or its justice, but it is certainly one of the most skilful pieces of special pleading, as well as one of the most caustic denunciations of governmental abuse to be found in our early literature. Thus, Georgia from the very first utters the protest of independence, which each of the older colonies was in turn learning to express.

Yielding in interest to none of the other writers represented in this volume are the depicters of manners already mentioned, Byrd and Fithian, who give us intimate pictures of life in Virginia, North Carolina,

and New Jersey. It is from the social side, also, that we have approached in our extracts the almost universal genius of Franklin. Byrd was unique among the colonial writers, — a Virginian gentleman of princely fortune and an easy assurance of superiority, whose *noblesse oblige* condescended to men of low estate. Energetic, resourceful, public spirited, he was the most witty and ironical of all our writers before Franklin, and worthy of the friendship he enjoyed of some of the most brilliant members of the English aristocracy. His writing is marked by a note of distinction. It is not that of a scholar or of a teacher, or of a politician, but preëminently of a gentleman, the natural outpouring of a rarely fertile mind, unstudied, but remarkable for facile, graceful geniality. His attitude toward religion may be contrasted with that of Douglass on the one hand and that of the exquisitely pious John Woolman on the other. He is sceptical, but not militant. He feels himself too much the superior of the parson to enter into any controversy. His attitude is that of his English friends, to whom it would have seemed as unbecoming to urge a protest as to profess a creed. This characteristic position of the "philosophers" of the eighteenth century was as yet uncongenial to New England. Philadelphia learned it before Boston. The *Autobiography* of Franklin would show us, and to some extent does even in our inadequate extracts, how all-pervading this temper became, and how scarcely any thoughtful man could escape its influence.

Of Franklin's place in our colonial literature it is superfluous to speak. He was, at the close of the period covered by this volume, not only the most

illustrious of Americans, but one of the most illustrious of mankind. It is, as we have said, to the social side of his multiform activities that we have sought to direct the attention of the reader, who might be diverted by Franklin's political and scientific achievements from his contributions to the amelioration of domestic and civic life, and above all, to the enlarging and deepening of colonial ideals of municipal and public spirit. Franklin is our one colonial scientist of cosmopolitan fame. He is also our greatest master of pithy, racy, and effective prose style. His *Autobiography*, from which most of our extracts are taken, is said to be one of the half-dozen most widely popular books ever printed. His shrewdness, his public spirit, the universality of his interests, made his the greatest of individual contributions to the building up of American character in the Post-Revolutionary generation. Franklin's attitude, like that of Byrd, was that of the eighteenth century. The clew to it is to be found in a marginal note to his *Autobiography*, in which he observes that "Nothing is so likely to make a man's fortune as virtue." It is a smug philosophy, and that its influence was felt even where it was most combated would be clear to the reader of Fithian's Princeton experiences, though in our extracts from this genial diarist that note is less marked. We have chosen from Fithian a passage that shows, as probably no other contemporary writing does so briefly, the social condition of the oldest colony on the eve of its independence, and with this judicially drawn picture our illustrations of Colonial Prose and Poetry, of the beginnings of Americanism, and the growth of the national consciousness find their fit close.

JOHN WISE.

John Wise, a New England clergyman and son of a *quondam* serving-man, was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1652, and died at Ipswich in 1725. He was graduated at Harvard in 1673, and ten years later was ordained pastor of Chebacco, near Ipswich, where he remained till his death. In the agitation against the government of Sir Edmund Andros, he took a leading part, for which he was fined and imprisoned. He was also deprived of his ministerial office, whereupon his town, having paid his fine, sent him to Boston as its representative. The Revolution of 1688 bringing a change in the home government, he was active in reorganizing the colonial administration, and was chaplain of the unfortunate expedition in 1690 to Canada. In later ecclesiastical controversies he sided against the Mathers in *The Churches' Quarrel Espoused* (1710), an essay much praised for its logical clarity and forensic ability. His views were afterward presented more fully in *A Vindication of the Government of New England Churches* (1717). Wise was one of the earliest American champions of democracy, a student of government, of wide reading and much penetration, and a writer of a sonorous if somewhat cumbrous style. It is significant that his two treatises were reissued on the eve of the Revolutionary War as well as on that of the War between the States. There is no doubt as to where the valiant clergyman, who, with his almost herculean strength once overcame a champion wrestler, would have taken his stand in either crisis.

LOYALTY TO STATE AND CHURCH.

[From "The Churches' Quarrel Espoused." 1710. The Epistle Dedicatory.]

My conclusion is with devoutest application to the supreme throne, that the almighty God will bless the great Anne, our wise and protestant princess; New-England's royal nurse, and great benefactress, that she may live to see all the Protestant Churches through her vast empire, more virtuous and more united, as they all meet and center with their differing persuasions, by their love and royal actions, in her person and government. Let her most excellent majesty, next to Christ, continue absolute in her empire over their hearts, and as she has made such a complete conquest, of all differing parties within her dominions, by her wise and virtuous measures, and thereby won all the fame of rule and sovereignty from her royal progenitors, who could never so charm such mighty nations. Let her reign continue the exactest model for all courts in Europe! and when she is full replete and satisfied with length of days, and the most glorious effects of a prosperous reign, let God favor her lasting and flourishing name with an unperishing monument, on which justice shall become obliged to inscribe this memento, viz. "Here lies in funeral pomp, the princess of the earth, the store-house of all ennobling and princely perfections." That if all the monarchs on earth, have lost their excellencies, their *arcana imperii*, their state, wisdom, skill in government, and all sorts of heavenly, princely and heroic virtues;

here they may be found lodged in this one unparalleled MONARCH.

Let God bless his Excellency, and preserve the government of the Province, and let it continue always in the hands of natives, and let our country, successively breed men of such merit, as shall always enamor imperial majesty with their loyalty and worth ; and that their true deserts may ever purchase for them such a high station, whilst they shall plainly out-weigh their rivals in the royal balance. And let them be always patrons to these churches, as an acknowledgement to the crown of heaven, as the settled condition of tenure they hold by, and possess such royal demesnes.

Let the great and good God of heaven and earth bless these churches, the beauty of the wilderness, and continue so noble a ministry as they now have, and prosper and requite their faithful and unwearied labors, and let him continue the succession, and furnish the next set with greater accomplishments and virtue.

Let Christ Jesus, the great shepherd, who hath the care of the flocks in the wilderness, preserve inviolable, the inestimable privileges and liberties of these churches ; and let them entail them, with all other civil and sacred rights and immunities which they now enjoy, as a sure estate of inheritance, to the last posterity of this people. And let their children, and children's children remain from generation to generation, until the world be done with ; and the sun has left shining.

So prays, the meanest of all your servants

in CHRIST,

JOHN WISE.

May 31, 1710.

DISAFFECTED WORKMEN.

[From "The Churches' Quarrel Espoused." Answer to 4th Query.]

And that we can as soon reconcile a republic with an absolute monarchy, or the best sort of free states with a politic tyranny, or at least with an oligarchy, where the chief end of government is the enriching and greatness of its ministers; and this we may do, when we have compounded these *proposals* and our *platform*, so that as that faithful and noble friend to these churches, the famous and learned Increase Mather, D.D. in an appendix to his dissertation concerning the sacrament, laments several plots conspiring the dissolution of these famous churches, in these words, viz. The bold attempts which have of late been made to unhinge and overset the congregational churches in New-England, by decrying their holy covenant, &c. We may here justly heighten the complaint, and cry, *Pro Dolor! hinc Lachrimae!* Alas, alas! here's the grief! hence flows our tears! for here is a bold attempt indeed, not only to despoil the house of some particular piece of furniture, but to throw it quite out at windows; not only to take away some of its ornaments, but to blow up its foundations. For these bold attempts which that worthy complains of, seem now to be grown very rampant; for here is in view a combination of workmen disaffected with the fashion of the old fabric, who (in pretence) design to repair, but in reality to ruin the whole frame. They appear (indeed) something in the manner of Nehemiah's men on the wall, Neh. 4. 17. as it were with a trowel in one hand,

with which they now and then put on a little untempered mortar, to plaster over a chink or two, where the old work by length of time, is somewhat weather-beaten, to pacify the jealousies of the inhabitants, that they may think these builders (surely) are mending, and not marring their old comfortable habitation. But in reality, they have in the other hand a formidable maul, not as Nehemiah's weapon to defend, but to break down the building; for they are all hands at work banging the platform in pieces, upon which the old fabric is built. That may not the churches, and all their lovers sigh and complain, as once Cicero did, *O Tempora! O Mores!* who would have expected such times and such things from such men?

HARVARD'S COMMENDAMUS.

[From the Same, Part I. Section iv.]

. . . Accademical learning we profess to be a very essential accomplishment in the gospel ministry. It is introduced by the ordinary blessing of God upon human endeavors, to supply the place of the cloven tongues, and those other miraculous gifts and endowments of mind, impressed upon Christ's ambassadors, whereby fisher-men commence (*per saltum*) doctors of divinity; and in an instant were stocked with such principles of religion, reason, and philosophy, that they were capable to dispute with Athens itself, and baffle the greatest wits she could produce, in defence, and for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, Acts 17. 18.

Thus it is very reasonable that the churches should be well assured of the sufficiency of the learning of those persons, ere they presume on the ministry; yet there is a fairer way in view, fuller of honor and safety, than what the proposal directs to.

Our accademy is the store-house of learning, and this all mankind will assent to. When you have lost the company of the Muses, there they are found in their freeholds, where they hold the balance of honor amongst the learned. This is the place, if not of the goddess Minerva or Apollo, yet the Bethel or temple of God himself; the God of wisdom, where he, as chief architect, with his under workmen, form wise and learned men, and where you may have them wrought off at first-hand. Then, certainly, here we are to secure our credulity and confidence in this affair; here we are to know whether they be of the right stamp, yea or no.

That of all men living, the best and most infallible standard for the philosophical accomplishments of our candidates, is the judgment of the honorable president, and noble fellows of our famous college; for this I am sure must needs stand for a verity, that the judgment of a real honest and skilful artificer (keeping close to his shop) concerning the nature and qualities of an edge-tool which he hath wrought, and hammered on his own anvil, out of its first rude matter, must certainly excel him that hath been long from the trade, that only takes it, turns and tries the edge slightly, or has but a transient view of it: so that we may fairly infer, that (as to human learning) *Harvard's Commendamus* is most valuable and sufficient, and justly supplants these testimonials.

ENGLISH HATRED OF ARBITRARY POWER.

[From the Same, Part II. Section I.]

Englishmen hate an arbitrary power (politically considered) as they hate the devil.

For that they have through immemorial ages been the owners of very fair enfranchizements and liberties, that the sense, favor or high esteem of them are (as it were) *extraduce*, transmitted with the elemental materials of their essence from generation to generation, and so ingenate and mixed with their frame, that no artifice, craft or force used can root it out. *Naturam expellas furca licet usque recurrit.* And though many of their incautelous princes have endeavored to null all their charter rights and immunities, and agrandize themselves in the servile state of the subjects, by setting up their own separate will, for the great standard of government over the nations, yet they have all along paid dear for their attempts, both in the ruin of the nation, and in interrupting the increase of their own grandeur, and their foreign settlements and conquests.

Had the late reigns, before the accession of the great *William* and *Mary*, to the throne of England, but taken the measures of them, and her present majesty, in depressing vice, and advancing the union and wealth, and encouraging the prowess and bravery of the nation, they might by this time have been capable to have given laws to any monarch on earth ; but spending their time in the pursuit of an absolute monarchy (contrary to

the temper of the nation, and the ancient constitution of the government) through all the meanders of state craft, it has apparently kept back the glory, and dampt all the most noble affairs of the nation. And when, under the midwifery of *Machiavilan* art, and cunning of a daring prince, this MONSTER, tyranny, and arbitrary government, was at last just born, upon the holding up of a finger ! or upon the least signal given, ON the whole nation goes upon this HYDRA.

The very name of an arbitrary government is ready to put an Englishman's blood into a fermentation ; but when it really comes, and shakes its whip over their ears, and tells them it is their master, it makes them stark mad ; and being of a memical genius, and inclined to follow the court mode, they turn arbitrary too.

That some writers, who have observed the governments and humors of nations, thus distinguish the English.

The emperor (they say) is the king of kings, the king of Spain is the king of men, the king of France the king of asses, and the king of England the king of devils ; for that the English nation can never be bridled, and rid by an arbitrary prince. Neither can any chains put on by despotic and arbitrary measures hold these legions. That to conclude this plea, I find not amongst all the catalogues of heroes or worthy things in the English empire, peers to these undertakers ; therefore we must needs range them with the arbitrary princes of the earth, (such as the great *Czar* or *Ottoman* monarch) who have no other rule to govern by, but their own will. . . .

CONCERNING REBELLION.

[From "A Vindication of the Government of New England Churches." 1717.]

In general concerning rebellion against government for particular subjects to break in upon regular communities duly established, is from the premises to violate the law of nature; and is a high usurpation upon the first grand immunities of mankind. Such rebels in states, and usurpers in churches affront the world with a presumption that the best of the brotherhood are a company of fools, and that themselves have fairly monopolized all the reason of human nature. Yea, they take upon them the boldness to assume a prerogative of trampling under foot the natural original equality and liberty of their fellows; for to push the proprietors of settlements out of possession of their old, and impose new schemes upon them, is virtually to declare them in a state of vassalage, or that they were born so; and therefore will the usurper be so gracious as to insure them they shall not be sold at the next market: They must esteem it a favor, for by this time all the original prerogatives of man's nature are intentionally a victim, smoking to satiate the usurper's ambition. It is a very tart observation on an English monarch, and where it may by proportion be applied to a subject, must needs sink very deep, and serve for evidence under his head. It is in the secret history of K. C. 2. and K. J. 2. p. 2, says my author, Where the constitution of a nation is such, that the laws of the land are the measures both of the sovereign's commands,

and the obedience of the subjects, whereby it is provided ; that as the one are not to invade what by concessions and stipulations is granted to the ruler ; so the other is not to deprive them of their lawful and determined rights and liberties ; then the prince who strives to subvert the fundamental laws of the society, is the traitor and the rebel, and not the people, who endeavor to preserve and defend their own. It's very applicable to particular men in their rebellions or usurpations in church or state.

HUGH JONES.

Hugh Jones, a clergyman of the Established Church, was born in England in 1669, and died in Cecil County, Maryland, in 1760. He emigrated to the colonies in 1696, and for sixty-four years was rector of various parishes in Maryland and Virginia. He was at one time Chaplain to the Assembly of the latter colony, and in 1702 professor of mathematics in William and Mary College. He owes his place in this collection to his curious and interesting book, *The Present State of Virginia*, printed in London in 1724, but he deserves remembrance, also, for his labors as a text-book writer for Virginian pupils, some of whose characteristics are given in our extract.

VIRGINIAN TRAITS.

[From "The Present State of Virginia." 1724.]

Thus they have good natural notions and will soon learn arts and sciences; but are generally diverted by business or inclination from profound study and prying into the depth of things; being ripe for management of their affairs before they have laid so good a foundation of learning, and had such instructions, and

acquired such accomplishments as might be instilled into such good natural capacities. Nevertheless, through their quick apprehension they have a sufficiency of knowledge and fluency of tongue, though their learning for the most part be but superficial.

They are more inclinable to read men by business and conversation than to dive into books, and are for the most part only desirous of learning what is absolutely necessary in the shortest and best method.

Having this knowledge of their capacities and inclination from sufficient experience, I have composed on purpose some short treatises adapted with my best judgment to a course of education for the gentlemen of the plantations: consisting in a short English grammar; an accidence to Christianity; an accidence to the mathematics, especially to arithmetic in all its parts and applications, algebra, geometry, surveying of land, and navigation.

These are the most useful branches of learning for them, and such as they willingly and readily master, if taught in a plain and short method, truly applicable to their genius; which I have endeavored to do for the use of them and all others of their temper and parts.

They are not very easily persuaded to the improvement of useful inventions (except a few, such as sawing mills), neither are they great encouragers of manufactures, because of the trouble and certain expense in attempts of this kind, with uncertain prospect of gain; whereas by their staple commodity, tobacco, they are in hopes to get a plentiful provision; nay, often very great estates.

Upon this account they think it folly to take off

their hands (or negroes) and employ their care and time about anything that may make them lessen their crop of tobacco.

So that though they are apt to learn, yet they are fond of, and will follow their own ways, humors, and notions, being not easily brought to new projects and schemes; so that I question if they would have been imposed upon by the Mississippi or South Sea or any other such monstrous bubbles.

In their computations of time, weights, and measures, both of length, superficies, and solidity, they strictly adhere to what is legal; not running into precarious customs as they do in England. Thus their quart is the true Winchester; their hundred is 100, not 112, and they survey land by statute measure.

Indeed, what English coin is there is advanced in value, so that a shilling passes for 14*d.*, and a guinea goes by tale for 26*s.*; but the current money is the Spanish, which in reality is about 15*l.* per cent. inferior to our English coin, as settled by law: but frequently the value of this varies in respect of sterling bills according to the circumstances of trade; currency and sterling being sometimes at a par; but for the generality 10 per cent. discount is allowed for sterling bills.

As for education, several are sent to England for it; though the Virginians being naturally of good parts (as I have already hinted) neither require nor admire as much learning as we do in Britain; yet more would be sent over, were they not afraid of the small-pox, which most commonly proves fatal to them.

But, indeed, when they come to England, they are generally put to learn to persons that know little of their temper, who keep them drudging on in what is

of least use to them, in pedantic methods too tedious for their volatile genius.

For grammar learning, taught after the common roundabout way, is not much beneficial nor delightful to them ; so that they are noted to be more apt to spoil their school fellows than improve themselves ; because they are imprisoned and enslaved to what they hate and think useless, and have not peculiar management proper for their humor and occasion.

A civil treatment with some liberty, if permitted with discretion, is most proper for them, and they have most need of, and readily take polite and mathematical learning ; and in English may be conveyed to them (without going directly to Rome and Athens) all the arts, sciences and learned accomplishments of the ancients and moderns, without the fatigue and expense of another language, for which most of them have little use or necessity, since (without another) they may understand their own speech, and all other things requisite to be learned by them, sooner and better.

Thus the youth might as well be instructed there as here by proper methods, without the expense and danger of coming hither ; especially if they make use of the great advantage of the college at Williamsburg, where they may (and many do) imbibe the principles of all human and divine literature, both in English and in the learned languages.

By the happy opportunity of this college may they be advanced to religious and learned education, according to the discipline and doctrine of the established Church of England ; in which respect this college may prove of singular service, and be an advantageous and

laudable nursery and strong bulwark against the contagious dissensions in Virginia ; which is the most ancient and loyal, the most plentiful and flourishing, the most extensive and beneficial colony belonging to the Crown of Great Britain, upon which it is most directly dependent ; wherein is established the Church of England, free from faction and sects, being ruled by the laws, customs and constitutions of Great Britain, which it strictly observes, only where the circumstances and occasion of the country by an absolute necessity require some small alterations ; which nevertheless must not be contrary (though different from and subservient) to the laws of England.

Though the violence of neither Whig nor Tory reigns there, yet have they parties ; for the very best administration must expect to meet with some opposition in all places, especially where there is a mixture of people of different countries concerned, whose education and interest may propose to them notions and views different from each other.

Most other plantations, especially they that are granted away to proprietors, are inferior to Virginia ; where the seeming interest and humor of the owners often divert them from pursuit of the most proper methods ; besides, they cannot have such a right claim to the favor of the Crown, nor demand its best protection, since they may often interfere with its interest ; whereas Virginia is esteemed one of the most valuable gems in the Crown of Great Britain.

Thus Virginia, having to itself, with Maryland, the staple commodity of tobacco, has a great advantage of all other plantations on the continent for the encouragement of the Crown ; whereas others belong-

ing to gentlemen, or having no peculiar trade, cannot expect such power to advance and improve their interest.

To this add that Virginia equals, if not exceeds, all others in goodness of climate, soil, health, rivers, plenty and all necessaries and conveniences of life. Besides, she has, among others, these particular advantages of her younger sister Maryland, viz., freedom from Popery and the direction of proprietors; not but that part of Virginia which is between the rivers Potomac and Rappahannock belongs to proprietors, as to the quit rent, yet the government of these counties (called the Northern Neck) is under the same regulation with the other parts of the country.

If New England be called a receptacle of Dissenters, and an Amsterdam of religion, Pennsylvania the nursery of Quakers, Maryland the retirement of Roman Catholics, North Carolina the refuge of runaways, and South Carolina the delight of buccaneers and pirates, Virginia may be justly esteemed the happy retreat of true Britons and true Churchmen for the most part; neither soaring too high nor drooping too low, consequently should merit the greater esteem and encouragement.

The common planters, leading easy lives, do not much admire labor, or any manly exercise, except horse-racing, nor diversion, except cock-fighting, in which some greatly delight. This easy way of living, and the heat of the summer, make some very lazy, who are then said to be climate-struck.

The saddle horses, though not very large, are hardy, strong and fleet, and will pace naturally and pleasantly at a prodigious rate.

They are such lovers of riding that almost every

ordinary person keeps a horse ; and I have known some spend the morning in ranging several miles in the woods to find and catch their horses only to ride two or three miles to church, to the court-house, or to a horse-race, where they generally appoint to meet upon business, and are more certain of finding those that they want to speak or deal with, than at their home.

No people can entertain their friends with better cheer and welcome ; and strangers and travellers are here treated in the most free, plentiful and hospitable manner ; so that a few inns or ordinaries on the road are sufficient. . . .

Some planters, etc., make good small drinks with cakes of persimmons, a kind of plums which grow there in great plenty ; but the common small beer is made of molasses, which makes extraordinary brisk good-tasted liquor at a cheap rate, with little trouble in brewing ; so that they have it brisk and fresh as they want it in winter and summer. And as they brew, so do they bake daily bread or cakes, eating too much hot and new bread, which cannot be wholesome, though it be pleasanter than what has been baked a day or two.

Some raise barley and make malt there, and others have malt from England, with which those that understand it brew as good beer as in England, at proper seasons of the year ; but the common strong malt drink mostly used is Bristol beer, of which is consumed vast quantities there yearly ; which, being well brewed and improved by crossing the sea, drinks exceedingly fine and smooth ; but malt liquor is not so much regarded as wine, rack, brandy, and rum punch, with drams

of rum or brandy for the common sort, when they drink in a hurry.

The common wine comes from Madeira or Fayal, which, moderately drunk, is fittest to cheer the fainting spirits in the heat of summer, and to warm the chilled blood in the bitter colds of winter, and seems most peculiarly adapted for this climate. Besides this, are plentifully drunk with the better sort, of late years, all kinds of French and other European wine, especially claret and port.

Here is likewise used a great deal of chocolate, tea and coffee, which, with several sorts of apparel, they have as cheap or cheaper than in England, because of the debenture of such goods upon their exportation thither. Besides, they are allowed to have wines directly from Madeira, and other commodities are brought from the West Indies and the Continent, which cannot be brought to England without spoiling.

As for grinding corn, etc., they have good mills upon the runs and creeks ; besides hand-mills, windmills, and the Indian invention of pounding hominy in mortars burned in the stump of a tree, with a log for a pestle hanging at the end of a pole, fixed like the pole of a lave.

Though they are permitted to trade to no parts but Great Britain, except these places, yet have they in many respects better and cheaper commodities than we in England, especially of late years ; for the country may be said to be altered and improved in wealth and polite living within these few years, since the beginning of Col. Spotswood's government, more than in all the scores of years before that, from its first discovery. The country is yearly supplied with vast quantities of

goods from Great Britain, chiefly from London, Bristol, Liverpool, Whitehaven, and from Scotland.

The ships that transport these things often call at Ireland to victual, and bring over frequently white servants, which are of three kinds : 1. Such as come upon certain wages by agreement for a certain time. 2. Such as come bound by indenture, commonly called kids, who are usually to serve four or five years. 3. Those convicts or felons that are transported, whose room they had much rather have than their company ; for abundance of them do great mischiefs, commit robbery and murder, and spoil servants that were before very good. But they frequently there meet with the end they deserved at home, though indeed some of them prove indifferent good. Their being sent thither to work as slaves for punishment is but a mere notion, for few of them ever lived so well and so easy before, especially if they are good for anything. These are to serve seven, and sometimes fourteen years, and they, and servants by indentures, have an allowance of corn and clothes when they are out of their time, that they may be therewith supported till they can be provided with service or otherwise settled. With these three sorts of servants are they supplied from England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, among which they that have a mind to it may serve their time with ease and satisfaction to themselves and their masters, especially if they fall into good hands. Except the last sort, for the most part who are loose villains, made tame by Wild and then enslaved by his forward namesake. To prevent too great a stock of which servants and negroes, many attempts and laws have been in vain made.

These, if they forsake their roguery, together with the other kids of the later Jonathan, when they are free, may work day labor, or else rent a small plantation for a trifle almost ; or else turn overseers, if they are expert, industrious, and careful, or follow their trade, if they have been brought up to any, especially smiths, carpenters, tailors, sawyers, coopers, bricklayers, etc. The plenty of the country and the good wages given to workfolks occasion very few poor, who are supported by the parish, being such as are lame, sick, or decrepit through age, distempers, accidents or some infirmities ; for where there is a numerous family of poor children, the vestry takes care to bind them out apprentices till they are able to maintain themselves by their own labor ; by which means they are never tormented with vagrant and vagabond beggars, there being a reward for taking up runaways that are at a small distance from their home, if they are not known or are without a pass from their master, and can give no good account of themselves, especially negroes.

WILLIAM BYRD.

William Byrd, one of the most prominent members of the Virginia Colonial Aristocracy, was born on the magnificent ancestral estate of Westover on the James River in 1674, and died there in 1744. The son of a distinguished colonial official of like name, he travelled in Europe, was educated in England for the law, and thrice visited that country as agent of his colony. He was a member of the King's Council for thirty-seven years, and finally, its President. He accumulated great wealth, lived in lordly state, and gathered the most valuable library in the colony. Its catalogue counts 3438 volumes. He did much to encourage emigration, was founder of the city of Richmond, and somewhat of an explorer. The *Westover Manuscripts* first printed at Petersburg, Virginia, in 1841, contain an account of his experiences as Commissioner of his colony in determining the border line between Virginia and North Carolina in 1728, together with a journey undertaken with a friend to survey a grant of land on which he expected to exploit iron mines, and another frontier journey to mines already in operation. All these tracts, the titles of which are given in connection with the citations made from them, are remarkable for their vigorous style, their shrewd humor, and their valuable observations of an economic nature. Byrd was one of the most

cultivated Americans of the eighteenth century, and would have been an ornament to any society. He was at his best perhaps as a student of economics and affairs, but he had also in him the makings of a great writer. Although far from the centres of culture, he was a patron of art and science and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain. A new edition of his writings, superintended by Prof. J. S. Bassett, is now in press, and his letters are promised in the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*.

NORTH CAROLINA HUSBANDRY.

[From "The History of the Dividing Line."]

[March] 10th [1728]. The Sabbath happened very opportunely to give some ease to our jaded people, who rested religiously from every work, but that of cooking the kettle. We observed very few cornfields in our walks, and those very small, which seemed the stranger to us, because we could see no other token of husbandry or improvement. But, upon further inquiry, we were given to understand people only made corn for themselves and not for their stocks, which know very well how to get their own living. Both cattle and hogs ramble into the neighboring marshes and swamps, where they maintain themselves the whole winter long, and are not fetched home till the spring. Thus these indolent wretches, during one half of the year, lose the advantage of the milk of their cattle as well as their dung, and many of the poor creatures perish in the mire,

into the bargain, by this ill-management. Some who pique themselves more upon industry than their neighbors, will, now and then, in compliment to their cattle, cut down a tree whose limbs are loaded with the moss afore-mentioned. The trouble would be too great to climb the tree in order to gather this provender, but the shortest way (which in this country is always counted the best) is to fell it, just like the lazy Indians, who do the same by such trees as bear fruit, and so make one harvest for all.

AN ASYLUM FOR RUNAWAY SLAVES.

[From the Same.]

[March] 11th [1728]. . . . We had encamped so early, that we found time in the evening to walk near half a mile into the woods. There we came upon a family of mulattoes that called themselves free, though by the shyness of the master of the house, who took care to keep least in sight, their freedom seemed a little doubtful. It is certain many slaves shelter themselves in this obscure part of the world, nor will any of their righteous neighbors discover them. On the contrary, they find their account in settling such fugitives on some out-of-the-way corner of their land, to raise stocks for a mean and inconsiderable share, well-knowing their condition makes it necessary for them to submit to any terms. Nor were these worthy borderers content to shelter runaway slaves, but debtors and criminals have often met with the like indulgence. But if the government of North

Carolina has encouraged this unneighborly policy in order to increase their people, it is no more than what ancient Rome did before them, which was made a city of refuge for all debtors and fugitives, and from that wretched beginning grew up in time to be mistress of a great part of the world. And, considering how fortune delights in bringing great things out of small, who knows but Carolina may, one time or other, come to be the seat of some other great empire?

RUNNING THE BOUNDARY LINE THROUGH THE DISMAL SWAMP.

[From the Same.]

[March] 14th [1728]. Before nine of the clock this morning, the provisions, bedding and other necessaries, were made up into packs for the men to carry on their shoulders into the Dismal. They were victualled for eight days at full allowance, nobody doubting but that would be abundantly sufficient to carry them through that inhospitable place; nor indeed was it possible for the poor fellows to stagger under more. As it was, their loads weighed from 60 to 70 pounds, in just proportion to the strength of those who were to bear them. It would have been unconscionable to have saddled them with burdens heavier than that, when they were to lug them through a filthy bog which was hardly practicable with no burdens at all. Besides this luggage at

their backs, they were obliged to measure the distance, mark the trees, and clear the way for the surveyors every step they went. It was really a pleasure to see with how much cheerfulness they undertook, and with how much spirit they went through all this drudgery. For their greater safety, the commissioners took care to furnish them with Peruvian bark, rhubarb, and hipocoacanah, in case they might happen, in that wet journey, to be taken with fevers or fluxes. Although there was no need of example to inflame persons already so cheerful, yet to enter the people with the better grace, the author and two more of the commissioners accompanied them half a mile into the Dismal. The skirts of it were thinly planted with dwarf reeds and gall bushes, but when we got into the Dismal itself, we found the reeds grew there much taller and closer, and to mend the matter were so interlaced with bamboo-briers, that there was no scuffling through them without the help of pioneers. At the same time, we found the ground moist and trembling under our feet like a quagmire, insomuch that it was an easy matter to run a ten foot pole to the head in it, without exerting any uncommon strength to do it. Two of the men, whose burdens were the least cumbersome, had orders to march before, with their tomahawks, and clear the way, in order to make an opening for the surveyors. By their assistance we made a shift to push the line half a mile in three hours, and then reached a small piece of firm land, about 100 yards wide, standing up above the rest like an island. Here the people were glad to lay down their loads and take a little refreshment, while the happy man, whose lot it was to

carry the jug of rum, began already, like Æsop's bread-carriers, to find it grow a good deal lighter.

17th. . . . Since the surveyors had entered the Dismal they had laid eyes on no living creature; neither bird nor beast, insect nor reptile came in view. Doubtless the eternal shade that broods over this mighty bog, and hinders the sunbeams from blessing the ground, makes it an uncomfortable habitation for anything that has life. Not so much as a Zealand frog could endure so aguish a situation. It had one beauty, however, that delighted the eye, though at the expense of all the other senses: the moisture of the soil preserves a continual verdure, and makes every plant an evergreen, but at the same time the foul damps ascend without ceasing, corrupt the air, and render it unfit for respiration. Not even a turkey buzzard will venture to fly over it, no more than the Italian vultures will over the filthy lake Avernus or the birds in the holy land over the salt sea where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood.

In these sad circumstances the kindest thing we could do for our suffering friends was to give them a place in the Litany. Our chaplain for his part did his office, and rubbed us up with a seasonable sermon. This was quite a new thing to our brethern of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can breathe, any more than spiders in Ireland.

We ordered several men to patrol on the edge of the Dismal, both toward the North and toward the South, and to fire guns at proper distances. This they performed very punctually, but could hear nothing in return, nor gain any sort of intelligence. In the meantime whole flocks of women and children

flew hither to stare at us, with as much curiosity as if we had lately landed from Bantam or Morocco. Some borderers, too, had a great mind to know where the line would come out, being for the most part apprehensive lest their lands should be taken into Virginia. In that case they must have submitted to some sort of order and government; whereas, in North Carolina, every one does what seems best in his own eyes. There were some good women that brought their children to be baptized, but brought no capons along with them to make the solemnity cheerful. In the meantime it was strange that none came to be married in such a multitude, if it had only been for the novelty of having their hands joined by one in holy orders. Yet so it was, that though our chaplain christened above an hundred, he did not marry so much as one couple during the whole expedition. But marriage is reckoned a lay contract in Carolina, as I said before, and a country justice can tie the fatal knot there, as fast as an archbishop.

None of our visitors could, however, tell us any news of the surveyors, nor indeed was it possible any of them should at that time, they being still laboring in the midst of the Dismal.

It seems they were able to carry the line this day no further than one mile and sixty-one poles, and that whole distance was through a miry cedar bog, where the ground trembled under their feet most frightfully. In many places, too, their passage was retarded by a great number of fallen trees, that lay horsing upon one another.

Though many circumstances concurred to make this an unwholesome situation, yet the poor men had

no time to be sick, nor can one conceive a more calamitous case than it would have been to be laid up in that uncomfortable quagmire. Never were patients more tractable, or willing to take physic, than these honest fellows; but it was from a dread of laying their bones in a bog that would soon spew them up again. That consideration also put them upon more caution about their lodging.

They first covered the ground with square pieces of cypress bark, which now, in the spring, they could easily slip off the tree for that purpose. On this they spread their bedding; but unhappily the weight and warmth of their bodies made the water rise up betwixt the joints of the bark, to their great inconvenience. Thus they lay not only moist, but also exceedingly cold, because their fires were continually going out. For no sooner was the trash upon the surface burnt away, but immediately the fire was extinguished by the moisture of the soil, insomuch that it was great part of the sentinel's business to rekindle it again in a fresh place, every quarter of an hour. Nor could they indeed do their duty better, because cold was the only enemy they had to guard against in a miserable morass, where nothing can inhabit.

20th. We could get no tidings yet of our brave adventurers, notwithstanding we dispatched men to the likeliest stations to inquire after them. They were still scuffling in the mire, and could not possibly forward the line this whole day more than one mile and sixty-four chains. Every step of this day's work was through a cedar bog, where the trees were somewhat smaller and grew more into a thicket. It was now a great misfortune to the men to find their

provisions grow less as their labor grew greater; they were all forced to come to short allowance, and consequently to work hard without filling their bellies. Though this was very severe upon English stomachs, yet the people were so far from being discomfited at it, that they still kept up their good-humor, and merrily told a young fellow in the company, who looked very plump and wholesome, that he must expect to go first to pot, if matters should come to extremity.

This was only said by way of jest, yet it made him thoughtful in earnest. However, for the present he returned them a very civil answer, letting them know that, dead or alive, he should be glad to be useful to such worthy good friends. But, after all, this humorous saying had one very good effect, for that younker, who before was a little inclined by his constitution to be lazy, grew on a sudden extremely industrious, that so there might be less occasion to carbonade him for the good of his fellow-travellers. . . .

21st. The surveyors and their attendants began now in good earnest to be alarmed with apprehensions of famine, nor could they forbear looking with some sort of appetite upon a dog which had been the faithful companion of their travels.

Their provisions were now near exhausted. They had this morning made the last distribution, that so each might husband his small pittance as he pleased. Now it was that the fresh colored young man began to tremble every joint of him, having dreamed, the night before, that the Indians were about to barbecue him over live coals.

The prospect of famine determined the people, at last, with one consent, to abandon the line for the present, which advanced but slowly, and make the best of their way to firm land. Accordingly they set off very early, and, by the help of the compass which they carried along with them, steered a direct westerly course. They marched from morning till night, and computed their journey to amount to about four miles, which was a great way, considering the difficulties of the ground. It was all along a cedar-swamp, so dirty and perplexed, that if they had not travelled for their lives, they could not have reached so far.

On their way they espied a turkey-buzzard, that flew prodigeously high to get above the noisome exhalations that ascend from that filthy place. This they were willing to understand as a good omen, according to the superstition of the ancients, who had great faith in the flight of vultures. However, after all this tedious journey, they could yet discover no end of their toil, which made them very pensive, especially after they had eat the last morsel of their provisions. But to their unspeakable comfort, when all was hushed in the evening, they heard the cattle low, and the dogs bark, very distinctly, which, to men in that distress, was more delightful music than Faustina or Farinelli could have made. In the mean time the commissioners could get no news of them from any of their visitors, who assembled from every point of the compass. . . .

22nd. However long we might think the time, yet we were cautious of showing our uneasiness, for fear of mortifying our landlord. He had done his

best for us, and therefore we were unwilling he should think us dissatisfied with our entertainment. In the midst of our concern, we were most agreeably surprised, just after dinner, with the news that the Dismalites were all safe. These blessed tidings were brought to us by Mr. Swan, the Carolina surveyor, who came to us in a very tattered condition.

After very short salutations, we got about him as if he had been a Hottentot, and began to inquire into his adventures. He gave us a detail of their uncomfortable voyage through the Dismal, and told us, particularly, they had pursued their journey early that morning, encouraged by the good omen of seeing the crows fly over their heads; that, after an hour's march over very rotten ground, they, on a sudden, began to find themselves among tall pines, that grew in the water, which in many places was knee-deep. This pine swamp, into which that of Coropeak drained itself, extended near a mile in breadth; and though it was exceedingly wet, yet it was much harder at bottom than the rest of the swamp; that about ten in the morning they recovered firm land, which they embraced with as much pleasure as shipwrecked wretches do the shore.

After these honest adventurers had congratulated each other's deliverance, their first inquiry was for a good house, where they might satisfy the importunity of their stomachs. Their good genius directed them to Mr. Brinkley's, who dwells a little to the southward of the line. This man began immediately to be very inquisitive, but they declared they had no spirits left to answer questions till after dinner.

"But pray, gentlemen," said he, "answer me

one question, at least: what shall we get for your dinner?" To which they replied, "No matter what, so it be but enough." He kindly supplied their wants as soon as possible, and by the strength or that refreshment they made a shift to come to us in the evening, to tell their own story. They all looked very thin, and as ragged as the Gibeonite ambassadors did in the days of yore. Our surveyors told us they had measured ten miles in the Dismal, and computed the distance they had marched since to amount to about five more, so they made the whole breadth to be fifteen miles in all.

RELIGION ON THE CAROLINA FRONTIER.

[From the Same.]

[March] 17th [1728] . . . For want of men in Holy Orders both the members of the Council and Justices of the Peace are empowered by the laws of that country to marry all those who will not take one another's word; but for the ceremony of christening their children they trust that to chance. If a parson come in their way, they will crave a cast of his office, as they call it, else they are content their offspring should remain as arrant pagans as themselves. They account it among their greatest advantages that they are not priest-ridden, not remembering that the clergy is rarely guilty of bestriding such as have the misfortune to be poor. One thing may be said for the inhabitants of that province, that they are not troubled

with any religious fumes, and have the least superstition of any people living. They do not know Sunday from any other day, any more than Robinson Crusoe did, which would give them a great advantage were they given to be industrious. But they keep so many Sabbaths every week, that their disregard of the seventh day has no manner of cruelty in it, either to servants or cattle.

16th . . . We passed by no less than two quaker meeting-houses, one of which had an awkward ornament on the west end of it, that seemed to ape a steeple. I must own I expected no such piece of foppery from a sect of so much outside simplicity. That persuasion prevails much in the lower end of Nansemond County, for want of ministers to pilot the people a decenter way to heaven. The ill reputation of tobacco planted in those lower parishes makes the clergy unwilling to accept of them unless it be such whose abilities are as mean as their pay. Thus, whether the churches be quite void or but indifferently filled, the quakers will have an opportunity of gaining proselytes. It is a wonder no popish missionaries are sent from Maryland to labor in this neglected vineyard, who we know have zeal enough to traverse sea and land on the meritorious errand of making converts. Nor is it less strange that some wolf in sheep's clothing arrives not from New England to lead astray a flock that has no shepherd. People uninstructed in any religion are ready to embrace the first that offers. It is natural for helpless man to adore his Maker in some form or other, and were there any exception to this rule, I should suspect it to be among the Hottentots of the Cape of Good Hope and of North Carolina.

COLONIAL CONVIVIAL CUSTOMS.

[From the Same.]

[March] 26th. [1728]. Since we were like to be confined to this place till the people returned out of the Dismal, it was agreed that our chaplain might safely take a turn to Edenton, to preach the Gospel to the infidels there, and christen their children. He was accompanied thither by Mr. Little, one of the Carolina Commissioners, who, to show his regard for the Church, offered to treat him on the road with a fricassee of rum. They fried half a dozen rashers of very fat bacon in a pint of rum, both which being dished up together, served the company at once both for meat and drink. Most of the rum they get in this country comes from New England, and is so bad and unwholesome, that it is not improperly called "kill-devil." It is distilled there from foreign molasses, which, if skilfully managed, yields near gallon for gallon. Their molasses comes from the same country, and has the name of "long sugar" in Carolina, I suppose from the ropiness of it, and serves all the purposes of sugar, both in their eating and drinking. When they entertain their friends bountifully, they fail not to set before them a capacious bowl of Bombo, so called from the Admiral of that name. This is a compound of rum and water in equal parts, made palatable with the said "long sugar." As good humor begins to flow, and the bowl to ebb, they take care to replenish it with sheer rum, of which there is always a reserve under the table. But such generous doings happen only when that balsam of life is plenty. . . .

PRIMITIVE DENTISTRY.

[From "A Journey to the Land of Eden."]

[Oct.] 9th [1733]. Major Mayo's survey being no more than half done, we were obliged to amuse ourselves another day in this place. And that the time might not be quite lost, we put our garments and baggage into good repair. I for my part never spent a day so well during the whole voyage. I had an impertinent tooth in my upper jaw, that had been loose for some time, and made me chew with great caution. Particularly I could not grind a biscuit but with much deliberation and presence of mind. Tooth-drawers we had none amongst us, nor any of the instruments they make use of. However, invention supplied this want very happily, and I contrived to get rid of this troublesome companion by cutting a caper. I caused a twine to be fastened round the root of my tooth, about a fathom in length, and then tied the other end to the snag of a log that lay upon the ground, in such a manner that I could just stand upright. Having adjusted my string in this manner, I bent my knees enough to enable me to spring vigorously off the ground, as perpendicularly as I could. The force of the leap drew out the tooth with so much ease that I felt nothing of it, nor should have believed it was come away, unless I had seen it dangling at the end of the string. An under tooth may be fetched out by standing off the ground and fastening your string at due distance above you. And having so fixed your gear, jump off your standing, and the weight of your body, added to the force of the spring, will prize out your

tooth with less pain than any operator upon earth could draw it.

This new way of tooth-drawing, being so silently and deliberately performed, both surprised and delighted all that were present, who could not guess what I was going about. I immediately found the benefit of getting rid of this troublesome companion, by eating my supper with more comfort than I had done during the whole expedition.

A PIONEER MINER'S MANSION.

[From "A Progress to the Mines in the Year 1732."]

[Sept.] 27th [1732] . . . I rode eight miles together over a stony road and had on either hand continual poisoned fields, with nothing but saplings growing on them. Then I came into the main country road that leads from Fredericksburg to Germanna, which last place I reached in ten miles more. This famous town consists of Colonel Spotswood's enchanted castle on one side of the street, and a baker's dozen of ruinous tenements on the other, where so many German families had dwelt some years ago; but are now removed ten miles higher, in the Fork of Rappahannock, to land of their own. There had also been a chapel about a bow-shot from the colonel's house, at the end of an avenue of cherry trees, but some pious people had lately burnt it down, with intent to get another built nearer to their own homes. Here I arrived about three o'clock, and found only Mrs. Spotswood at home, who received her old ac-

quaintance with many a gracious smile. I was carried into a room elegantly set off with pier glasses, the largest of which came soon after to an odd misfortune. Amongst other favorite animals that cheered this lady's solitude, a brace of tame deer ran familiarly about the house, and one of them came to stare at me as a stranger. But unluckily spying his own figure in the glass, he made a spring over the tea-table that stood under it, and shattered the glass to pieces, and falling back upon the tea-table made a terrible fracas among the china. This exploit was so sudden, and accompanied with such a noise, that it surprised me, and perfectly frightened Mrs. Spotswood. But 'twas worth all the damage to show the moderation and good humor with which she bore this disaster. In the evening the noble colonel came home from his mines, who saluted me very civilly, and Mrs. Spotswood's sister, Miss Theky, who had been to meet him *en cavalier*, was so kind too as to bid me welcome. We talked over a legend of old stories, supped about 9, and then prattled with the ladies, till it was time for a traveller to retire. In the mean time I observed my old friend to be very uxorious, and exceedingly fond of his children. This was so opposite to the maxims he used to preach up before he was married, that I could not forbear rubbing up the memory of them. But he gave a very good-natured turn to his change of sentiments, by alleging that whoever brings a poor gentlewoman into so solitary a place, from all her friends and acquaintance, would be ungrateful not to use her and all that belongs to her with all possible tenderness.

28th. We all kept snug in our several apartments

till nine, except Miss Theky, who was the housewife of the family. At that hour we met over a pot of coffee, which was not quite strong enough to give us the palsy. After breakfast the colonel and I left the ladies to their domestic affairs, and took a turn in the garden, which has nothing beautiful but three terrace walks that fall in slopes one below another. I let him understand, that besides the pleasure of paying him a visit, I came to be instructed by so great a master in the mystery of making of iron, wherein he had led the way, and was the Tubal Cain of Virginia. He corrected me a little there, by assuring me he was not only the first in this country, but the first in North America, who had erected a regular furnace. That they ran altogether upon bloomeries in New England and Pennsylvania, till his example had made them attempt greater works. But in this last colony, they have so few ships to carry their iron to Great Britain, that they must be content to make it only for their own use, and must be obliged to manufacture it when they have done. That he hoped he had done the country very great service by setting so good an example. . . . Our conversation on this subject continued till dinner, which was both elegant and plentiful. The afternoon was devoted to the ladies, who showed me one of their most beautiful walks. They conducted me through a shady lane to the landing, and by the way made me drink some very fine water that issued from a marble fountain, and ran incessantly. Just behind it was a covered bench, where Miss Theky often sat and bewailed her virginity. Then we proceeded to the river, which is the south branch of Rappahannock, about fifty yards wide, and so rapid

that the ferry boat is drawn over by a chain, and therefore called the Rapidan. At night we drank prosperity to all the colonel's projects in a bowl of rack punch, and then retired to our devotions.

29th. Having employed about two hours in retirement, I sallied out at the first summons to breakfast, where our conversation with the ladies, like whip syllabub, was very pretty, but had nothing in it. This, it seems, was Miss Theky's birthday, upon which I made her my compliments, and wished she might live twice as long a married woman as she had lived a maid. I did not presume to pry into the secret of her age, nor was she forward to disclose it, for this humble reason, lest I should think her wisdom fell short of her years. . . . We had a Michaelmas goose for dinner, of Miss Theky's own raising, who was now good-natured enough to forget the jeopardy of her dog. In the afternoon we walked in a meadow by the river side, which winds in the form of a horseshoe about Germanna, making it a peninsula, containing about four hundred acres. Rappahannock forks about fourteen miles below this place, the northern branch being the larger, and consequently must be the river that bounds my Lord Fairfax's grant of the northern neck.

30th. The sun rose clear this morning, and so did I, and finished all my little affairs by breakfast. It was then resolved to wait on the ladies on horseback, since the bright sun, the fine air, and the wholesome exercise, all invited us to it. We forded the river a little above the ferry, and rode six miles up the neck to a fine level piece of rich land, where we found about twenty plants of ginseng, with the scarlet berries growing on the top of the middle stalk. The root of this

is of wonderful virtue in many cases, particularly to raise the spirits and promote perspiration, which makes it a specific in colds and coughs. The colonel complimented me with all we found, in return for my telling him the virtues of it. We were all pleased to find so much of this king of plants so near the colonel's habitation, and growing too upon his own land; but were, however, surprised to find it upon level ground, after we had been told it grew only upon the north side of Stony Mountains. I carried home this treasure with as much joy as if every root had been a graft of the Tree of Life, and washed and dried it carefully. This airing made us as hungry as so many hawks, so that between appetite and a very good dinner, 'twas difficult to eat like a philosopher. In the afternoon the ladies walked me about amongst all their little animals, with which they amuse themselves, and furnish the table; the worst of it is, they are so tender-hearted they shed a silent tear every time any of them are killed. At night the colonel and I quitted the threadbare subject of iron, and changed the scene to politics. He told me the ministry had receded from their demand upon New England, to raise a standing salary for all succeeding governors, for fear some curious members of the House of Commons should inquire how the money was disposed of that had been raised in the other American colonies for the support of their governors. . . . Our conversation was interrupted by a summons to supper, for the ladies, to show their power, had by this time brought us tamely to go to bed with our bellies full, though we both at first declared positively against it. So very pliable a thing is frail man, when women have the bending of him.

Oct. 1, 1732. Our ladies overslept themselves this morning, so that we did not break our fast till ten. We drank tea made of the leaves of ginseng, which has the virtues of the root in a weaker degree, and is not disagreeable. So soon as we could force our inclinations to quit the ladies, we took a turn on the terrace walk, and discoursed upon quite a new subject. The colonel explained to me the difference between the galleons and the flota, which very few people know. The galleons, it seems, are the ships which bring the treasure and other rich merchandise to Cartagena from Portobello, to which place it is brought overland from Panama and Peru. And the flota is the squadron that brings the treasure, etc., from Mexico and New Spain, which make up at La Vera Cruz. Both these squadrons rendezvous at the Havanna, from hence they shoot the Gulf of Florida, in their return to Old Spain. That this important port of the Havanna is very poorly fortified, and worse garrisoned and provided, for which reason it may be easily taken. Besides, both the galleons and flota, being confined to sail through the gulf, might be intercepted by our stationing a squadron of men-of-war at the most convenient of the Bahama Islands. And that those islands are of vast consequence for that purpose. He told me also that the assogue ships are they that carry quicksilver to Portobello and La Vera Cruz to refine the silver, and that, in Spanish, assogue signifies quicksilver. Then my friend unriddled to me the great mystery, why we have endured all the late insolences of the Spaniards so tamely. The Assiento contract, and the liberty of sending a ship every year to the Spanish West Indies, make it very

necessary for the South Sea Company to have effects of great value in that part of the world. Now these being always in the power of the Spaniards, make the directors of that company very fearful of a breach, and consequently very generous in their offers to the ministry to prevent it. For fear these worthy gentlemen should suffer, the English squadron, under Admiral Hosier, lay idle at the Bastimentos, till the ships' bottoms were eaten out by the worm, and the officers and men, to the number of 5,000, died like rotten sheep, without being suffered, by the strictest orders, to strike one stroke, though they might have taken both the flota and galleons, and made themselves master of the Havanna into the bargain, if they had not been chained up from doing it. All this moderation our peaceable ministry showed even at a time when the Spaniards were furiously attacking Gibraltar, and taking all the English ships they could, both in Europe and America, to the great and everlasting reproach of the British nation. That some of the ministry, being tired out with the clamors of the merchants, declared their opinion for war, and while they entertained those sentiments they pitched upon him, Colonel Spotswood, to be Governor of Jamaica, that by his skill and experience in the art military, they might be the better able to execute their design of taking the Havanna. But the courage of these worthy patriots soon cooled, and the arguments used by the South Sea directors persuaded them once again into more pacific measures. When the scheme was dropped, his government of Jamaica was dropped at the same time, and then General Hunter was judged fit enough to rule that island in time of peace. After this the

colonel endeavored to convince me that he came fairly by his place of postmaster-general, notwithstanding the report of some evil-disposed persons to the contrary. The case was this. Mr. Hamilton, of New Jersey, who had formerly had that post, wrote to Colonel Spotswood, in England, to favor him with his interest to get it restored to him. But the colonel considering wisely that charity began at home, instead of getting the place for Hamilton, secured it for a better friend : though, as he tells the story, that gentleman was absolutely refused, before he spoke the least good word for himself.

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

ALTHOUGH the *New England Primer* has been called the Little Bible of New England, and was, next to the Scriptures, the book most read and studied there for more than a century, yet so ironical is the fate of books that it is not exactly known when it first appeared. Furthermore, of some two million copies that may well have been printed and sold during the eighteenth century, less than fifty copies are known to exist; these, significantly enough, represent no less than forty editions. The *Primer* was first printed by Benjamin Harris, and was adapted from that compiler's *Protestant Tutor*, a book issued in England before he took refuge in America. It must have been issued between 1687 and 1690, and have achieved immediate success. A second edition was called for in 1691. By the beginning of the next century we have evidence, from an advertisement, that John Cotton's Shorter Catechism, *The Milk for Babes*, was added to it, but the first edition of the *Primer* known to collectors, that of 1727, does not contain it. Indeed, there are such constant changes, greater and smaller, in the make-up of the book, that its bibliography is exceedingly difficult. At first somewhat secular, it reached its stage of most unrelenting piety between 1740 and 1760, as may

be seen by a comparison between the rhymed alphabets in our extracts. Politics, too, influence the changes, as may be observed under the letter K. The Exhortation unto his Children of John Rogers appears to have been written in 1555 by Robert Smith, a martyr of that year. Some printer attributed the authorship to Matthew Rogers, probably to secure a better sale, Matthew (for John) being a name he had assumed as translator for Tyndale. The introductory statement regarding him does not accord with facts. John Cotton's *Milk for Babes* was probably written in 1641 and printed before 1645. It was already popular before the earliest issue of the *Primer*. The *Primer* was gradually displaced by Webster's *Blue Back Speller* and *Third Part Reader*, but it continued to find sale in great numbers during the first forty years of the nineteenth century. Our citations from the early editions are taken by permission from Paul Leicester Ford's admirable monograph, *The New England Primer*. The Spiritual Milk and the Dialogue between Christ, Youth, and the Devil are from the edition of 1762. The poem itself, however, is by the original compiler "the neat and poetical Ben Harris." A facsimile of a post-Revolutionary edition of the *Primer* was issued by Ginn and Company in 1901. Curious information regarding the book may be found in No. 2 of Volume 8 of *Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education*, an Essay by Dr. Reeder on the Historical Development of School Readers and Method in Teaching Reading (1900).

THE

NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

ENLARGED.

For the more easy attaining
the true Reading of English
To which is added
The Assembly of Divines
Catechism

BOSTON: Printed by S. Kneeland & T. Green, Sold by the Booksellers. 1727.

1727.	1762.
In Adam's Fall We sinned all.	In Adam's Fall We sinned all.
Thy Life to mend This Book attend.	Heaven to find, The Bible mind.
The Cat doth play, And after slay.	Christ crucy'd For sinners dy'd.
A Dog will bite, The Thief at Night.	The Deluged drown'd The Earth around.
An Eagle's flight, Is out of sight.	Elijah hid By ravens fed.
The idle Fool, Is whipt at School.	The judgement made Felix afraid.
As runs the Glass Man's Life doth pass.	As runs the Glass, Our Life doth pass.
My Book and Heart Shall never part.	My Book and Heart Must never part.
Job feels the rod Yet blesses God.	Job feels the Rod Yet blesses God.
Our King the good No man of blood.	Proud Korah's troop Was swallowed up.

1727.	1762.
The Lion bold, The Lamb doth hold.	Lot fled to Zoar. Saw fiery shower, On Sodom pour.
The Moon gives Light In time of night.	Moses was he Who Israel's Host Led thro' the Sea.
Nightingales sing, In time of Spring.	Noah did view The old world & new.
The Royal Oak, it was the Tree, That sav'd his Royal Majesty.	Young Obadius, David, Josias, All were Pious.
Peter denies His Lord and cries.	Peter deny'd His Lord and cry'd.
Queen Esther comes In Royal state To save the Jews From dismal fate.	Queen Esther sues, And saves the Jews.
Rachel doth mourn For her first born.	Young pious Ruth Left all for Truth.
Samuel anoints Whom God appoints.	Young Sam'l dear The Lord did fear.
Time cuts down all, Both great and small.	Young Timothy Learnt Sin to fly.

1727.	1762.
Uriah's beauteous Wife, Made David seek his life.	Vashti for Pride, Was set aside.
Whales in the Sea God's Voice obey.	Whales in the Sea, God's Voice obey.
Xerxes the great did die And so must you & I.	Xerxes did die, And so must I.
Youth forward slips Death soonest nips.	While Youth do chear Death may be near.
Zacheus he Did climb the Tree His Lord to see.	Zaccheus he Did climb the Tree, Our Lord to see.

Now the Child being entred in his Letters and Spelling, let him learn these and such like Sentences by Heart, whereby he will be both instructed in his Duty, and encouraged in his Learning.

The Dutiful Child's Promises.

I will fear GOD, and honour the KING.
I will honour my Father & Mother.
I will obey my Superiours.
I will submit to my Elders
I will Love my Friends
I will hate no Man
I will forgive my Enemies, and pray to God for them.

I will as much as in me lies keep all God's Holy Commandments
I will learn my Catechism
I will keep the Lord's Day Holy.
I will reverence God's sanctuary.
For our GOD is a consuming Fire.

Choice Sentences.

1. Praying will make thee leave sinning, or sinning will make thee leave praying.
2. Our Weakness and Inabilities break not the bond of our Duties.
3. What we are afraid to speak before Men, we should be afraid to think before God.

Verses.

I in the Burying Place may see
Graves Shorter there than I ;
From Death's Arrest no Age is free,
Young Children too may die ;
My God, may such an awful Sight,
Awakening be to me !
Oh ! that by early Grace I might
For Death prepared be.

Good Children must

Fear God all Day — Love Christ alway
Parents obey — In Secret Pray
No False thing Say — Mind little Play
By no Sin Stray — Make no delay
In doing Good

Awake, arise, behold thou hast
Thy Life a Leaf, thy Breath a Blast ;
At Night lye down prepar'd to have
Thy sleep, thy death, thy bed, thy grave.

LEARN THESE FOUR LINES BY HEART.

Have communion with few.
Be intimate with ONE.
Deal justly with all.
Speak Evil of none.

Mr. John Rogers, Minister of the Gospel in *London*, was the first Martyr in Queen *Mary's* Reign, and was burnt at *Smithfield*, *February* the Fourteenth, 1554. His Wife, with nine small Children & one at her Breast, following Him to the Stake, with which sorrowful Sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful Patience died courageously for the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST.

Some few Days before his Death he writ the following exhortation to his Children.

Give Ear my Children to my Words
whom God hath dearly bought,
Lay up his Laws within your Heart,
and print them in your thought.
I leave you here a little book,
for you to look upon.
That you may see your father's face,
when he is dead and gone.

Who for the hope of heavenly things
while he did here remain,
Gave over all his golden years
to prison and to pain.
Where I among my iron bands
enclosed in the dark,
Not many days before my death,
I did compose this work.
And for example to your youth,
to whom I wish all good,
I send you here GOD's perfect truth,
and seal it with my blood.
To you my heirs of earthly things,
which I do leave behind,
That you may read and understand,
and keep it in your mind.
That as you have been heirs of that
which once shall wear away,
You also may possess that part
which never shall decay.
Keep always God before your eyes,
with all your whole intent,
Commit no sin in any wise,
keep his commandements.
Abhor that arrant whore of Rome
And all her blasphemies
And drink not of her cursed cup
Obey not her decrees.

Give honour to your mother dear,
remember well her pain,
And recompence her in her age,
with the like love again.

Be always ready for her help
and let her not decay,
Remember well your father all,
That should have been your stay.
Give of your portion to the poor,
as riches do arise,
And from the needy naked soul
turn not away your eyes.
For he that doth not hear the cry
of those that stand in need,
Shall cry himself and not be heard,
when he does hope to speed.
If God hath given you increase,
and blessed well your store.
Remember you are put in trust,
and should relieve the poor.
Beware of foul and filthy lusts,
let such things have no place,
Keep clean your vessels in the LORD,
that he may you embrace.
Ye are the temples of the LORD,
for you are dearly bought,
And they that do defile the same,
shall surely come to nought.
Be never proud by any means.
build not thy house too high,
But always have before your eyes,
that you were born to die.
Defraud not him that hired is,
your labour to sustain,
And pay him still without delay,
his wages for his pain.

And as you would another man
against you should proceed,
Do you the same to them again,
if they do stand in need.
Impart your portion to the poor,
in money and in meat,
And send the feeble fainting soul,
of that which you do eat.
Ask council always of the wise,
give ear unto the end,
And ne'er refuse the sweet rebuke
of him that is thy friend.
Be always thankful to the LORD,
with prayer and with praise,
Begging of him to bless your work,
and to direct your ways.
Seek first I say the living GOD
and always him adore,
And then be sure that he will bless
your basket and your store.
And I beseech Almighty GOD
replenish you with grace,
That I may meet you in the Heav'ns,
and see you face to face.
And though the fire my body burns,
contrary to my kind,
That I cannot enjoy your love,
according to my mind.
Yet I do hope that when the Heav'ns
shall vanish like a scrowl,
I shall see you in perfect shape,
in body and in soul.

And that I may enjoy your love
and you enjoy the land,
I do beseech the living LORD,
to hold you in his hand.
Though here my body be adjudg'd
in flaming fire to fry,
My soul I trust will straight ascend,
to live with GOD on high.
What though this carcase smart a while,
what though this life decay,
My soul I trust will be with GOD,
and live with him for aye.
I know I am a sinner born,
from the original,
And that I do deserve to die
by my fore father's fa[illegible]
But by our Saviour, precious blood,
which on the cross was spilt,
Who freely offer'd up his life,
to save our souls from guilt.
I hope redemption I shall have,
and all that in him trust.
When I shall see him face to face,
and live among the just.
Why then should I fear Death's grim look,
since CHRIST for me did die?
For King and *Cesar*, rich and poor,
the force of death must try.
When I am chained to the stake,
and faggots gird me round,
Then pray the LORD my soul in Heav'n
may be with glory crown'd.

Come welcome death, the end of fears,
I am prepar'd to die,
Those earthly flames will send my soul
up to the LORD on high.
Farewell my children, to the world,
where you must yet remain,
The LORD of hosts be your defence,
till we do meet again.
Farewell my true and loving wife,
my children and my friends,
I hope in Heaven to see you all,
when all things have their ends.
If you go on to serve the LORD,
as you have now begun,
You shall walk safely all your days,
until your life be done.
GOD grant you so to end your days,
as he shall think it best,
That I may meet you in the Heav'ns
where I do hope to rest.

The Infants Grace Before and After Meat.

Bless me, O Lord, and let my food strengthen me to serve thee, for Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

I desire to thank God who gives me food to eat every day of my life. *Amen.*

A Child's Prayer.

I pray God to bless my Father and Mother, Brother and Sisters, and all my dear Friends. Amen.

(In various editions after 1690.)

SPIRITUAL MILK FOR AMERICAN BABES,

Drawn out of the Breast of both Testaments, for their Souls Nourishment.

BY JOHN COTTON.

Quest. *What hath God done for you?*

Ans. God hath made me, he keepeth me, and he can save me.

Q. *What is GOD?*

A. God is a Spirit of himself and for himself.

Q. *How many Gods be there?*

A. There be but One GOD in three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Q. *How did God make you?*

A. In my first Parents holy and righteous.

Q. *Are you then born Holy and Righteous?*

A. No, my first Parents sinned, and I in them.

Q. *Are you then born a Sinner?*

A. I was conceived in Sin & born in Iniquity.

Q. *What is your Birth Sin?*

A. Adam's Sin imputed to me, and a corrupt Nature dwelling in me.

Q. *What is your corrupt Nature?*

A. My corrupt Nature is empty of Grace, bent unto Sin, only unto Sin and that continually.

Q. *What is Sin?*

A. Sin is the Transgression of the Law.

Q. *How many Commandments of the Law be there?*

A. Ten.

Q. *What is the first Commandment?*

A. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.

Q. *What is the meaning of this Commandment?*

A. That we should worship the only true God, and no other beside him.

Q. *What is the second Commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven Image, &c.

Q. *What is the meaning of this Commandment?*

A. That we should worship the only true GOD with true Worship, such as he hath ordained, not such as man hath invented.

Q. *What is the third Commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain, &c.

Q. *What is meant by the Name of GOD?*

A. God himself, and the good Things of God whereby he is known as a Man by his Name, and his Attributes, Worship, Word, and Works.

Q. *What is it not to take his Name in vain?*

A. To make use of God, and the good Things of God, to his Glory, and our own Good, not vainly, not irreverently, not unprofitably.

Q. *What is the fourth Commandment?*

A. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day.

Q. *What is the meaning of this Commandment?*

A. That we should rest from Labour, and much more from play on the Lord's Day, that we may draw nigh to God in holy Duties.

Q. *What is the fifth Commandment?*

A. Honour thy Father and thy Mother, &c.

Q. *Who are here meant by Father and Mother?*

A. All our Superiors, whether in Family, School, Church, or Common Wealth.

Q. *What is the Honour due to them?*

A. Reverence, Obedience, and (when I am able) Recompence.

Q. *What is the sixth Commandment?*

A. Thou shalt do no Murder.

Q. *What is the meaning of this Commandment?*

A. That we should not shorten the Life or Health of ourselves or others, but preserve both.

Q. *What is the seventh Commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

Q. *What is the Sin here forbidden?*

A. To defile ourselves or others with unclean Lusts.

Q. *What is the Duty here Commanded?*

A. Chastity to possess our Vessels in Holiness and Honour.

Q. *What is the eighth Commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not Steal.

Q. *What is the stealth here forbidden?*

A. To take away another man's goods without his Leave, or to spend our own without Benefit to ourselves or others.

Q. *What is the Duty here Commanded?*

A. To get our Goods honestly, to keep them safely, and spend them thriftily.

Q. *What is the ninth Commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not bear false Witness, &c.

Q. *What is the Sin here forbidden?*

A. To lie falsely, to think or speak untruly of ourselves or others.

Q. *What is the Duty here required?*

A. Truth and Faithfulness.

Q. *What is the Tenth Commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not covet, &c.

Q. *What is the coveting here forbidden?*

A. Lust after the Things of other Men, and Want of Contentment with our own.

Q. *Whether have you kept these Commandments?*

A. No, I and all Men are Sinners.

Q. *What is the wages of Sin?*

A. Death and Damnation.

Q. *How then do you look to be saved?*

A. Only by Jesus Christ.

Q. *Who is Jesus Christ?*

A. The eternal Son of God who for our sakes became Man, that he might redeem and save us.

Q. *How doth Christ redeem and save us?*

A. By his righteous Life and bitter Death, and glorious Resurrection to Life again.

Q. *How do we come to have a Part & Fellowship with Christ in his Death & Resurrection?*

A. By the Power of his Word and Spirit, which brings us to him, and keeps us in him.

Q. *What is the Word?*

A. The Holy Scriptures of the Prophets and Apostles, the old and new Testament, the Law and Gospel.

Q. *How doth the Ministry of the Law bring you towards Christ?*

A. By bringing me to know my Sin, and the Wrath of God against me for it.

Q. *What are you hereby the nearer to Christ?*

A. So I come to feel my cursed Estate and Need of a Saviour.

Q. *How doth the Ministry of the Gospel help you in this cursed Estate?*

A. By humbling me yet more, and the raising me out of this Estate.

Q. *How doth the Ministry of the Gospel humble you?*

A. By revealing the Grace of the Lord Jesus in dying to save Sinners, and yet convincing me of my Sin in not believing on him, and of my utter Insufficiency to come to him, and so I feel myself utterly lost.

Q. *How doth the Ministry of the Gospel raise you up out of this lost Estate to come to Christ?*

A. By teaching me the Value & Virtue of the Death of Christ, and the Riches of his Grace to lost Sinners, by revealing the Promise of Grace to such, and by ministring the Spirit of Grace to apply to Christ, and his Promise of Grace unto myself, and to keep me in him.

Q. *How doth the Spirit of Grace apply Christ, his Promise of Grace unto you, & keep you in him?*

A. By begetting in me Faith to receive him, Prayer to call upon him, Repentance to mourn after him and new Obedience to serve him.

Q. *What is Faith?*

A. Faith is a Grace of the Spirit, whereby I deny myself, and believe on Christ for Righteousness and Salvation.

Q. *What is Prayer?*

A. It is a calling upon God in the Name of Christ, by the Help of the Holy Ghost, according to the Will of God.

Q. *What is Repentance?*

A. Repentance is a Grace of the Spirit, whereby

I loath my Sins, and myself for them, and confess them before the Lord, and mourn after Christ for the Pardon of them, and for Grace to serve him in Newness of Life.

Q. *What is Newness of Life or new Obedience?*

A. Newness of Life is a Grace of the Spirit, whereby I forsake my former Lusts & vain company, and walk before the Lord in the Light of his Word, and in the Communion of Saints.

Q. *What is the Communion of Saints?*

A. It is the Fellowship of the Church in the Blessings of the Covenant of Grace, and the Seals thereof.

Q. *What is the Church?*

A. It is a Congregation of Saints joined together in the Bond of the Covenant to worship the Lord, and to edify one another in all his holy Ordinances.

Q. *What is the Bond of the Covenant by which the Church is joined together?*

A. It is the Profession of that Covenant which God hath made with his faithful People, to be a God unto them, and to their Seed.

Q. *What doth the Lord bind his People to in this Covenant?*

A. To give up themselves and their Seed, first to the Lord, to be his People, and then to the Elders & Brethren of the Church, to set forward the Worship of God & their mutual Edification.

Q. *How do they give up themselves and their Seed to the Lord?*

A. By receiving thro' Faith the Lord & his Covenant to themselves and to their Seed, and accordingly walking themselves & training up their Children in the Ways of the Covenant.

Q. *How do they give up themselves and their Seed to the Elders and Brethren?*

A. By Confession of their Sins, and Profession of their Faith, and of their Subjection to the Gospel of Christ; and so they and their Seed are received into the Fellowship of the Church and the Seals thereof.

Q. *What are the Seals of the Covenant now In the Days of the Gospel?*

A. Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Q. *What is done for you in Baptism?*

A. In Baptism, the washing with Water is a Sign and Seal of my washing in the Blood and Spirit of Christ, and thereby of my ingrafting into Christ, of the Pardon and cleansing of my Sins, of my raising up out of Afflictions & also of my Resurrection from the Dead at the last Day.

Q. *What is done for you in the Lord's Supper?*

A. In the Lord's Supper the receiving of the Bread broken and the Wine poured out, is a Sign and Seal of my receiving the Communion of the Body of Christ broken for me, and of his Blood shed for me, and thereby of my Growth In Christ, and the Pardon and Healing of my Sins, of the Fellowship of the Spirit, of my strengthening and quickening in Grace, and of my sitting together with Christ on his Throne of Glory at the last Judgment.

Q. *What was the resurrection from the dead which was sealed up to you in baptism?*

A. When Christ shall come at his last Judgment, all that are in their Graves shall rise again, both the Just and the Unjust.

Q. *What is the last Judgment which is sealed up to you in the Lord's Supper?*

A. At the last Day we shall all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ to give an Account of our Works, and to receive our Rewards according to them.

Q. *What is the reward that shall then be given?*

A. The Righteous shall go into Life eternal and the Wicked shall be cast into everlasting Fire with the Devil and his Angels.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CHRIST, YOUTH, AND THE DEVIL.

(In the first edition of the *Primer*, 1687(?), and nine subsequent ones.)

YOUTH.

THOSE days which God to me doth send,
In pleasure I'm resolv'd to spend;
Like as the birds in lovely spring,
Sit chirping on the boughs and sing,
Who straining forth those warbling notes,
Do make sweet music in their throats.
So I resolve in this my prime,
In sports and plays to spend my time.
Sorrow and grief I'll put away,
Such things agree not with my day,
From clouds my morning shall be free,
And nought on Earth shall trouble me.
I will embrace each sweet delight,
This Earth affords me day and night;
Though parents grieve and me correct,
Yet I their counsel will reject.

Devil.

The resolution which you take,
Sweet youth, it doth me merry make,
If thou my counsel wilt embrace,
And shun the ways of truth and grace,
And learn to lie, to curse and swear,
And be as proud as any are ;
And with thy brothers wilt fall out,
And sisters with vile language flout.
Yea, fight and scratch, and also bite,
Then in thee I will take delight.
If thou wilt but be rul'd by me,
An artist thou shalt quickly be,
In all my ways which lovely are,
There's few with thee who shall compare,
Thy parents always disobey
Don't mind at all what they do say ;
And also pout and sullen be,
And thou shalt be a child for me.
When others read, be thou at play,
Think not on God, don't sigh nor pray,
Nor be thou such a silly fool,
To mind thy book, or go to school
But play the truant ; fear not, I
Will straightway help you to a lie,
Which will excuse you for the same,
From being whip'd, and from all blame.
Come, bow to me, uphold my crown,
And I'll thee raise to high renown.

YOUTH.

These motions I will cleave unto,
And let all other counsels go ;
My heart against my parents now,
Shall hardned be, and will not bow ;
I won't submit at all to them,
But all good counsel will contemn :
And what I list, that do will I,
And stubborn be continually.

CHRIST.

Wilt thou O youth make such a choice,
And thus obey the Devil's voice !
Curs'd sinful ways wilt thou embrace,
And hate the ways of truth and grace ?
Wilt thou to me a rebel prove ;
And from thy parents quite remove
Thy heart also ? then shalt thou see,
What will e'er long become of thee.
Come, think on God, who did thee make,
And at this presence dread and quake ;
Remember him now in thy youth,
And let thy soul take hold of truth ;
The Devil and his ways defy,
Believe him not, he doth but lie,
His ways seem sweet, but youth beware,
He for thy soul hath laid a snare,
His sweet will into sower turn,
If in those ways thou still wilt run,
He will thee into pieces tear,
Like lions which most hungry are.
Grant me thy heart, thy folly leave,

And from this Lion I'll thee save ;
And thou shalt have sweet joy from me,
Which will last to eternity.

YOUTH.

My heart shall chear me in my youth ;
I'll have my frolicks in good truth ;
Whate'er seems lovely in mine eye,
Myself I cannot it deny.
In my own ways I still will walk,
And take delight among young folk,
Who spend their days in joy and mirth,
Nothing like that I'm sure on earth.
Thy ways, O Christ ! are not for me,
They with my age do not agree ;
If I unto thy laws should cleave,
No more good days then should I have.

CHRIST.

Would thou live long and good days see,
Refrain from all iniquity :
True good alone doth from me flow,
It can't be had in things below.
Are not my ways, O youth for thee,
Then thou shalt never happy be ;
Nor ever shall thy soul obtain
True good whilst thou dost here remain.

YOUTH.

To thee, O Christ ! I'll not adhere,
What thou speak'st of does not appear
Lovely to me ; I cannot find

'Tis good to set or place my mind
On ways whence many sorrows spring,
And to the flesh such crosses bring,
Don't trouble me, I must fulfil
My fleshly mind and have my will.

CHRIST.

Unto thyself then I'll thee leave,
That Satan may thee wholly have:
Thy heart in sin shall hardned be,
And blinded in iniquity.
And then in wrath I'll cut thee down,
Like to the grass and flowers mown;
And to thy wo thou shalt espy,
Childhood and youth are vanity.
For all such things I'll make thee know,
To judgment thou shalt come also;
In Hell at last thy soul must burn,
When thou thy sinful race hast run.
Consider this, think on thy end,
Lest God do thee in pieces rend.

YOUTH.

Amazed, Lord! I now begin,
O help me, and I'll leave my sin.
I tremble and do greatly fear,
To think upon what I do hear.
Lord! I religious now will be,
And I'll from Satan turn to thee.

Devil.

Nay, foolish youth don't change thy mind,
Unto such thoughts be not inclin'd;

Come, chear thy heart rouse up, be glad,
There is no Hell ; why art thou sad ?
Eat, drink, be merry with thy friends,
For when thou diest that's thy last end.

YOUTH.

Such thoughts as these I can't receive,
Because GOD's word I do believe ;
None shall in this destroy my faith,
Nor do I mind what Satan saith.

Devil.

That there's a Heaven I can't deny,
Yes, and a Hell of misery.
That Heaven is a lovely place,
I can't deny ; 'tis a clear case ;
And easy 'tis for to come there,
Therefore take thou no further care ;
All human laws do thou observe,
And from old customs never swerve ;
Thou may'st be drunk, and swear and curse,
And sinners like but ne'er the worse ;
At any time thou may'st repent,
'Twill serve when all thy days are spent.

CHRIST.

Take heed or else thou art undone,
These thoughts are from the wicked one.
Narrow's the way that leads to life,
Who walk therein do meet with strife ;
Few shall be saved, young man know,
Most do unto destruction go.

If the righteous ones scarce saved be,
What will at last become of thee !
Oh ! don't reject my precious call,
Lest suddenly to Hell thou fall ;
Unless thou soon converted be,
God's kingdom thou shalt never see.

YOUTH.

Lord, I am now at a great stand,
If I should yield to your command,
My comrades will me much deride,
And never more will me abide.
Moreover, this I also know,
Thou can'st at last great mercy show ;
When I am old and pleasure's gone,
Then what thou say'st I'll think upon.

CHRIST.

Nay, hold vain youth, thy time is short,
I have thy breath, I'll end thy sport :
Thou shalt not live till thou art old,
Since thou in sin art grown so bold.
I in thy youth grim death will send,
And all thy sports shall have an end.

YOUTH.

I am too young, alas to die,
Let death some old grey head espy.
O spare me, and I will amend,
And with thy grace my soul befriend,
Or else I am undone alas,
For I am in a woful case.

CHRIST.

When I did call, you would not hear,
But didst to me turn a deaf ear ;
And now in thy calamity,
I will not mind nor hear thy cry ;
Thy day is past, begone from me,
Thou who didst love iniquity,
Above thy soul and Saviour dear ;
Who on the cross great pains did bear,
My mercy thou didst much abuse,
And all good counsel didst refuse,
Justice will therefore vengeance take,
And thee a sad example make.

YOUTH.

O spare me, Lord, forbear thy hand,
Don't cut me off who trembling stand,
Begging for mercy at thy door,
O let me have but one year more.

CHRIST.

If thou some longer time should have,
Thou wouldst again to folly cleave :
Therefore to thee I will not give,
One day on earth longer to live.

Death.

Youth, I am come to fetch thy breath,
And carry thee to the shades of death,
No pity on thee can I show,
Thou hast thy God offended so.
Thy soul and body I'll divide,

Thy body in the grave I'll hide,
And thy dear soul in hell must lie
With Devils to eternity.

The conclusion.

Thus end the days of woful youth,
Who won't obey nor mind the truth;
Nor hearken to what preachers say,
But do their parents disobey.
They in their youth go down to hell,
Under eternal wrath to dwell.
Many don't live out half their days,
For cleaving unto sinful ways.

(From various later editions.)

ALPHABET VERSES.

(1791)

Kings should be good
Not men of Blood

(1797)

The British King
Lost States Thirteen

(1825)

Queens and Kings
Are gaudy things

(1819)

'Tis Youths Delight
To fly their Kite

THE INFANT'S GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

Bless me, O Lord, and let my food strengthen me to serve Thee for Jesus Christ's Sake. AMEN.

I desire to thank God who gives me food every day of my life. AMEN.

VERSES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Though I am young, a little one
If I can speak and go alone,

Then I must learn to know the Lord
And learn to read his holy word.
'Tis time to seek to God and pray
For what I want for ev'ry day :
I have a precious soul to save,
And I a mortal body have.
Tho' I am young, yet I may die,
And hasten to eternity :
There is a dreadful fiery Hell,
Where wicked ones must always dwell ;
There is a heaven full of joy,
Where godly ones must always stay ;
To one of these my soul must fly,
As in a moment when I die :
When God that made me calls me home,
I must not stay, I must be gone.
He gave me life, and gives me breath,
And he can save my soul from death,
By Jesus Christ my only Lord,
According to his holy word.
He clothes my back and makes me warm ;
He saves my flesh and bones from harm ;
He gives me bread and milk and meat,
And all I have that's good to eat.
When I am sick, he if he please,
Can make me well, and give me ease ;
He gives me sleep and quiet rest,
Whereby my body is refresh'd,
The Lord is good and kind to me,
And very thankful I must be :
I must not sin as others do,
Lest I lay down in sorrow too :
For God is angry ev'ry day,

With wicked ones that go astray,
All sinful words I must refrain :
I must not take God's name in vain.
I must not work, I must not play,
Upon Christ's holy Sabbath-day
And if my parents speak the word,
I must obey them in the Lord,
Nor steal nor lie, nor spend my days,
In idle talk and foolish plays.
I must obey my Lord's commands,
Do something with my little hands :
Remember my Creator now,
In youth while time will it allow.
Young Samuel that little child,
He served the Lord, liv'd undefil'd ;
Him in his service God employ'd,
While Eli's wicked children dy'd,
When wicked children mocking said,
To an old man, "*Go up bald Head ;*"
God was displeas'd with them, and sent
Two bears which them in pieces rent.
I must not like those children vile,
Displease my God, myself defile,
Like young Abijah, I must see,
That good things may be found in me.
Young King Josiah, that blest youth,
He sought the Lord, and lov'd the truth ;
He like a king did act his part,
And follow'd God with all his heart.
The little children they did sing,
Hosannah's to their heavenly King.
That blessed child young Timothy,
Did learn God's word most heedfully,

It seem'd to be his recreation,
Which made him wise unto salvation:
By faith in Christ which he had gain'd
With prayers & tears that faith unfeign'd.
These good examples were for me,
Like these good children I must be.
Give me true faith in Christ my Lord,
Obedience to his holy word,
No word is in the world like thine,
There's none so pure, sweet and divine,
From thence let me thy will behold,
And love thy word above fine gold.
Make my heart in thy statutes sound,
And make my faith and love abound.
Lord circumcise my heart to love thee,
And nothing in this world above thee.
Let me behold thy pleasant face,
And make my soul to grow in grace,
And in the knowledge of my Lord
And Saviour Christ, and of his word.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take. (1737.)[1]

[1] This prayer appears in the editions of 1738, 1762, 1767, 1768, 1770, 1771, 1775, etc. "I pray the Lord" was probably a misprint for "I pray Thee Lord," but was never corrected.

BENJAMIN COLMAN AND THE TURELLS.

Benjamin Colman, one of the most cultured of the New England clergy, and head of the first organized revolt against the Puritan Hierarchy, was born in Boston, October 19, 1673, and educated wholly in the colony. He was graduated at Harvard in 1692, studied for the ministry, and, after preaching for three years, set sail for England, which he reached after capture by a French privateer and brief imprisonment. During these trying experiences he behaved with distinguished courage. In England he associated with prominent Nonconformists, and formed an attachment — probably more Platonic than serious — for the celebrated Miss Elizabeth Singer, "Philomela," whose poetry is no better known to-day than that of her American admirer. After having taken the precaution to procure ordination in England, he returned to Boston in 1699 and became pastor of the Brattle Street Society organized in opposition to the Brahminical Cambridge Platform. The reforms at which he and his Church aimed were chiefly in the form of service; they wished to abolish the public relation of experiences, to read the Bible and recite the Lord's prayer. This was thought to justify ecclesiastical ostracism, and other Boston churches long refused to hold communion with Brattle Street; but

Colman ranked till his death, August 29, 1747, among the first of the New England clergy, and he was active in civil affairs, in education, and in mission work among the Indians. It was a grievous blow to the Mathers when in 1724 he was offered the Presidency of Harvard College, which eminent position he however declined. He published many sermons, some poems, and a tract in favor of inoculation for small-pox. Two years after his death a biography by his son-in-law, Rev. Ebenezer Turell, was published at Boston. Most of our selections to represent Colman's own writings are taken from this book, and we have also added a section describing the young clergyman's acquaintance with the fair "Philomela." Mr. Turell (1702–1778), who was long minister at Medford, is also important to us as the editor of the poetical remains of his wife Jane (1708–1735), Dr. Colman's precocious daughter, whose imitative verses are as pathetically impossible as those of Mrs. Bradstreet herself. As our selections from her husband's loyal memorial are quite extensive, there is no need to dwell here upon her life and character.

THE ASCENT OF ELIJAH.

[From "A Poem on Elijah's Translation," 1707. Occasioned by the Death of the Reverend and Learned Mr. Samuel Willard.]

'Twas at high noon, the day serene and fair,
Mountains of lum'nous clouds roll'd in the air,
When on a sudden, from the radiant skies,

Superior light flasht in Elisha's eyes.
The Heav'ns were cleft, and from the imperial throne
A stream of glory, dazzling splendor, shone;
Beams of ten thousand suns shot round about,
The sun and every blazon'd cloud went out;
Bright hosts of angels lin'd the heavenly way,
To guard the saint up to eternal day.
Then down the steep descent a chariot bright,
And steeds of fire, swift as the beams of light.
Wing'd seraphs ready stood, bow'd low to greet
The fav'rite saint, and hand him to his seat.
Enthron'd he sat, transformed with joys his mien,
Calm his gay soul, and, like his face, serene.
His eye and burning wishes to his God,
Forward he bow'd, and on the triumph rode.
Saluted, as he passed the heavenly cloud,
With shouts of joy, and hallelujahs loud.
Ten thousand thousand angel trumpets sound,
And the vast realms of heaven echoed round.
They sang of greater triumphs yet to come,
Their next descent to wait the Saviour home:
And the glad errand of the final day,
The raised dust of saints to bring away
In equal triumph, and in like array.

A QUARREL WITH FORTUNE.

[From "The Life and Character of the Reverend Benjamin Colman, D.D." By E. Turell. 1749. Chap. IV.]

[The Daughter with Mr. Colman used to range over the Manor in the Afternoons. She asked a poem from him: He told her

it would lead into a Quarrel. She promised it should not on her Part. So the next Day he wrote one with this Title, "A Quarrel with Fortune:" Because (forsooth) he was not equal to her in Rank and Riches — In it was the following Simile.]

So have I seen a little silly fly
Upon a blazing taper dart and die.
The foolish insect ravish'd with so bright
And fair a glory, would devour the light.
At first he wheels about the threatening fire,
With a career as fleet as his desire:
This ceremony past, he joins the same
In hopes to be transform'd himself to flame.
The fiery, circumambient sparkles glow,
And vainly warn him of his overthrow,
But resolute he'll to destruction go.
So mean-born mortals, such as I, aspire,
And injure with unhallowed desire,
The glory we ought only to admire.
We little think of the intense fierce flame,
That gold alone is proof against the same;
And that such trash as we, like drossy lead,
Consume before it, and it strikes us dead.

THE INCOMPARABLE PHILOMELA.

[From the Same, Chap. IV.]

One of the first pleasures Mr. Colman had at Bath was his coming into an acquaintance with the lovely Philomela, Mrs. Elizabeth Singer of Agford near Frome. She had a volume of poems then in print, being about her twenty-fourth year. Mr. Rogers

had made her an high compliment, in a book he dedicated to the virtuous and good-humored ladies. Mr. Singer invited him to come and see his daughter, that she might thank him. Mr. Colman invited himself to go with him, having read her poems. They found her comely in body, lowly in dress, with a soul fair and bright as an angel.

Mr. Singer led them out to see his daughter's walk or lodge near his house, where she used to meditate and compose. It was a retired and shady path, a rivulet on one side, and tall spreading trees on the other. Mr. Rogers required Mr. Colman to make a compliment on the place: Her father joined his request; when they returned he sent her a poem which began thus,

> So Paradise was brightened, so 'twas blest,
> When innocence and beauty it possest.
> Such was its more retired path and seat,
> For Eve and musing angels a retreat.
> Such Eden's streams, and banks, and tow'ring groves;
> Such Eve herself, and such her muse and loves.
> Only there wants an Adam on the green,
> Or else all Paradise might here be seen.

Mr. Singer was highly pleased with Mr. Colman, and prayed him to enter into a friendship and correspondence with his daughter, and that he would often come and see them.

Mr. Singer called himself Argos, having an hundred eyes upon his daughter, but he seemed to shut them all in Mr. Colman's favor. Both father and daughter treated him with utmost freedom and affection. Before company especially Mrs. Singer behaved as though he had been her brother. Mr. Colman loved her

without the least intention of ever saying so to her. She saw it, and it pleased her greatly. They wrote to one another often: Mr. Colman made long visits, sometimes for days together, and they were always unwilling to part.

Once he visited her at my Lady Weymouth's, who much esteemed and honored her. So did Bishop Ken, who then resided at that noble house. Mr. Roberts of London was then with Mr. Colman. They carried a note from her father without which they could not have seen her. She let the family see how much she regarded him. The Bishop gave him his blessing. And at a mile from the Seat they met Mr. Phillips of Frome, a very aged gracious minister, and he blest Mr. Roberts. Upon which he turned and said to Mr. Colman, "Now, Sir, I am even with you."

Mr. Singer told Mr. Colman that Philomela's mother was every way her superior, in knowledge, wisdom, and grace. And that he had buried a younger daughter, her equal in knowledge, and superior in grace. Philomela herself told him it was very true. The discourse of that afternoon was upon this dead, charming sister, the father being gone out to his work. She told him the following most entertaining story.

"My sister," said she, "was a year or two younger than I, and her affection as well as wit was quicker. I seemed, however, to myself to think more thoroughly. She desired ever to be with me, and I wanted to be more by myself. We often retired by consent, each to her chamber, to compose and then to compare what we wrote. She always exceeded me in the number of lines, but mine I think were more correct. She

exceeded me much in the fondness of love, but never in the truth and strength of it. She was jealous of me that my love was not equal to hers, and invented an hundred ways to try me ; many of which I thought childish and weak, and therefore sometimes rather reproved than complied with. This gave her grief, and I should find her in tears, which I could not put a stop to but by the tenderest words and embraces.

"We lived years together as happy as children could be in one another ; we lived religiously together ; took care of one another's souls, and had our constant hours for retirement and devotion. We were daily speaking to one another of the things of God, his being, perfections, works ; the wonders of creation and providence, the mysteries of redemption and grace. — My father in his widowhood took great delight in us, cherished our love to God and one another, but like good Jacob, was fondest of the youngest, admiring all that she said or did. And in her death he was to be tried. —

"But it was I that was taken sick, to a very dangerous degree. And when the physicians were giving me over, my dear sister came to me drowned in tears ; and earnestly kissing me, besought me to tell her whether I was (through grace) prepared to die ? Whether my interest in Christ and title to heaven were comfortable and clear to me ? For she was afraid I would die ; and she could not part with me only to go to Christ, which was far the better.

"I looked earnestly upon her and said, 'Why, sister, do you think me dangerous ? I must confess to you my distress would be great on account of my soul, if I thought my dying hour were now coming

on : for I have not that full assurance of my interest in Christ, which I have always begged of God I might have, before he would call me hence.'

" No sooner had she heard me say this, but she fell as in an agony on her knees by my bed, and in a manner inexpressible for fervor and humility, she begged of God, 'That if her father must have the grief of burying one of his children, it might be her ; for through his free grace, and to the glory of it, she could humbly profess before him her assured hope of her interest in his everlasting mercy through Jesus Christ. Wherefore she could gladly and joyfully surrender herself to die, if it might please God to grant her sister a further space wherein to make her calling and election sure.'

" Having prayed thus in a transport which was surprising and astonishing to me, she kissed me and left the room, without giving me time or power to answer her a word. And, what is almost incredible to relate, from that minute I grew better and recovered, but she took her bed, and died within a few days.

" Conceive, if you can, Mr. Colman, how I was astonished at this event of Providence, and overwhelmed with sorrow ; and my father with me. Yet I recovered health : but the load of grief upon me confined me to my chamber for more than six weeks. My chief work was to consider the mind of God, in this his mercy to me, that I might make it evident to myself, that indeed in love to my soul he delivered me from the pit of corruption. I set myself to comfort my father, what I could, and that was his care for me. We durst not be inconsolable under a bereavement so circumstanced. Yet my mourning is

always returning with a remembrance of a love stronger than death, and bright like the Seraphims, those flames of love and devotion."

How exalted a conversation was this which Mr. Colman had with Mrs. Singer. He told her upon it that he was more in love with the dead than the living : and that she must yield her sister the victory ; and confess her love to excell in strength as well as fervor.

After many such happy conversations the day arrived when he was obliged to pay a parting visit, being earnestly invited to New-England and to a settlement in Boston, which he informed the family of — when Mrs. Singer poured out a thousand wishes for his prosperity ; his serviceableness in the church of Christ on earth, and his happiness with her in that above for ever. Her father added a thousand prayers and blessings to hers, with tears and the most tender embraces. Mr. Colman believed God called him to return home to his dear relations and loved country.—

His character of Mrs. Singer in his manuscripts follows, — " She was an heavenly maid of sublime devotion and piety, as well as ingenuity and wit. How she had collected such a stock of knowledge and literature, by reading and conversation, without a learned tutor was wonderful. But her wisdom and discretion outshone her knowledge. She had only her mother tongue, but had made all the improvement of an academical education. She was a poet, a philosopher and a divine. And above all, a most devout worshipper of God in secret and in public. She hid herself in the public worship in an obscure

place, where she could neither see others nor be seen by them.

"Music, poetry and painting were her three beauties and delights. She used her pencil almost as well as her pen. She never was idle, but either her needle or her pencil was going in all conversations. And what she drew she gave to the company.— She used to declare the great assistance she had sometimes found in her devotions by the organs, and anthems well sung to them."

A MEDITATION.

[From the Same, Chap. IX.]

[Upon his removal from his house in King-Street to his new-built house in Brattle-Street, May, 1715, he wrote this meditation.]

"It was a very pleasing and instructive sight once to me in a far distant land, where a person of honor and riches was building a stately house for himself and his family, but at once he took off the work-men to build himself a vault or tomb to be buried in. It becomes us ever to keep in mind, and lay to heart, the remove that we must soon make to our grave.— A convenient house, an easy bed, and agreeable relatives, are among the valuable comforts of this life. When we are building to ourselves pleasant houses to live in, we should all the while be thinking of the darksome house or place, where our bodies will shortly be laid: and when we enter into our new habitations, or after we are settled in them, the same thought must still abide with us. We must not

entertain a thought of living long ; and must be willing and ready to go, and to leave our new-built houses as soon as God calls us away. They are only to be used as accommodations for us in the way unto an everlasting habitation and house eternal.— We may not set too much by an house on earth, but ought to raise our affections to things above, &c. — We ought to serve God in our houses. This was Joshua's holy resolution. *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!* And this was David's, Psal. 101. *I will walk within my house with a perfect heart*, etc. Surely we ought, under the outward smiles of Providence upon us, to be renewing the consecration of ourselves and all that we have to the service of God ; We ought like Abraham, to charge our households and our children after us to keep the way of the Lord. We ought to worship God in secret, in our closets, and we ought every day to pray to, and praise him in our families ; we ought to read his holy word, and meditate on his law, and teach it diligently to our children, and talk of it when we set in our house, when we lay down, &c. Thus we must write as it were upon the posts of our house, and our gates, Deut. 6. 7, 9. — Our houses should be Bethels, little churches for the practice of piety, and the exercises of devotion therein, that the Apostle's salutation may reach us, Rom. 16, 5. *Greet the Church in their House.* With these and such like meditations, I can truly say, I have been building, and would now enter into my new and pleasant habitation : may they abide and dwell always in my soul that thus I may there dwell the few remaining days of my frail life.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Life *and* Death

Of the Pious and Ingenious

MRS. *JANE TURELL*

Who died at Medford, *March* 26th
1735. Ætat. 27.

Collected chiefly from her own Manuscripts
By her Consort
The Revd Mr. *Ebenezer Turell*, M.A.
Pastor of the Church in *Medford*.

Her Husband also and He praiseth her. Prov. xxxi, 28.

To which is added,
Two SERMONS preached at *Medford*, the Lord's Day after her Funeral,
by her Father *Benjamin Colman*, D.D.

LONDON:
Printed for John Oswald, at the *Rose* and *Crown*, near the *Mansion-House*, 1741.
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THE LIFE OF MRS. JANE TURELL.

THERE is a passage in Tully, the Roman orator, to this purpose, "That if virtue were incorporate, and to be seen with our bodily eyes in a substantial form, she would carry such charms along with her as to ravish her beholders, and command the love and admiration of all that saw her." Alike beautiful and engaging (and more so) should the holy life and shining example of the Christian be, to all that are blest with the sight and knowledge of it; for herein we not only behold the godlike image of it, but learn the practicableness of the thing, and have our natural ambition and imitation mightily fired and excited.

That my readers may be charmed into a love and admiration of virtue and holiness, I now place before their eyes the picture of my dear deceased; the lines and lineaments, colors and shades laid and drawn by her own lovely hand, guided by the spirit of grace and truth.

And I present it particularly and in the first place to her dear and only surviving sister; and then to her nearest relatives and acquaintance, and to all the rising daughters of New-England, that they may understand what true beauty is, and what the brightest ornaments of their sex are, and seek them with their whole desire; *Even the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*— And such an one (with some additional excellencies and accomplishments) was Mrs. Jane

Turell, born in Boston, New-England, Feb. 25. A.D. 1708, of parents honorable and religious.

Her father the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Colman (thro' the gracious favor of God) is still living among us, one universally acknowledged to be even from his younger times (at home and abroad) a bright ornament and honor to his country, and an instrument in God's hand of bringing much good to it.

Her mother Mrs. Jane Colman was a truly gracious woman, daughter of Mr. Thomas Clark, Gentleman.

Mrs. Turell was their third child, graciously given them after they had mourned the loss of the two former; and for seven years their only one. Her constitution from her early infancy was wonderful weak and tender, yet the organs of her body so formed as not to obstruct the free operation of the active and capacious spirit within.

The buddings of reason and religion appeared on her sooner than usual. Before her second year was completed she could speak distinctly, knew her letters, and could relate many stories out of the Scriptures to the satisfaction and pleasure of the most judicious. I have heard that Governor Dudley, with other wise and polite gentlemen, have placed her on a table, and sitting round it, owned themselves diverted with her stories. Before she was four years old (so strong and tenacious was her memory), she could say the greater part of the Assembly's Catechism, many of the Psalms, some hundred lines of the best poetry, read distinctly, and make pertinent remarks on many things she read.

She grew in knowledge (the most useful) day by day, and had the fear of God before her eyes.

She prayed to God sometimes by excellent forms (recommended to her by her father and suited to her age and circumstances) and at other times *ex corde*, the spirit of God helping her infirmities. When her father, upon a time enquired of her what words she used in prayer to God, she answered him, that when she was upon her knees God gave her expressions.

Even at the age of four, five, and six she asked many astonishing questions about divine mysteries, and carefully laid up and hid the answers she received to them in her heart.

Throughout her childhood she discovered a very serious spirit. Her heart was tender, and her conscience a well-informed faithful guide and monitor.

The most that I am able to collect of her life from six to ten is general (and from her), viz., that her father daily instructed her, and enriched her mind with the best knowledge; and excited her to the due performance of all duty. And that her tender, gracious mother (who died about four years before her) often prayed for, and over her, and gave her the wisest counsels, and most faithful warnings; and that she was thankful and grew in knowledge and (she hoped) in grace under them. That she loved the school and the exercises of it, and made a laudable progress in the various kinds of learning proper to her age and sex.

At nine or ten (if not before) she was able to write; for in the year 1718, I find a letter of her honored father's to her, wrote in answer to one of hers, dated Brookline — which he expresses himself well pleased with. A copy of it follows:

Boston, *Aug. 4th*, 1718.

"My dear Child,

"I have this morning your letter, which pleases me very well, and gives me hopes of many a pleasant line from you in time to come; if God spare you to me, and me to you.

"I very much long to see your mother, but doubt whether the weather will permit me to-day. I pray God to bless you and make you one of his children. I charge you to pray daily, and read your Bible, and fear to sin. Be very dutiful to your mother and respectful to everybody. Be very humble and modest, womanly and discreet. Take care of your health, and as you love me do not eat green apples. Drink sparingly of the waters, except the day be warm. When I last saw you, you were too shame-faced; look people in the face, speak freely and behave decently. I hope to bring Nabby in her grandfather's chariot to see you. The meanwhile I kiss your dear mother, and commend her health to the gracious care of God, and you with her to his grace. Give my service to Mr. A—— and family: also to Mr. S—— and madame; and be sure you never forget the respect they have honored you with.

"Your loving Father."

In this her eleventh year I find an hymn fairly written by her, dated January 4, 1718, which I give you verbatim:

I fear the great Eternal One above,
The God of Grace, the God of Love:
He to whom seraphims hallelujahs sing,
And angels do their songs and praises bring.

Happy the soul that does in heaven rest,
Where with his Saviour he is ever blest;
With heavenly joys and rapture is possest,
No thoughts but of his God inspire his breast.
Happy are they that walk in wisdom's ways,
That tread her paths, and shine in all her rays.

Her father was pleased to encourage her in this feeble essay she made at verse: he condescended to return her rhymes like her own, level to her present capacity, with a special aim to keep and fix her mind on God and heavenly things, with which she had begun. [A poem addressed to her by her father is here inserted.]

These condescensions of her father were no doubt of great use to her, and had in some measure the effect proposed, to put her on thinking and writing more and better, and to gain more of his esteem for ingenuity and piety, which she was wisely ambitious of; but above all to approve her heart before God, *her Heavenly Father who sees in secret.* . . .

Various Juvenile "Composures."

Between these and her eighteenth year there are to be seen among her composures many things considerable both in verse and prose.

In poetry (among others), there are the following:

"To her honored father, on his being chosen President of Harvard College," a poem of thirty lines, dated December 27, 1724, which begins thus:

Sir,
An infant muse begs leave beneath your feet,
To lay the first essays of her poetic wit;

That under your protection she may raise
Her song to some exalted pitch of praise,
You who among the bards are found the chief, etc.

But I am not allowed to insert the other lines, and but a small part of the next poem to her friend, on her return to Boston, which begins after this manner:

Thrice welcome home, thou glory of our isle,
On whom indulgent heaven delights to smile;
Whose face the graces make their chosen seat,
In whom the charms of wit and beauty meet.
O, with what wond'ring eyes I on you gaze,
And can't recover from the sweet amaze!
This lovely form, those sweet but sparkling eyes
Have made the noble Polydore their prize, etc.

* * * * *

ON READING THE WARNING BY MRS. SINGER.

Surprised I view, wrote by a female pen,
Such a grave warning to the sons of men.
Bold was the attempt and worthy of your lays,
To strike at vice, and sinking virtue raise.
Each noble line a pleasing terror gives,
A secret force in every sentence lives.
Inspired by virtue you could safely stand
The fair reprover of a guilty land.
You vie with the famed prophetess of old,
Burn with her fire, in the same cause grow bold.
Dauntless you undertake th' unequal strife,
And raise dead virtue by your verse to life.
A woman's pen strikes the cursed serpent's head,
And lays the monster gasping, if not dead.

* * * * *

TO MY MUSE, DECEMBER 29, 1752.

Come, gentle muse, and once more lend thine aid,
O bring thy succor to a humble maid!
How often dost thou liberally dispense
To our dull breast thy quick'ning influence!

By thee inspired, I'll cheerful tune my voice,
And love and sacred friendship make my choice.
In my pleased bosom you can freely pour
A greater treasure than Jove's golden shower.
Come now, fair muse, and fill my empty mind,
With rich ideas, great and unconfined.
Instruct me in those secret arts that lie
Unseen to all but to a poet's eye.
O let me burn with Sappho's noble fire,
But not like her for faithless man expire.
And let me rival great Orinda's fame,
Or like sweet Philomela's be my name.
Go lead the way, my muse, nor must you stop,
'Till we have gained Parnassus' shady top:
'Till I have viewed those fragrant soft retreats,
Those fields of bliss, the muses' sacred seats.
I'll then devote thee to fair virtue's fame,
And so be worthy of a poet's name.

These were the early essays of her youth at poetry, in which it must be freely owned that as there are many things good and ingenious, so there is a great deal low and juvenile; which the candid understanding reader will be ready to excuse, from that common rule of a child's speaking and writing as a child. At the same time, the turn of the mind here evident to God and religion, is what the pious will esteem and praise, and it is to be wished that children may be taken herewith and drawn to imitate. It is enough (as her honored father elegantly expressed it to me) if they may be accepted as a green offering of first-fruits brought to the door of the Sanctuary, the promising earnest of a future harvest; at least, as the first lisping of the tongue at words is a pleasing music to the ear of the mother, and the first efforts of the mind at reasoning delightful to a father, so are the first risings of a natural genius unto a wise observer.

In prose there are also many things:

Some essay to write her own life, which begins with thanksgivings to God for distinguishing her from most in the world by the blessings of nature, Providence, and grace which she specifies and enumerates in the following manner:

(1) I thank God for my immortal soul, and that reason and understanding which distinguishes me from the lower creatures.

(2) For my birth in a Christian country, in a land of light, where the true God and Jesus Christ are known.

(3) For pious and honorable parents, whereby I am favored beyond many others.

(4) For faithful and godly ministers, who are from time to time shewing me the way of salvation.

(5) For a polite as well as Christian education.

(6) For restraining grace, that I have been withheld from more open and gross violations of God's holy law.

Her thoughts on matrimony, with the rules whereby she resolved to guide herself in that important affair of life.

She writes of the wisdom and goodness of God in making man a sociable creature; of the institution of marriage in paradisaical state, and the happiness of the first couple; and what alone will render persons happy in our fallen state; namely, a faithful discharge of all the duties of that relation; and then particularizes the duties, and treats of the mischiefs that follow upon the neglect of them; shows at large what their duty is

who are about to enter into that state, namely, to seek to God by humble prayer for his direction and conduct, and that he would overrule all the circumstances of that momentous affair in mercy, on which so much of the comfort and pleasure of life depends. — She carries her thoughts to the afflictions and temptations of that condition, and prays for sufficient grace to carry aright under all. And for her assistance in making a right choice she laid down a number of rules, from which she resolves never to start. Some of them are the following :

(1) "I would admit the addresses of no person who is not descended of pious and credible parents.

(2) "Who has not the character of a strict moralist, sober, temperate, just and honest.

(3) "Diligent in his business, and prudent in matters.

(4) "Fixed in his religion, a constant attender on the public worship, and who appears not in God's house with the gravity becoming a Christian.

(5) "Of a sweet and agreeable temper ; for if he be owner of all the former good qualifications, and fails here, my life will be still uncomfortable."

3. Many letters to her honored father on various occasions.

I shall only present you with one dated June 11th, 1725.

"Honored Sir,

"I return you many thanks for your kind letters to me, which I read with vast delight and reverence, as who would not such good and tender

lines from the best of fathers, who has spared no cost nor pains in my education. It is no small grief to me that I answer them no better, that I have so little of his soul in me, from whom I descend. I heartily embrace the offer you condescend to make of conversing by letter, by which I shall not only learn to write good sense, but also be instructed how to behave myself in all the changes and conditions of life, as becomes a Christian ; not to be too elated in prosperity, nor sunk under adversity, but ever resigned to the will of God in all things. I beg your prayers for me that, as I grow in years, I may grow in grace, and persevere therein. I pray you to forgive the many faults in my present writing, and subscribe myself with all humility,

"Your dutiful and obedient Daughter."

Before she had seen eighteen, she had read, and (in some measure) digested all the English poetry and polite pieces in prose, printed and manuscripts, in her father's well furnished library, and much she borrowed of her friends and acquaintance. She had indeed such a thirst after knowledge that the leisure of the day did not suffice, but she spent whole nights in reading.

I find she was sometimes fired with a laudable ambition of raising the honor of her sex, who are therefore under obligations to her ; and all will be ready to own she had a fine genius, and is to be placed among those who have excelled.

When I was first inclined (by the motions of God's providence and spirit) to seek her acquaintance (which was about the time she entered in her nineteenth year) I was surprised and charmed to find her so accom-

plished. I found her in a good measure mistress of the politest writers and their works; could point out the beauties in them, and had made many of their best thoughts her own: And as she went into more free conversation, she discoursed how admirably on many subjects!

I grew by degrees into such an opinion of her good taste, that when she put me upon translating a psalm or two, I was ready to excuse myself, and if I had not feared to displease her should have denied her request.

After her marriage, which was on August 11th, 1726, her custom was, once in a month or two, to make some new essay in verse or prose, and to read from day to day as much as a faithful discharge of the duties of her new condition gave leisure for: and I think I may with truth say that she made the writing of poetry a recreation and not a business.

What greatly contributed to increase her knowledge in divinity, history, physic, controversy, as well as poetry, was her attentive hearing most that I read upon those heads through the long evenings of the winters as we sat together.

Some of the many remarkable things she wrote in her marriage state are the following; some in verse, and more in prose.

November 1st, 1731. She sent her father the following letter, with an encomium on Sir Richard Blackmore's Poetical Works. She knew it would be pleasing enough to her father, to hear her sing in praise of Sir Richard, of whom she always heard him speak with great esteem; not as the first of poets, but as one of the best; consecrating his muse to the cause of virtue and religion, with a most noble aim to inspire the

princes and nobles of the nation, with the true sentiments of glory and usefulness ; than which nothing could be more worthy of a Christian poet and an English patriot. And as such he is celebrated in the following poem :

* * * * *

ON THE POEMS OF SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Blackmore, thou wondrous Bard ! whose name inspires
My glowing breast to imitate thy fires.
O that my muse could give a lasting fame !
Then should my verse immortalize thy name.
Thy matchless lines thy inborn worth displays,
Inspires our souls, and fills our mouths with praise.
Thou for Mankind's preceptor Heaven design'd,
To form their manners, and instruct their mind.
In virtue's cause undaunted you engage,
To stem the tide of vice, reform the stage,
And place the present with the Golden Age.

* * * * *

O happy land ! and of unrivaled fame,
That claims thy birth, and boasts so great a name !
Albion alone is blest with such a son,
A birth to ages past, and thee, O Greece, unknown.

* * * * *

When she had read Mr. Waller's poems, it appears that she was struck with the pleasing admiration of him also ; as for the beauty of his thoughts, so more especially for the purity of his style and delicacy of language. It was he that taught us the simplicity and easiness of expression, which has ever since been the character of our best writers.

ON THE INCOMPARABLE MR. WALLER.

Hail, chaste Urania ! thy assistance bring,
And fire my breast while I attempt to sing,
In artless lays, Waller, the poets' king.

Waller, the tuneful name my soul inspires,
And kindles in my breast poetic fires.

Hail, mighty genius! Favorite of the nine!
Thy merits in four reigns distinguished shine.
Country and court, alternate, you enjoy,
One claims thy nobler thoughts, and one thy muse employ.

Chaste is thy muse, and lofty is her song,
Softer than Ovid and like Virgil strong.
Much thee thy country, more its language owe,
All that adorns it, it received from you.

* * * * *

A tender passion every bosom warms,
Whene'er you sing of Sacharissa's charms,
O lovely maid! mild as the morning light,
When first its beams salute our longing sight.
As virgin fountains in their basins roll,
So calm, so bright is Sacharissa's soul.
As the fierce sun, by his meridian rays,
Exhales the moisture from this lower earth;
Again at night by dews the fields repays,
That nature labors with a double birth:
So you engross in your capacious soul
All that the world polite and learned call;
But in your works you do repay the whole,
With large additions of your own to all.
O happy isle that bare a son so bright,
Of whom the ages since have learned to write.

* * * * *

Her Character.

Some unhappy affairs at Medford in the years 1729 and '30, produced many prayers and tears from her, with the following poem in imitation of the 133

psalm, which I publish as a monument for and motive to my own people, to continue in love and peace :

Behold how good, how sweet, their joy does prove,
Where brethren dwell in unity and love !
When no contention, strife or fatal jar
Disturb the peace and raise the noisy war.
'Tis like the ointment, which of old was poured
On Aaron's head, and down his garments showered;
Through all the air perfuming odor spreads,
Diffusing sweetness to the neighboring meads.
Or like the dew on Hermon's lofty head
Which on the mounts of Zion moisture spread.
'Circled with peace, they shall within the land
As shining patterns, and examples stand.
If sinners wrangle, let the saints agree;
The gospel breathes out naught but unity.
To such the blessing from the Lord is given,
Even life eternal, in the highest heaven.

Having related these things, you will not wonder if I now declare myself a witness of her daily close walk with God during her married state, and of her retirements for reading, self-examination and devotion.

It was her practice to read the Bible out in course once a year, the book of Psalms much oftener, besides many chapters and a multitude of verses which she kept turned down in a Bible, which she had been the owner and reader of more than twenty years. If I should only present my readers with a catalogue of these texts, I doubt not but that they would admire the collection, be gratified with the entertainment, and easily conjecture many of her holy frames and tempers from them. I must own, considering her tender make and often infirmities she exceeded in devotion. And I have thought myself obliged sometimes (in compassion to her) to call her off, and put

her in mind of God's delighting in mercy more than in sacrifice.

How often has she lain whole nights by me mourning for sin, calling upon God, and praising him, or discoursing of Christ and heaven! And when under doubts entreating me to help her (as far as I could) to a full assurance of God's love. Sometimes she would say, "Well, I am content if you will show me that I have the truth of grace." And I often satisfied her with one of Mr. Baxter's marks of love to Christ, namely, *lamenting and panting after him;* for this kind of love she was sure she exercised in the most cloudy hours of her life.

I may not forget to mention *the strong and constant guard she placed on the door of her lips.* Who ever heard her call an ill name? or detract from anybody? When she apprehended she received injuries, silence and tears were her highest resentments. But I have often heard her reprove others for rash and angry speeches.

In every relation she sustained, she was truly exemplary, sensible how much of the life and power of religion consists in the conscientious practice and performance of relative duties.

No child had a greater love to and reverence for her parents; she even exceeded in fear and reverence of her father, notwithstanding all his condescensions to her, and vast freedoms with her.

As a wife she was dutiful, prudent and diligent, not only content but joyful in her circumstances. She *submitted as is fit in the Lord, looked well to the ways of her household, and her own works praise her in the gates.*

Her very apparel discovered modesty and chastity. She loved to appear neat and clean, but never gay and fine.

To her servants she was good and kind, and took care of them, especially of the soul of a slave who died (in the house) about a month before her.

She respected all her friends and relatives, and spake of them with honor, and never forgot either their counsels or their kindnesses.

She often spake of her obligations to her Aunt Staniford, which were great living and dying.

She honored all men and loved everybody. "Love and goodness was natural to her," as her father expresses it in a letter years ago.

Her tender love to her only sister, has been already seen; and was on all occasions manifested, and grew exceedingly to her death. A few days before it, I heard her speak to her particularly of preparing for another world. "Improve (said she) the time of health, 'tis the only time for doing the great work in."

And in return for her love and amiable carriage, she had the love and esteem of all that knew her. Those that knew her best loved her best, and praise her most.

Her humility was so great, that she could well bear (without being elated) such praises as are often found in her father's letters to us, viz: —

"I greatly esteem as well as highly love you. The best of children deserves all that a child can of a father. My soul rejoices in you. My joy, my crown. I give thanks to God for you daily. I am honored in being the father of such a daughter."

Her husband also, and he praiseth her as a meet help both in spirituals and temporals.

Her relations and acquaintance ever manifested the highest value for her.

The people, among whom she lived the last eight years of her life, both old and young, had a love and veneration for her, as a person of the strictest virtue and undefiled religion. Her innocence, modesty, ingenuity, and devotion charmed all into an admiration of her. And I question whether there has been more grief and sorrow shown at the death of any private person, by people of all ranks, to whom her virtues were known; mourning, for the loss sustained by ourselves, not for her, nor as others who have no hope. For it is beyond doubt that she died in the Lord, and is blessed.

The death of every such praying Saint is a frown upon the whole land, and calls upon us to make that prayer, *Psal.* XII. 1. *Help, Lord, for the godly cease and the faithful fail from among the children of men.*

JOHN SECCOMB.

John Seccomb, who has won an unenviable immortality as a writer of doggerel, was born in Medford, Massachusetts, in 1708, and died in 1793 in Chester, Nova Scotia, whither he had gone in 1763 to be minister to a Dissenting congregation. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1728, and from 1733 to 1757 ministered to the Congregational Church in the town of Harvard, Massachusetts. He achieved great notoriety, while still connected with his Alma Mater, by his *Father Abbey's Will*, a coarsely humorous poem, the subject of which was Matthew Abdy, who held some menial position in connection with the College. This effusion for some inexplicable reason so pleased Governor Belcher that he sent it to England, where it was printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1732 and in *The London Magazine* of the same year. Perhaps not a little of the subsequent British depreciation of American literature was due to the belief that Seccomb's doggerel fairly represented the latter. Fortunately Seccomb, after writing a companion skit, lapsed into comparative silence when he had won his laurels. His poem (*sic*) is given here for illustrative purposes only. Those who wish to know more about it may be referred to the edition of 1854, undertaken by the antiquarian John Langdon Sibley, well-known as the Librarian of Harvard, and a devoted student of its annals.

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.

CAMBRIDGE, *December*, 1730.

Some time since died here, Mr. Matthew Abbey, in a very advanced age: He had for a great number of years served the College in quality of Bedmaker and Sweeper: Having no child, his wife inherits his whole estate which he bequeathed to her by his last will and testament, as follows, viz.: —

To my dear wife,
My joy and life
I freely now do give her
My whole estate,
With all my plate,
Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,
A long cart rope,
A frying pan and kettle,
An ashes pail,
A threshing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine warden pears,
A large old dripping platter,
This bed of hay,
On which I lay,
An old sauce pan for butter.

A little mug,
A two-quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,

A looking-glass,
To see your face
You'll find it very handy.

A musket true
As ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
A leather sash,
My calabash,
My powder horn and bullet.

An old sword blade,
A garden spade,
A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
A wooden can,
A close-stool pan,
A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,
My old ram cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A woollen fleece,
A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning.

A small tooth comb,
An ashen broom,
A candlestick and hatchet,
A coverlid
Striped down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book
By Robin Cook,
A skein or two of spunyarn.

An old black muff,
Some garden stuff,
A quantity of borage,
Some devil's weed
And burdock seed,
To season well your porridge.

A chafing dish,
With one salt fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a flitch of bacon.

A spinning wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well carved,

My little dog
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus Father Abbey left his spouse,
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation
To serve the college in his station.

PATRICK TAILFER.

Patrick Tailfer, who appears to deserve the credit, whatever it may be, of being the main author of the remarkable tract soon to be mentioned, seems to have been a physician by profession. The date and place of his birth are uncertain, as is also the exact time of his emigration to Georgia, whence, becoming dissatisfied with the conduct of affairs, he went, in 1740, to Charleston, South Carolina. There he printed in the following year, with the coöperation of Hugh Anderson, David Douglas, and others, *A True and Historical Narrative of the Colony of Georgia in America from the First Settlement thereof until the Present Period.* This masterpiece of irony was reprinted the same year in London, and can be found by the curious in Force's *Historical Tracts.* It is a bitter accusation of selfishness, greed, and despotism brought against General Oglethorpe, whom even Pope had praised, as merciless as it is contemptuously polite and coolly mordant. It is perhaps the most finished product of colonial polemics, though it is certainly malicious, and probably unjust in most particulars.

AN IRONICAL DEDICATION.

[From "A True and Historical Narrative of the Colony of Georgia," etc. Charleston, S.C., 1741.]

To His Excellency

JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ.

General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces in South Carolina and Georgia; and one of the honorable Trustees for establishing the colony of Georgia in America.

May it please your Excellency,

As the few surviving remains of the colony of Georgia find it necessary to present the world (and in particular Great Britain) with a true state of that province, from its first rise to its present period, your Excellency (of all mankind) is best entitled to the dedication, as the principal author of its present strength and affluence, freedom and prosperity: and though incontestible truths will recommend the following Narrative to the patient and attentive reader, yet your name, Sir, will be no little ornament to the frontispiece, and may possibly engage some courteous perusers a little beyond it.

That dedication and flattery are synonymous is the complaint of every dedicator who concludes himself ingenuous and fortunate, if he can discover a less trite and direct method of flattering than is usually

practised; but we are happily prevented from the least intention of this kind by the repeated offerings of the *Muses* and *News-Writers* to your Excellency in the public papers. 'Twere presumptuous even to dream of equalling or increasing them; we therefore flatter ourselves that nothing we can advance will in the least shock your Excellency's modesty, not doubting but your goodness will pardon any deficiency of elegance and politeness on account of our sincerity and the serious truth we have the honor to approach you with.

We have seen the ancient custom of sending forth colonies, for the improvement of any distant territory or new acquisition, continued down to ourselves; but to your Excellency alone it is owing that the world is made acquainted with a plan highly refined from all those of former projectors. They fondly imagined it necessary to communicate to such young settlements the fullest rights and properties, all the immunities of their mother countries, and privileges rather more extensive. By such means, indeed, these colonies flourished with early trade and affluence; but your Excellency's concern for our perpetual welfare could never permit you to propose such transitory advantages for us. You considered riches, like a divine philosopher, as the *irritamenta malorum* and knew that they were disposed to inflate weak minds with pride, to pamper the body with luxury, and introduce a long variety of evils. Thus have you protected us from ourselves, as Mr. Waller says, by keeping all earthly comforts from us. You have afforded us the opportunity of arriving at the integrity of the primitive times by entailing a more than primi-

tive poverty on us. The toil that is necessary to our bare subsistence most effectually defends us from the anxieties of any further ambition. As we have no properties to feed vain glory and beget contention, so we are not puzzled with any system of laws to ascertain and establish them. The valuable virtue of humility is secured to us by your care to prevent our procuring or so much as seeing any Negroes (the only human creatures proper to improve our soil) lest our simplicity might mistake the poor Africans for greater slaves than ourselves. And that we might fully receive the spiritual benefit of those wholesome austerities, you have wisely denied us the use of such spirituous liquors as might in the least divert our minds from the contemplation of our happy circumstances.

Our subject swells upon us, and did we allow ourselves to indulge our inclination, without considering our weak abilities, we should be tempted to launch out into many of your Excellency's extraordinary endowments, which do not so much regard the affair in hand. But, as this would lead us beyond the bounds of a Dedication, so would it engross a subject too extensive for us to the prejudice of other authors and panegyrists. We shall therefore confine ourselves to that remarkable Scene of your Conduct, whereby Great Britain in general, and the Settlers of Georgia in particular, are laid under such inexpressible obligations.

Be pleased then, Great Sir, To accompany our heated imaginations in taking a view of this colony of Georgia! This child of your auspicious politics! arrived at the utmost vigor of its constitution, at a term

when most former states have been struggling through the convulsions of their infancy. This early maturity, however, lessens our admiration that your Excellency lives to see (what few founders ever aspire after) the great decline and almost final termination of it. So many have finished their course during the progress of the experiment, and such numbers have retreated from the phantoms of poverty and slavery which their cowardly imaginations pictured to them; that you may justly vaunt with the boldest hero of them all,

. . . . . Like death you reign,
O'er silent Subjects and a desert Plain.

—*Busiris.*

Yet must your enemies (if you have any) be reduced to confess, that no ordinary statesman could have digested in the like manner, so capacious a scheme, such a copious jumble of power and politics. We shall content ourselves with observing, that all those beauteous models of government which the little states of Germany exercise, and those extensive liberties which the Boors of Poland enjoy, were designed to concenter in your system; and were we to regard the modes of government, we must have been strangely unlucky to have missed of the best, where there was the appearance of so great a variety; for under the influence of our *Perpetual Dictator*, we have seen something like *Aristocracy*, *Oligarchy*, as well as the *Triumvirate*, *Decemvirate* and *Consular Authority* of famous Republics, which have expired many ages before us: What wonder then we share the same fate? Do their towns and villages exist but in story and rubbish? We are all over ruins; our

public-works, forts, wells, high-ways, light-houses, store and water-mills, &c., are dignified like theirs, with the same venerable desolation. The log-house indeed, is like to be the last forsaken spot of your empire; yet even this, thro' the death or desertion of those who should continue to inhabit it, must suddenly decay; the bankrupt jailor himself shall be soon denied the privilege of human conversation; and when this last moment of the spell expires, the whole shall vanish like the illusion of some *Eastern Magician.*

But let not this solitary prospect impress your Excellency with any fears of having your services to mankind, and to the Settlers of *Georgia* in particular, buried in oblivion; for if we, diminutive authors, are allowed to prophesy (as you know poets in those cases formerly did) we may confidently presage, that while the memoirs of America continue to be read in English, Spanish, or the language of the Scotch High Landers, your Excellency's exploits and epocha will be transmitted to posterity.

Should your Excellency apprehend the least tincture of flattery in anything already hinted; we may sincerely assure you, we intended nothing that our sentiments did not very strictly attribute to your merit; and in such sentiments, we have the satisfaction of being fortified by all persons of impartiality and discernment.

But to trespass no longer on those minutes, which your Excellency may suppose more significantly employed on the sequel; let it suffice at present, to assure you, that we are deeply affected with your favors; and tho' unable of ourselves properly to acknowlege them, we shall embrace every opportunity of recommending you to higher powers, who (we

are hopeful) will reward your Excellency according to your merits.

May it please your Excellency,
Your Excellency's
Most devoted Servants,
The Land-Holders of Georgia,
Authors of the Following Narrative.

THE DICTATORSHIP OF MR. THOMAS CAUSTON, BAILIFF AND STORE-KEEPER.

[From the Same.]

As his power increased, so did his pride, haughtiness and cruelty; insomuch that he caused eight freeholders with an officer, to attend at the door of the court, every day it sat, with their guns and bayonets, and they were commanded, by his orders, to *rest their firelocks* as soon as he appeared; which made people in some manner afraid to speak their minds, or juries to act as their consciences directed them. He was seldom or never uncovered on the bench, not even when an oath was administered; and being perfectly intoxicated with power and pride, he threatened every person without distinction, rich and poor, strangers and inhabitants, who in the least opposed his arbitrary proceedings, or claimed their just rights and privileges, with the stocks, whipping-post and log-house, and many times put those threatenings in execution; so that the Georgia stocks, whipping-post and log-house, soon were famous in Carolina, and everywhere else in America, where the name

of the province was heard of, and the very thoughts of coming to the colony became a terror to people's minds. And now the Province of Carolina, who had, in private and public donations, given upwards of 1300 l. sterling, seeing these things, and how the public money was thrown away, began to despise the colony, and out of a regard to the welfare of their fellow-creatures, persuaded everybody they could from settling in it. That this absolute power might be exercised without the least interruption, the other magistrates were such, that they either were unable or incapable to oppose it. It's true, in December 1734, Mr. Causton met with a little interruption; for the Trustees then sent over to Savannah one Mr. Gordon, as chief magistrate, who being a person of a very winning behavior, affable and fluent in speech, soon got the good-will of everybody, and a great many of the people laid their grievances and hardships open to him, which seemed a little to eclipse Mr. Causton; but he soon found out an expedient to remove this adversary, viz. by refusing him provisions from the store, which in a little time rendered him incapable to support himself and family, whereby he was obliged, after about six weeks stay, to leave the place, in order, as he said, to represent our grievances to the Trustees, and soon after returned to London; but he did not perform his promise, for what reason we sha'n't pretend to determine; and some time thereafter he either resigned or was dismissed from his office of first bailiff, and Mr. Causton was appointed in his stead. As to Mr. Henry Parker, who was appointed third bailiff when Mr. Gordon came over, he was, in

the first place, a man who had nothing to support himself and large family but his day-labor, which was sawing, and consequently as soon as his time was otherwise employed, he must be entirely dependent on the store for his subsistence: In the second place, he was a man of no education; so that Mr. Causton soon moulded him to his own liking, and infused into him what notions he pleased: Thirdly, he was and is an absolute slave to liquor, and he who plies him most with it (which Causton always took care to do, and whose example has been since followed by his successor Jones) has him, right or wrong, on his side. As to Mr. Christie, the Recorder, he was easily over-ruled by the other two; and the same practice was always continued; for he who was appointed third bailiff after Gordon's dismission or resignation, was one Darn, nigh seventy years of age, crazed both in body and mind, who died not long after his appointment; and his successor R. Gilbert, could neither read nor write; so that Causton had never after Gordon's departure, any opposition made by the other magistrates to his arbitrary proceedings. If we should allow ourselves to enter into a detail of the particular instances of such proceedings, we should exceed much our proposed bounds: We shall therefore confine ourselves to two only, which may serve as a specimen of the many others. ONE is, that of Capt. Joseph Watson: This person having incurred Mr. Causton's displeasure, was indicted for stirring up animosities in the minds of the Indians, &c. tending to the ruin and subversion of the colony. Upon his trial, the jury in their verdict, found him only guilty of some unguarded expressions, (altho'

twice returned and hectored by Mr. Causton, who acted both as witness and judge in the matter) and verbally recommended him by their fore-man to the mercy of the court, imagining or supposing he might be lunatic; (however, as it afterwards appeared, it was represented to the Trustees that the jury found him guilty of lunacy in their verdict) whereupon he was immediately confined by Mr. Causton, (altho' sufficient bail was offered) and kept prisoner near three years, without any sentence. But, as we are informed this affair now lies before a proper judicature, we shall say no more of it.

The other instance is that of Mr. Odingsell, who was an inhabitant of Carolina, and had been a great benefactor to the infant colony of Georgia, having given several head of cattle and other valuable contributions, towards the promoting it. This person having come to Savannah to see how the colony succeeded, after he had been there a few days, being abroad sometime after it was night, as he was going to his lodgings was taken up in the street for a stroller, carried to the guard-house, and threatened with the stocks and whipping-post; the terror and fright of which (he being a mild and peaceable man) threw him into a high fever with a strong delirium, crying out to every person who came near him, *that they were come to carry him to the whipping-post;* and after lying two or three days in this distracted condition, he was carried aboard his boat in order to be sent home, and died in the way somewhere about Dawfuskee Sound.

THOMAS PRINCE.

Thomas Prince, one of the most learned and accurate of colonial historians, was born in Sandwich, Massachusetts, May 15, 1687, and died in Boston, October 22, 1758. After his graduation at Harvard in the class of 1707, he visited the West Indies, Madeira, and England, remaining in the mother country from 1709 to 1717, doing occasional preaching. On his return to Boston he was ordained co-pastor of the Old South Church, and was connected with that congregation till his death. He attained considerable eminence as a preacher, but still more as a scholar. Already, while in college, he had begun to collect historical colonial manuscripts and the writings of New England divines. These collections, the basis of his own most important book, were deposited in the Old South Church, and destroyed in part by fire in 1775. What remains may be consulted in the Boston Public Library. It is needless to give a complete list of his numerous publications, which consist of many sermons, some editions of historical tracts, notes on earthquakes and other phenomena of nature, and his *Chronological History of New England* — a laborious compilation of great value, the first volume of which was issued in 1736, but was not warmly enough received to encourage its author to continue the work until nearly twenty

years had elapsed. Then only three instalments of the second volume were published. Scholars have found these annals very valuable, and have wished that Prince and his contemporary, Stith, could have brought their work down to their own times.

ITEMS FROM THE CONTINUATION OF THE ANNALS OF NEW ENGLAND. 1755.

Advertisement.

Having brought our Annals of New-England down to the Settlement of the Massachusetts Colony, in the 1st volumn; and having lately received a most authentic and valuable Journal of Events relating to said colony, — from the time when their 1st Gov. Winthrop, Dep. Gov. Dudley, eleven Assistants, with their Charter, four ministers, & about 1500 people were waiting at the Isle of Wight & other places in the South and West of England, to sail for this desired land; viz. from Monday, March 29. 1630, to Jan. 11. 1648, 9: Wherein are many remarkables not to be found any where else; and whereby alone we are enabled to correct many mistakes and ascertain the dates of many articles in others: — all wrote with the said Gov. Winthrop's own hand, who deceased in the very house I dwell in, the 26th of March after: I may now proceed with a further enlargement of intelligence, and with a greater certainty and exactness.

And for my readers' greater satisfaction I shall also go on, as I did before, to give them, not my own

expressions, but those of the authors who lived in the times they wrote of; excepting now and then a word or note of mine for explanation sake, distinguished from theirs by being enclosed in such marks as [These]. So that we may as it were hear those eminent persons, Gov. Bradford, Gov. Winslow, Gov. Winthrop, Mr. Secretary Morton of Plymouth; Gov. Bradstreet, Mr. Secretary Nowell, &c. in the Massachusetts Colony records; the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, and others, telling us the remarkable events of the times they lived in.

But as I was unhappily obliged to close the former volumn abruptly in September 1630, about 2 months after our entering the 2d Section of the iid Part; I must refer to that, and begin the iid Volumn with September 28, in continuation of the

2d Section

Containing Articles from the begining of the Settlement of the Massachusetts or 2d Colony, to the Settlement of the 7th and last, by the combination of 41 persons into a form of Government at Piscataqua, on Oct. 22. 1640, afterwards called the Province of New-Hampshire.

[Oct. 1630.] The first execution in Plymouth Colony: which is a matter of great sadness to us, is of one John Billington; for waylaying and shooting John Newcomen, a young man, in the shoulder, whereof he died. The said Billington was one of the profanest among us. He came from London and I know not by what friends shuffled into our Company. We used all due means about his trial:

was found guilty both by grand and petty jury ; and we took the advice of Mr. Winthrop and others, the ablest gentlemen in the Massachusetts Bay, who all concured with us that he ought to die and the land be purged from blood. — [Taken from Bradford.]

[Jan. 3d 1631.] Dies [at Boston] the daughter of Mr. Sharp [I suppose Thomas Sharp Esq. one of the Assistants] a godly virgin, making a comfortable end after a long sickness. The Plantation here [i.e. I suppose at Boston] received not the like loss of any woman since we came hither ; and therefore she well deserves to be remembered in this place. And among those who died [at Boston] about the end of Jan. was the daughter of John Ruggles, a girl of eleven years old, who in the time of her sickness expressed to the minister and those about her so much faith and assurance of salvation as is rarely found in any of that age ; Which I thought not unworthy here to commit to memory. And if any tax me with wasting paper with recording these small matters, such may consider that small things in the beginning of politic bodies are as remarkable as greater in bodies full grown. — [From Gov. Dudley.]

[1632.] This year, the General Court of Pc [Plymouth Colony] make an extraordinary Act; That whoever refuses the Office of Governor, shall pay £20 Sterling, unless he were chose two years going; and whoever refuses the Office of Counsellor or Magistrate, £10 Sterling. — [From a manuscript letter.]

[1633.] This spring, or especially all the month of May, there are such [numbers] of a great sort of

flies, like for bigness to bumble-bees, which come out of holes in the ground [in Pc] replenish all the wood, eat the green things, and make such a constant yelling noise as all the woods ring of them and [deafens] the hearers. The Indians tell us that sickness will follow: and so it [proves] in June, July and August. They have not by the English been heard or seen before or since [i.e. to the beginning of 1647, when Gov. Bradford ends his History: but have in like manner at distant periods risen up since, and are known by the name of Locusts].

WILLIAM DOUGLASS.

William Douglass was a Scotchman who came to America in 1716 when he was about twenty-five years of age. Two years later he settled in Boston, where he attained great reputation as a physician and *savant*. His influence was lessened, however, by the free way in which he expressed rather unorthodox religious views, and conducted political and scientific controversies. He was really a partisan journalist, and it is because he showed great ability in his fulminations against persons and things he did not like, that his *Summary, or Historical Account of the British Settlements* (1747–1753) is interesting, especially for its juicy footnotes, to the general reader, and valuable, in spite of its prejudices and inaccuracies, to the historical student. His medical writings do not concern us; but it is worth noting that he printed a good almanac, and that through his benefactions he was accorded the honor of having a town in Worcester County named after him. He died in his adopted home, October 21, 1752, and in him the New World lost a most picturesque and useful citizen who, if he did oppose inoculation for small-pox, nevertheless anathematized the craze for paper money in a most effective style.

THE BUCCANEERS.

[From "A Summary, Historical and Political," etc, 1747. Footnote, Vol. I. p. 40, Section II. Article II. Ed. of 1755.]

The Buccaneers originally were a vagrant, vicious, seafaring, piratical people, chiefly English and French. They were used to kill wild bulls and cows with long fusees, called Buccanier-pieces, for their hides and tallow; at first they committed depredations only upon the Spaniards and Spanish settlements (Morgan took Porto-Bello and Panama, anno 1671), and although a notorious pirate was knighted by that prince of pleasure and whim, King Charles ii, but afterwards was a disgrace. They carried on this *Bellum Piraticum* against the Spaniards in the West-Indies from anno 1666 to anno 1688, mad-man like, for small booty, and that soon consumed; they suffered the greatest fatigues, hunger and risk of life. They first formed themselves upon a small island called Tortugas, north of Hispaniola (all islands where tortoise or turtle frequent, are by the Spaniards called Tortugas; that island near the Margaritas upon the coast of New-Spain, from whence by a Spanish treaty at Madrid, anno 1716, New-England brings salt for their fishery, is called Salt-Tortugas) as also upon the N.W. parts of Hispaniola; the court of France sent them over a governor, and colonized them; this is the original of the French rich settlements there; it is true, when the French had the Spanish Assiento contract for negroes, Spain consented to their having a lodge and

place of refreshment there; by their usual way of encroaching upon their neighbors, they are now become superior to the Spanish of Hispaniola.

A SPICY FOOTNOTE ON BISHOP BERKELEY.

[From the Same, Footnote, Vol. I. p. 149.]

This notion of a healthful climate, gave occasion to a late scheme projected by a whimsical man, dean B——ly, since bishop of Cl[oy]ne in Ireland, of founding in Bermudas an university college or seminary for the education of the British American youth. Projectors are generally inconsiderate, rash, and run too fast. He did not consider that places for health are accommodated for valetudinarians and old people; whereas young people, where the stamina vitæ are good, seldom want health (at Harvard-college in Cambridge near Boston in New-England, not exceeding one or two per cent. per ann. die) this place is of very difficult access or navigation; does not produce a sufficiency for the present parsimonious inhabitants. This abstracted notion seems only adequate to the conceptions of a common school-master, to keep his boys together (as a shepherd does by folding of his sheep) while they learn to read English, and labor at the rudiments of the Latin language; whereas young gentlemen, students of the belles-lettres, civil history, natural history, or any of the three learned professions, require a larger field than that of a small island divulsed (if we may so express it) from the

world or continents of the earth. He hired a ship, put on board a good library (some part of it he bountifully bestowed upon the colleges of Massachusetts-bay and Connecticut in New-England) and in company with some gentlemen of great worth, after a tedious winter passage, put in at Rhode-Island, a small colony of New-England; built a kind of a cell, lived there a recluse life for some time, until this fit of enthusiasm did defervesce, and was convinced of the idleness of his whim, did not proceed, but returned to England.

There are enthusiasts in all affairs of life; this man of himself was an enthusiast in many affairs of life; not confined to religion and the education of youth; he invaded another of the learned professions, Medicine, which in a peculiar manner is called the learned profession; he published a book called *Siris* (the *ratio nominis* I cannot investigate) or tar-water, an universal medicine or *panacea;* he never knew it fail, if copiously administered, of curing any fever; whereas many fevers, viz. that of the plague, of the small-pox, with symptoms of purples and general hæmorrhages, &c. in their own nature, to most constitutions from first seizure are mortal, by an universal necrosis or sudden blast of the constitution. It cures the murrain, rot, and all other malignant distempers amongst cattle, sheep &c. The continued or long use of it does violence to the constitution; in asthmas, and rheumatic disorder, a short use of it has been beneficial, but our materia medica affords more efficacious and safe medicines; it is at present almost worn out of fashion. Tar is only turpentine by fire rendered of a caustic quality; whereas turpentine (and consequently its water or decoction) by the experience of

many ages, has been found a most beneficent, medicinal, natural balsam.

He ought to have checked this officious genius (unless in his own profession way he had acquired this nostrum by inspiration) from intruding into the affairs of a distinct profession. Should a doctor in medicine practice public praying and preaching (though only in a quack or Whitefield vagrant manner) with pious, private, ghostly advice and exhortations to his patients alias penitents, the clergy would immediately take the alarm, and use their Bruta Fulmina against this other profession. This seems to be well expressed in a London News-paper by way of banter or ridicule

> The bishop's book annoys the learned tribe;
> They threaten hard, "We'll preach, if you prescribe."

As this Bermudas college projection, and his residence in New-England, have rendered him famous in North-America, perhaps it may not be impertinent to give some further history of MR. P——ly, in his proper character as a divine: I shall take it from his Minute Philosopher, a book composed in New-England, and confine it to his wild notions of mysteries in religion. He says that from a certain enthusiasm in human nature all religions do sprout: from the faith which children have in the directions of their parents: from the great share that faith has in the policy of nations (he means the Arcana Imperii) and in common commerce or trade, we are led to faith in religious revelations. Since we cannot explain many obvious things in nature, why should we be obliged to do so in religion? In a very loose expression, he compares mysteries in religion to the enthusiastic, and

to demonstration non-entities of the philosopher's stone in chemistry, and of perpetual motion in mechanics. The abstracted idea of a triangle is as difficult as that of the Trinity ; that of the communication of motion, as difficult as that of the communication of grace. We ought to have the same reason for trusting the priest in religion, that we have for trusting the lawyer or physician with our fortune or life ; thus every man ought to have a liberty of choosing his own priest and religion ; this is too general a toleration, and puts an end to all social religion.

To conclude, the right reverend the bishop of Cl——ne, notwithstanding of his peculiarities, is a most generous, beneficent, and benevolent gentleman, as appears by his donations in New-England.

CONCERNING THE GENERAL NATURE AND CONSTITUTION OF BRITISH NORTH-AMERICAN COLONIES

[Section iv. Article ii.]

All our American Settlements are properly Colonies, not Provinces as they are generally called : Province respects a conquered people (the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru may perhaps in propriety bear this appellation) under a jurisdiction imposed upon them by the conqueror ; Colonies are formed of national people *v.g.* British in the British Colonies, transported to form a settlement in a foreign or remote country.

The first settlers of our colonies, were formed from various sorts of people. 1. Laudably ambitious adventurers. 2. The malecontents, the unfortunate, the necessitous from home. 3. Transported criminals. The present proportion of these ingredients in the several Plantations varies much, for reasons which shall be mentioned in the particular sections of Colonies, and does depend much upon the condition of the first settlers: Some were peopled by Rebel Tories, some by Rebel Whigs (that principle which at one time is called royalty, at another time is called rebellion) some by Church of England-Men, some by Congregationalists or Independents, some by Quakers, some by Papists (Maryland and Monserrat) the most unfit People to incorporate with our constitution.

Colonies have an incidental good effect, they drain from the mother-country the disaffected and the vicious (in this same manner, subsequent colonies purge the more ancient colonies); Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, drained from Massachusetts-Bay, the Antinomians, Quakers, and other wild sectaries. Perhaps in after times (as it is at times with the Lord Lieutenants and other high officers in Ireland) some malecontents of figure, capable of being troublesome to the administration at home, may be sent in some great offices to the Plantations.

In our Colonies we have four sorts of people. 1. Masters, that is planters and merchants. 2. White Servants. 3. Indian Servants. 4. Slaves for life, mostly Negroes. White servants are of two sorts, viz. poor people from Great Britain, and Ireland mostly, these are bound or sold, as some express it,

for a certain number of years, to reimburse the transporting charges, with some additional profit; the others are criminals judicially transported, and their time of exile and servitude sold by certain undertakers and their agents.

In our American settlements, generally the designations are, Province, where the King appoints a Governor; Colony, where the freemen elect their own Governor: This customary acceptation is not universal; Virginia is called a Colony, perhaps because formerly a Colony, and the most ancient.

We have some Settlements with a Governor only; others with Governor and Council, such are Newfoundland, Nova-Scotia, Hudson's Bay, and Georgia, without any house or negative deputed by the planters, according to the essence of a British Constitution: These, may be said, not colonized.

There are various sorts of Royal Grants of Colonies. 1. To one or more personal proprietors, their heirs and assigns; such are Maryland and Pennsylvania; both property and government. 2. The property to personal Proprietors; the government and jurisdiction in the Crown: this is the state of Carolinas and Jersies. 3. Property and government in the Crown, viz. Virginia, New York, and New-Hampshire, commonly called Piscataqua. 4. Property in the people and their Representatives; the government in the Crown; as is Massachusetts-Bay. 5. Property and government in the Governor and Company, called the Freemen of the Colony, such are Connecticut and Rhode-Island.

This last seems to be the most effectual method of the first settling and peopling of a Colony; Mankind

are naturally desirous of parity and leveling, without any fixed superiority, but when a society is come to maturity, a more distinct fixed subordination is found to be requisite. Connecticut, Rhode-Island, and some of the Proprietary Governments, are of opinion, that they are not obliged to attend to, or follow any instructions or orders from their Mother-Country or Court of Great-Britain ; they do not send their laws home to the Plantation-Offices to be presented to the King in Council for approbation or disallowance : They assume the command of the militia, which by the British Constitution is a prerogative of the Crown : Some time ago, they refused not only a preventive custom-house office, but likewise a Court of Vice-Admiralty's officers appointed from home ; but these points they have given up, especially considering that the Royal Charter grants them only the privilege of trying causes, *intra corpus comitatus*, but not a-float or *super altum mare*.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. DOUGLASS'S

Numerous Animadversations and Digressions upon Paper Currencies.

From time to time, anticipating the affair of currencies referred to the appendix, may be excused : this pernicious desolating torrent, becoming more and more violent, requires a more speedy resistance.

The colony of Massachusetts-Bay was the leader of paper currencies in the British Plantations, and have now at length carried this fraud to the utmost

(even beyond North Carolina management) if carried further the staple must break, and the fraud of the wicked projectors (in all affairs there are limits which in the nature of things cannot be exceeded) cease. —[*Summary*, Vol. I. p. 359, note.]

In this article we shall have frequent occasion to mention money-affairs, viz. emissions of public provincial bills of credit called paper-money ; supplies of the treasury ; annual taxes, salaries, and other government charges ; all which at various times have been expressed in various tenors ; viz. Old tenor, middle tenor, new tenor first, new tenor second, which in the face of the bill is about twelve per cent. worse than new tenor first, but from the inaccuracy of our people, and an abandoned neglect of a proper credit, pass indifferently at the same value.—[Vol. I. p. 493.]

The fallacious plantation paper-money currencies are a most disagreeable topic, and fall too often in my way : here I cannot avoid observing, that the habitual practice of this paper-money cheat has had a bad influence not only upon profligate private persons, but upon the administration of some of our New England governments : for instance, one of the legislature, a singer of the Rhode-Island colony bills, was not long since convicted of signing counterfeit bills.—[Vol. II. p. 87, note.]

WILLIAM STITH.

William Stith, distinguished among his fellow-Virginians as clergyman, educator, and historian, was born in 1689, and died at Williamsburg, September 27, 1755. His family connections, especially with the Randolphs, assisted him in the development of his literary and professional talents, and he studied theology and was ordained in England. In 1731 he became master of the Grammar School at William and Mary, and seven years later was chosen Chaplain of the House of Burgesses. In 1752, he reaped almost the sole reward of his previous labors as a historian by being elected President of the college. His *History of Virginia from the First Settlement to the Dissolution of the London Company* appeared at Williamsburg in 1747 (new ed., N.Y., 1866), but he was apparently not much encouraged by the aristocratic planters in behalf of whose family and colonial pride he had labored so diligently. His work is accurate and scholarly, but very diffuse, as Jefferson afterward declared. Yet for the limited period it covers, it is distinctly valuable, and its learned author should be remembered as one of the few Southern scholars of his time.

A SKETCH OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

[From the "History of Virginia." 1747.]

He was born a gentleman, to a competent fortune, at Willoughby in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. From his very childhood, he had a roving and romantic fancy, and was strangely set upon performing some brave and adventurous achievement. Accordingly, being about thirteen years of age at school, he sold his satchel and books, and all he had, to raise money, in order to go secretly beyond sea. But his father dying just at that time, he was stopped for the present, and fell into the hands of guardians, more intent on improving his estate, than him. However, at fifteen, in the year 1594, he was bound to a merchant at Lynne, the most considerable trader in those parts. But because he would not send him immediately to sea, he found means in the train of Mr. Peregrine Berty, second son to the Lord Willoughby, to pass into France. Here, and in the Low-Countries, he first learned the rudiments of war; to which profession he was led by a strong propensity of genius. He was afterwards carried into Scotland, with delusive hopes, from a Scottish gentleman, of being effectually recommended to King James. But soon finding himself baffled in his expectations, he returned to Willoughby, his native place; where, meeting with no company agreeable to his way of thinking, he retired into a wood, at a good distance from any town, and there built himself a pavilion of boughs, and was wholly employed in studying some

treatises of the art of war, and in the exercise of his horse and lance. But his friends, being concerned at such a whimsical turn of mind, prevailed with an Italian gentleman, rider to the Earl of Lincoln, to insinuate himself into his acquaintance; and, as he was an expert horseman, and his talent and studies lay the same way with Mr. Smith's, he drew him from his sylvan retirement, to spend some time with him at Tattersall.

But Smith's genius soon hurried him again into Flanders; where, lamenting to see such effusion of Christian blood, he resolved to try his fortune against the Turks. In order to this, he passed through France, with variety of adventure and misfortune, in which he always showed a high and martial spirit. At Marseilles he embarked for Italy. But the ship meeting with much foul weather, a rabble of pilgrims on board hourly cursed him for a Huguenot, railed at Queen Elizabeth and his whole nation, and swore they should never have fair weather, as long as he was in the ship. At last, the passions of these pious Christians rose so high, that they threw him overboard; trusting, we may suppose, in the merit and supererogation of that holy pilgrimage, to expiate the trifling offence and peccadillo of murder. However, Smith, by the Divine assistance, got safe to a small uninhabited island, against Nice in Savoy. From thence he was, the next day, taken off by a French Rover, who treated him very kindly, and with whom he therefore made the tour of the whole Mediterranean, both on the Mahometan and the Christian coasts. At length, after a desperate battle, having taken a very rich Venetian ship, the generous Frenchman set him ashore, with

his share of the prize: amounting to five hundred sequins in specie, and a box of rich commodities, worth near as much more. And now out of curiosity ranging all the regions and principalities of Italy, he at last went to Vienna, and entered himself a gentleman volunteer, in Count Meldritch's regiment, against the Turk.

He had not been long in the Christian army, before he was distinguished for a man of great personal bravery; and in the sieges of Olumpagh and Alba-Regalis, he was the author of some stratagems, which showed a happy talent for war, and did signal service to the Christian cause. He was thereupon immediately advanced to the command of a troop of horse; and was, soon after, made sergeant-major of the regiment, a post, at that time, next to the lieutenant-colonel. But Count Meldritch, a Transylvanian nobleman by birth, afterwards passed with his regiment out of the imperial service into that of his natural prince, Sigismond Bathori, Duke of Transylvania. And here, endeavoring to recover some patrimonial lordships, then in the possession of the Turk, he laid siege to a strong town, chiefly inhabited by renegados and banditti. Whilst their works were advancing slowly, and with great difficulty, a Turkish officer issued forth of the town, and challenged any Christian, of the dignity of a captain, to a single combat. Many were eager of the honor of humbling this haughty Musselman; but it was at last decided, by lot, in favor of Captain Smith. Accordingly, the ramparts of the town being filled with fair dames and men in arms, and the Christian army drawn up in battalia, the combatants entered the field, well mounted and

richly armed, to the sound of hautboys and trumpets; where, at the first encounter, Smith bore the Turk dead to the ground, and went off triumphantly with his head. But the infidel garrison being enraged at this he afterwards engaged two other officers; and, being a great master of his arms and the management of his horse, he carried off their heads, in the same manner. After which being attended with a guard of six thousand men, with the three Turkish horses led before him, and before each a Turk's head upon a spear, he was conducted to the General's pavilion; who received him with open arms, and presented him with a fine horse, richly caparisoned, and with a scimitar and belt, worth three hundred ducats. Soon after, the Duke himself, coming to view his army, gave him his picture, set in gold; settled three hundred ducats upon him, as a yearly pension; and issued his letters patent of noblesse, giving him three Turk heads, in a shield, for his arms; which coat he ever afterwards bore, and it was admitted and recorded in the Herald's office in England, by Sir William Segar, Garter, principal King at Arms.

But, soon after, the Duke of Transylvania was deprived of his dominions by the Emperor; and Smith, at the fatal battle of Rottenton, in the year 1602, was left upon the field, among the dreadful carnage of Christians, as dead. But the pillagers, perceiving life in him, and judging, by the richness of his habit and armor, that his ransom might be considerable, took great pains to recover him. After that, he was publicly sold, among the other prisoners; and was bought by a Bashaw, who sent him to Constantinople, as a present to his mistress, Charatza Tragabigzanda,

a beautiful young Tartarian lady. Smith was then twenty-three years of age, in the bloom of life, and, as it seems, of a very handsome person. For this young lady was so moved with compassion, or rather love, for him, that she treated him with the utmost tenderness and regard. And, to prevent his being ill used or sold by her mother, she sent him into Tartary, to her brother, who was Timor Bashaw of Nalbrits, on the Palus Mœotis. Here she intended he should stay, to learn the language, together with the manners and religion of the Turks, till time should make her mistress of herself.

But the Bashaw, suspecting something of the matter, from the affectionate expressions with which she recommended and pressed his good usage, only treated Smith with the greater cruelty and inhumanity. Smith's high spirit, raised also by a consciousness of Tragabigzanda's passion, could but ill brook his harsh treatment. At last, being one day threshing alone at a grange above a league from the house, the Timor came, and took occasion to kick, spurn and revile him, that, forgetting all reason, Smith beat out his brains with his threshing bat. Then reflecting upon his desperate state, he hid the body under the straw, filled his knapsack with corn, put on the Timor's clothes, and, mounting his horse, fled into the deserts of Circassia. After two or three days' fearful wandering, he happened, providentially, on the castragan, or great road, that leads into Muscovy. Following this for sixteen days, with infinite dread and fatigue, he at last arrived at a Muscovite garrison on the frontiers. Here he was kindly entertained and presented, as also at all the places through which he passed.

Having travelled through Siberia, Muscovy, Transylvania, and the midst of Europe, he at length found his old friend and gracious patron, the Duke of Transylvania, at Leipsic, together with Count Meldritch, his colonel. Having spent some time with them, the Duke at his departure gave him a pass, intimating the services he had done, and the honors he had received; presenting him, at the same time, with fifteen hundred ducats of gold, to repair his losses. And, although he was now intent on returning to his native country, yet, being furnished with this money, he spent some time in travelling through the principal cities and provinces of Germany, France, and Spain. From the last, being led by the rumor of wars, he passed over into Africa, and visited the court of Morocco. Having viewed many of the places and curiosities of Barbary, he at last returned, through France, to England; and, in his passage in a French galley, they had a most desperate engagement, for two or three days together, with two Spanish men-of-war. In England all things were still, and in the most profound peace; so that there was no room or prospect for a person of his active and warlike genius. And therefore, having spent some time in an idle and uneasy state, he willingly embarked himself with Captain Gosnold, in the project of settling colonies in America, and came to Virginia.

His conduct here has been sufficiently related, and I shall finish his character, with the testimonies of some of his soldiers and fellow adventurers. They own him to have made justice his first guide, and experience his second: That he was ever fruitful in expedients, to provide for the people under his com-

mand, whom he would never suffer to want any thing, he either had, or could procure: That he rather chose to lead, than send his soldiers into danger; and, upon all hazardous or fatiguing expeditions, always shared everything equally with his company and never desired any of them to do or undergo anything, that he was not ready to do or undergo himself: That he hated baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity, more than any danger: That he would suffer want, rather than borrow; and starve, sooner than not pay: That he loved action more than words; and hated falsehood and covetousness worse than death: and that his adventures gave life and subsistency to the colony, and his loss was their ruin and destruction. They confess, that there were many captains in that age (as there are indeed in all ages) who were no soldiers; but that Captain Smith was a soldier, of the true old English stamp, who fought, not for gain or empty praise, but for his country's honor and the public good; That his wit, courage, and success here, were worthy of eternal memory: That by the mere force of his virtue and courage, he awed the Indian kings, and made them submit, and bring presents: That, notwithstanding such a stern and invincible resolution, there was seldom seen a milder and more tender heart than his was: That he had nothing in him counterfeit or sly, but was open, honest, and sincere: and that they never knew a soldier, before him, so free from those military vices of wine, tobacco, debts, dice, and oaths.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, by common consent the greatest of American divines, and one of the great theologians and metaphysicians of the world, was born of good New England stock at East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5, 1702. A wonderfully precocious child, he wrote a paper at the age of ten to disprove the materiality of the soul. He entered Yale when only twelve years old, and graduated in due course, pursuing studies in the natural sciences and metaphysics that were in advance of his years, and indeed of his country. During this period all his doubts as to the reconciliation of God's absolute sovereignty with the damnation of a large part of the human race suddenly vanished, and he was filled instead with a kind of God-intoxication which remained with him through life. He studied theology, preached in New York in 1722, became a tutor in Yale the next year, and in 1726 accepted an invitation to become the colleague of his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, the distinguished pastor of the church at Northampton, Massachusetts. The next year he married Sarah Pierrepont, whom he had previously described in the exquisite fragment given among our selections. His married life was most happy, and for half a generation his ministerial career was all that even he could have desired. He communed with nature as a poet, he preached eloquent sermons which in that time of religious revival deeply affected many souls, he developed

the contributions he was later to make to metaphysics and the Calvinistic theology. His success as a moving preacher probably culminated in the famous sermon preached at Enfield, Connecticut, July 8, 1741, passages from which will be found in our extracts. Three years later his relations with his parishioners became strained, through his well-meaning but rather ill-advised efforts to prevent the young people of his congregation from reading fiction which was probably much less demoralizing than he imagined it to be. Shortly after, he undertook to enforce the old Congregational rule restricting admission to the church to persons professing religious convictions. As a result of this serious friction, he was forced to resign his charge in the summer of 1750. Posterity has, of course, sided with him, but it seems clear that his parishioners were not without a case. His friends, especially in Scotland, stood by him, however, and parishes were offered him, but he preferred to become a simple missionary to the Indians at Stockbridge. Here he preached and labored upon some of his great metaphysical and theological works until in 1757 he was called to succeed his son-in-law, President Burr of Princeton. He was installed early in 1758, but was not permitted to serve more than a few weeks, for, having been inoculated against the small-pox, he was taken with the disease and died on March 22.

Edwards's fame as a great thinker has steadily increased since his death. Competent judges are inclined to doubt whether America has ever produced a man gifted with more sheer intellectual force. Certainly no other American has taken in the eyes of

foreigners such rank as a metaphysician and theologian. Yet the man was as great in his private character as in his character of thinker. Under other circumstances he might have developed into a great poet, and even as it is, many wonderfully poetical passages are to be found in his writings. No complete edition of these is to be obtained, but there are three, in eight, ten, and four volumes respectively, and there is an admirable short biography by the Rev. A. V. G. Allen, which furnishes the general reader with the needed criticism of a theology which is naturally somewhat antiquated. Edwards's most important works, which, when all deductions have been made, remain a fount of inspiration to those who truly think, are as follows: *Faithful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God* (1736), *Treatise concerning the Religious Affections* (1746), *On the Freedom of the Will* (1754), *Treatise on Original Sin* (1758), *History of Redemption* (1774). To these should be added his numerous sermons, his *Thoughts concerning the Present Revival of Religion in New England* (1742), his *Life of David Brainerd*, and finally his valuable juvenile notes on scientific subjects, and his various personal memoranda.

EXTRACTS FROM EDWARDS'S RESOLUTIONS.

[Formed in Early Life.]

4. *Resolved never to* Do, Be *or* Suffer, anything in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God.

34. Resolved, never to speak in narrations anything but the pure and simple verity.

41. Resolved, to ask myself at the end of every day, week, month, and year, wherein I could possibly in any respect have done better.

43. Resolved, never to act as if I were anyway my own, but entirely and altogether God's.

47. Resolved, to endeavor to my utmost to deny whatever is not most agreeable to a good, and universally sweet and benevolent, quiet, peaceable, contented, easy, compassionate, generous, humble, meek, modest, submissive, obliging, diligent and industrious, charitable, even, patient, moderate, forgiving, serene temper; and to do at all times what such a temper would lead me to. Examine strictly every week, whether I have done so.

52. I frequently hear persons in old age say how they would live, if they were to live their lives over again: Resolved, that I will live just so as I can think I shall wish I had done, supposing I live to old age.

EXTRACTS FROM EDWARDS'S DIARY.

Saturday, March 2 (1723) O, how much pleasanter is humility than pride! O, that God would fill me with exceeding great humility, and that he would evermore keep me from all pride! The pleasures of humility are really the most refined, inward, and exquisite delights in the world. How hateful is a proud man! How hateful is a worm that lifts up itself with pride! What a foolish, silly, miserable, blind, deceived, poor worm am I, when pride works!

Wednesday, March 6, near sunset. Felt the doctrines of election, free grace, and of one not being able to do anything without the grace of God, and that holiness is entirely, throughout, the work of God's spirit, with more pleasure than before.

* * * * * * * *

Saturday night, April 13. I could pray more heartily this night, for the forgiveness of my enemies, than ever before.

* * * * * * * *

Thursday, May 2. I think it a very good way to examine dreams every morning when I awake; what are the nature, circumstances, principles, and ends of my imaginary actions and passions in them, to discern what are my chief inclinations, etc.

THE POETRY OF SPIRITUALITY.

[From the "Personal Narrative found among his Mss."]

From about that time, I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward, sweet sense of these things, at times, came into my heart; and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. I found no books so delightful to me, as those that treated of these subjects. Those words

Cant. ii. 1. used to be abundantly with me, "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys." The words seemed to me sweetly to represent the loveliness and beauty of Jesus Christ. The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much in reading it, about that time; and found, from time to time, an inward sweetness, that would carry me away, in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapt and swallowed up in God. The sense I had of divine things would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart; an ardor of soul, that I know not how to express.

Not long after I first began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together: it was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually

increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered: there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything; in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things: in the mean time, singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural for me to sing, or chant forth my meditations; or to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

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The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness; to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine

love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on heaven, and the enjoyments there; and on living there in perfect holiness, humility and love; and it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and burden, that what I felt within, I could not express as I desired. The inward ardor of my soul seemed to be hindered and pent up, and could not freely flame out as it would. I used often to think how in heaven this principle should freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared exceedingly delightful, as a world of love; and that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness; and said sometimes to myself, "I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the gospel prescribes." It appeared to me, that there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely; the highest beauty and amiableness — a *divine* beauty; far purer than anything here upon earth; and that everything else was like mire and defilement in comparison of it.

Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, ap-

peared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature-holiness that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart and poverty of spirit; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this — to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL; that I might become as a little child.

Once, as I rode out into the country for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception — which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour; which kept me the greater part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to

trust in him, to live upon him; to serve and follow him; and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity. I have, several other times, had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effects.

SARAH PIERREPONT, AFTERWARD HIS WIFE.

[Written on a Blank Leaf, in 1723.]

They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him — that she expects after a while to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweet-

ness, calmness and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD CONVERT.

[From "Narrative of Surprising Conversions." 1736.]

I now proceed to the other instance that I would give an account of, which is of the little child forementioned. Her name is Phebe Bartlet, daughter of William Bartlet. I shall give the account as I took it from the mouths of her parents, whose veracity none that know them doubt of.

She was born in March, in the year 1731. About the latter end of April, or beginning of May, 1735, she was greatly affected by the talk of her brother, who had been hopefully converted a little before, at about eleven years of age, and then seriously talked to her about the great things of religion. Her parents did not know of it at that time, and were not wont, in the counsels they gave to their children, particularly to direct themselves to her, by reason of her being so young, and, as they supposed, not capable of understanding; but, after her brother had talked to her, they observed her very earnestly to listen to the

advice they gave to the other children, and she was observed very constantly to retire, several times in a day, as was concluded, for secret prayer, and grew more and more engaged in religion, and was more frequently in her closet, till at last she was wont to visit it five or six times in a day, and was so engaged in it, that nothing would, at any time, divert her from her stated closet exercises. Her mother often observed and watched her, when such things occurred, as she thought most likely to divert her, either by putting it out of her thoughts, or otherwise engaging her inclinations, but never could observe her to fail. She mentioned some very remarkable instances.

She once, of her own accord, spake of her unsuccessfulness, in that she could not find God, or to that purpose. But on Thursday, the last day of July, about the middle of the day, the child being in the closet, where it used to retire, its mother heard it speaking aloud, which was unusual, and never had been observed before; and her voice seemed to be as of one exceeding importunate and engaged, but her mother could distinctly hear only these words (spoken in her childish manner, but seemed to be spoken with extraordinary earnestness, and out of distress of soul), "Pray bessed Lord give me salvation! I pray, beg pardon all my sins!" When the child had done prayer, she came out of the closet, and came and sat down by her mother, and cried out aloud. Her mother very earnestly asked her several times, what the matter was, before she would make any answer, but she continued exceedingly crying, and writhing her body to and fro, like one in anguish of spirit. Her mother then asked her whether she was afraid

that God would not give her salvation. She then answered, "Yes, I am afraid I shall go to hell!" Her mother then endeavored to quiet her, and told her she would not have her cry — she must be a good girl, and pray every day, and she hoped God would give her salvation. But this did not quiet her at all — but she continued thus earnestly crying and taking on for some time, till at length she suddenly ceased crying and began to smile, and presently said with a smiling countenance, "Mother, the kingdom of heaven is come to me!" Her mother was surprised at the sudden alteration, and at the speech, and knew not what to make of it, but at first said nothing to her. The child presently spake again, and said, "There is another come to me, and there is another — there is three;" and being asked what she meant, she answered, "One is, thy will be done, and there is another — enjoy him forever;" by which it seems that when the child said, "There is three come to me," she meant three passages of her catechism that came to her mind.

After the child had said this, she retired again into her closet; and her mother went over to her brother's, who was next neighbor; and when she came back, the child, being come out of the closet, meets her mother with this cheerful speech, "I can find God now!" Referring to what she had before complained of, that she could not find God. Then the child spoke again, and said, "I love God!" Her mother asked her how well she loved God, whether she loved God better than her father and mother, she said, "Yes." Then she asked whether she loved God better than her little sister Rachel, she answered,

"Yes, better than anything!" Then her eldest sister, referring to her saying she could find God now, asked her where she could find God; she answered, "In heaven." "Why," said she, "have you been in heaven?" "No," said the child. By this it seems not to have been any imagination of anything seen with bodily eyes that she called God, when she said "I can find God now." Her mother asked her whether she was afraid of going to hell, and that had made her cry. She answered, "Yes, I was; but now I shall not." Her mother asked whether she thought that God had given her salvation; she answered, "Yes." Her mother asked her when; she answered, "To-day." She appeared all that afternoon exceeding cheerful and joyful. One of the neighbors asked her how she felt herself! She answered, "I feel better than I did." The neighbor asked her what made her feel better; she answered, "God makes me." That evening as she lay abed, she called one of her little cousins to her, that was present in the room, as having something to say to him; and when he came, she told him that heaven was better than earth. The next day being Friday, her mother, asking her her catechism, asked her what God made her for; she answered, "To serve him;" and added, "Everybody should serve God, and get an interest in Christ."

The same day the elder children, when they came home from school, seemed much affected with the extraordinary change that seemed to be made in Phebe; and her sister Abigail standing by, her mother took occasion to counsel her, now to improve her time, to prepare for another world; on which Phebe burst

out in tears, and cried out "Poor Nabby!" Her mother told her, she would not have her cry, she hoped that God would give Nabby salvation; but that did not quiet her, but she continued earnestly crying for some time; and when she had in a measure ceased, her sister Eunice being by her, she burst out again, and cried "Poor Eunice!" and cried exceedingly; and when she had almost done, she went into another room, and there looked upon her sister Naomi, and burst out again, crying "Poor Amy!" Her mother was greatly affected at such a behavior in the child, and knew not what to say to her. One of the neighbors coming in a little after, asked her what she had cried for. She seemed, at first, backward to tell the reason: her mother told her she might tell that person, for he had given her an apple; upon which she said, she cried because she was afraid they would go to hell.

At night a certain minister, that was occasionally in the town, was at the house, and talked considerable with her of the things of religion; and after he was gone, she sat leaning on the table, with tears running out of her eyes; and being asked what made her cry, she said it was thinking about God. The next day being Saturday, she seemed great part of the day to be in a very affectionate frame, had four turns of crying, and seemed to endeavor to curb herself, and hide her tears, and was very backward to talk of the occasion of it. On the Sabbath day she was asked whether she believed in God; she answered "Yes;" and being told that Christ was the Son of God, she made ready answer, and said, "I know it."

From this time there has appeared a very remarka-

ble abiding change in the child, she has been very strict upon the Sabbath, and seems to long for the Sabbath day before it comes, and will often in the week time be inquiring how long it is to the Sabbath day, and must have the days particularly counted over that are between, before she will be contented. And she seems to love God's house — is very eager to go thither. Her mother once asked her why she had such a mind to go? Whether it was not to see fine folks? She said no, it was to hear Mr. Edwards preach. When she is in the place of worship, she is very far from spending her time there as children at her age usually do, but appears with an attention that is very extraordinary for such a child. She also appears very desirous at all opportunities, to go to private religious meetings, and is very still and attentive at home, in prayer time, and has appeared affected in time of family prayer. She seems to delight much in hearing religious conversation. When I once was there with some others that were strangers, and talked to her something of religion, she seemed more than ordinarily attentive; and when we were gone, she looked out very wistly after us, and said — "I wish they would come again!" Her mother asked her why: says she, "I love to hear them talk!"

She seems to have very much of the fear of God before her eyes, and an extraordinary dread of sin against him; of which her mother mentioned the following remarkable instance. Some time in August, the last year, she went with some bigger children, to get some plums in a neighbor's lot; knowing nothing of any harm in what she did; but when she brought some of the plums into the house, her mother mildly

reproved her, and told her that she must not get plums without leave, because it was sin; God had commanded her not to steal. The child seemed greatly surprised, and burst out into tears, and cried out, "I will not have these plums!" And turning to her sister Eunice, very earnestly said to her — "Why did you ask me to go to that plum tree? I should not have gone if you had not asked me." The other children did not seem to be much affected or concerned; but there was no pacifying Phebe. Her mother told her she might go and ask leave, and then it would not be sin for her to eat them, and sent one of the children to that end; and when she returned, her mother told her that the owner had given leave, now she might eat them, and it would not be stealing. This stilled her a little while, but presently she broke out into an exceeding fit of crying: her mother asked her what made her cry again? Why she cried now, since they had asked leave? what it was that troubled her now? And asked her several times very earnestly, before she made any answer: but at last, said it was because — BECAUSE IT WAS SIN. She continued a considerable time crying; and said she would not go again if Eunice asked her a hundred times; and she retained her aversion to that fruit for a considerable time, under the remembrance of her former sin.

She, at some times, appears greatly affected and delighted with texts of Scripture that come to her mind. Particularly, about the beginning of November, the last year, that text came to her mind, Rev. iii. 20, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will

come in, and sup with him and he with me." She spoke of it to those of the family, with a great appearance of joy, a smiling countenance, and elevation of voice, and afterwards she went into another room, where her mother overheard her talking very earnestly to the children about it, and particularly heard her say to them, three or four times over, with an air of exceeding joy and admiration — "Why it is to SUP WITH GOD." At some time about the middle of the winter, very late in the night, when all were in bed, her mother perceived that she was awake, and heard her as though she was weeping. She called to her, and asked her what was the matter. She answered with a low voice, so that her mother could not hear what she said; but perceived her to lie awake, and to continue in the same frame for a considerable time. The next morning she asked her whether she did not cry the last night: the child answered "Yes, I did cry a little, for I was thinking about God and Christ, and they loved me." Her mother asked her, whether to think of God and Christ's loving her made her cry: she answered "Yes, it does sometimes."

She has often manifested a great concern for the good of other souls, and has been wont many times, affectionately to counsel the other children. Once about the latter end of September, the last year, when she and some other of the children were in a room by themselves a husking Indian corn, the child, after a while came out and sat by the fire. Her mother took notice that she appeared with a more than ordinary serious and pensive countenance, but at last she broke silence, and said, "I have been talking to Nabby

and Eunice." Her mother asked her what she had said to them. "Why," said she, "I told them they must pray, and prepare to die, that they had but a little while to live in this world, and they must be always ready." When Nabby came out, her mother asked her whether she had said that to them. "Yes," said she, "she said that and a great deal more." At other times the child took her opportunities to talk to the other children about the great concern of their souls; sometimes so as much to affect them, and set them into tears. She was once exceeding importunate with her mother to go with her sister Naomi to pray: her mother endeavored to put her off, but she pulled her by the sleeve, and seemed as if she would by no means be denied. At last her mother told her, that Amy must go and pray herself; "But," said the child, "she will not go," and persisted earnestly to beg of her mother to go with her.

She has discovered an uncommon degree of a spirit of charity, particularly on the following occasion: a poor man that lives in the woods, had lately lost a cow that the family much depended on, and being at the house, he was relating his misfortune, and telling of the straits and difficulties they were reduced to by it. She took much notice of it, and it wrought exceedingly on her compassions; and after she had attentively heard him a while, she went away to her father, who was in the shop, and entreated him to give that man a cow; and told him that the poor man had no cow! That the hunters or something else had killed his cow! and entreated him to give him one of theirs. Her father told her that they could not spare one. Then she entreated

him to let him and his family come and live at his house; and had much talk of the same nature, whereby she manifested bowels of compassion to the poor.

She has manifested great love to her minister; particularly when I returned from my long journey for my health last fall, when she heard of it she appeared very joyful at the news, and told the children of it with an elevated voice, as the most joyful tidings, repeating it over and over, "Mr. Edwards is come home! Mr. Edwards is come home!" She still continues very constant in secret prayer, so far as can be observed (for she seems to have no desire that others should observe her when she retires, but seems to be a child of a reserved temper), and every night before she goes to bed will say her catechism, and will by no means miss of it; she never forgot it but once, and then after she was abed, thought of it, and cried out in tears, "I have not said my catechism!" And would not be quieted till her mother asked her the catechism as she lay in bed. She sometimes appears to be in doubt about the condition of her soul, and when asked whether she thinks that she is prepared for death, speaks something doubtfully about it; at other times seems to have no doubt, but when asked, replies, "Yes," without hesitation.

THE NATURAL AND THE SPIRITUAL SPRING.

[From "Thoughts on the Revival of Religion in New England."]

A great deal of noise and tumult, confusion and uproar, and darkness mixed with light, and evil with good, is always to be expected in the beginning of something very extraordinary and very glorious in the state of things in human society or the church of God: as after nature has long been shut up in a cold dead state in time of winter, when the sun returns in the spring, there is, together with the increase of the light and heat of the sun, very unpleasant and tempestuous weather before all is settled calm and serene, and all nature rejoices in its bloom and beauty. It is in the new creation as it was in the old, the Spirit of God first moved upon the face of the waters, which was an occasion of great uproar and tumult, and things were gradually brought to a settled state, until at length all stood forth in beautiful peaceful order, when the heavens and the earth were finished, and God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good. When God is about to bring to pass something great and glorious in the world, nature is in a ferment and struggle, and the world, as it were, in travail. As when God was about to introduce the Messiah into the world, and that new and glorious dispensation that he set up, he *shook the heavens and the earth and shook all nations.* There is nothing that the church of God is in Scripture more frequently repre-

sented by than the tree, the vine, corn, &c. which gradually bring forth their fruit, and are first green before they are ripe. A great revival of religion is expressly compared to this gradual production of vegetation, Isaiah, 61 : 11 ; "As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations." The church is in a special manner compared to a palm-tree. Cant. 7 : 7, 8 ; Exod. 15 : 27 ; 1 Kings, 6 : 29 ; Psalm 92 : 12. Of which tree this peculiar thing is observed, that the fruit of it, though it be very sweet and good when it is ripe, yet before it has had time to ripen has a mixture of poison.

Reasons for Believing that the Great Work of God for the World's Conversion may begin in America.

[From the same.]

It is not unlikely that this work of God's Spirit which is so extraordinary and wonderful, is the dawning, or at least a prelude of *that glorious work of God* so often foretold in Scripture, which in the progress and issue of it shall renew *the world of mankind.* If we consider how long since the things foretold as what should precede this great event have been accomplished ; and how long this event has been expected by the church of God, and thought to be nigh

by the most eminent men of God in the church ; and withal consider what the state of things now is, and has for a considerable time been, in the church of God and the world of mankind, we cannot reasonably think otherwise than that the beginning of this great work of God must be near.

And there are many things that make it probable that this work will begin in *America*. It is signified that it shall begin in some very remote part of the world, that the rest of the world have no communication with but by navigation, in Isa. 60 : 9 ; "Surely the Isles will wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring my sons from far." It is exceeding manifest that this chapter is a prophecy of the prosperity of the church in its most glorious state on earth in the latter days ; and I cannot think that any thing else can be here intended but America, by the isles that are afar off, from whence the first born sons of that glorious day shall be brought. Indeed by *the Isles*, in prophecies of gospel times, is very often meant *Europe :* it is so in prophecies of that great spreading of the Gospel that should be soon after Christ's time, because it was far separated from that part of the world where the church of God had until then been by the sea. But this prophecy cannot have respect to the conversion of Europe in the time of that great work of God in the primitive ages of the christian church ; for it was not fulfilled then : the isles and ships of Tarshish, thus understood, did not wait for God first ; that glorious work did not begin in Europe, but in Jerusalem, and had for a considerable time been very wonderfully carried on in Asia before it reached Europe. And as it is not that work of God that is

chiefly intended in this chapter, but that more glorious work that should be in the latter ages of the christian church, therefore some other part of the world is here intended by the Isles, that should be, as Europe then was, far separated from that part of the world where the church had before been by the sea, and with which it can have no communication but by the ships of Tarshish. What is chiefly intended is not the British Isles, nor any isles near the other continent; for they are spoken of as at a great distance from that part of the world where the church had till then been. This prophecy therefore seems plainly to point out America as the first fruits of that glorious day.

God has made as it were two worlds here below, the old and the new (according to the names they are now called by,) two great habitable continents, far separated one from the other. The latter is but newly discovered; it was formerly wholly unknown from age to age, and is as it were now but newly created; it has been, until of late, wholly the possession of Satan, the church of God having never been in it, as it has been in the other continent from the beginning of the world. This new world is probably now discovered, that the new and most glorious state of God's church on earth might commence there; that God might in it begin a new world in a spiritual respect, when he creates the *new heavens* and *new earth*.

God has already put that honor upon the other continent, that Christ was born there literally, and there made the *purchase of redemption:* so, as Providence observes a kind of equal distribution of things,

it is not unlikely that the great spiritual birth of Christ and the most glorious *application of redemption* is to begin in this: as the elder sister brought forth Judah, of whom came Christ, and so she was the mother of Christ; but the younger sister, after long barrenness, brought forth Joseph and Benjamin, the beloved children — Joseph, that had the most glorious apparel, the coat of many colors, who was separated from his brethren, and was exalted to such glory out of a dark dungeon, and fed and saved the world when ready to perish with famine, and was as a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches ran over the wall, and was blessed with all manner of blessings and precious things of heaven and earth, through the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush; and was, as by the horns of a unicorn, to push the people together to the ends of the earth, i.e. conquer the world. See Gen. 49: 22, &c. and Deut. 33: 13, &c. and Benjamin, whose mess was five times so great as that of any of his brethren, and to whom Joseph, the type of Christ, gave wealth and raiment far beyond all the rest. Gen. 45: 22.

The other continent hath slain Christ, and has from age to age shed the blood of the saints and martyrs of Jesus, and has often been as it were deluged with the church's blood: God has therefore probably reserved the honor of building the glorious temple to the daughter that has not shed so much blood, when those times of the peace, and prosperity, and glory of the church shall commence, that were typified by the reign of Solomon.

The Gentiles first received the true religion from the Jews: God's church of ancient times had been

among them, and Christ was of them: but that there might be a kind of equality in the dispensations of Providence, God has so ordered it, that when the Jews come to be admitted to the benefits of the evangelical dispensation, and to receive their highest privileges of all, they should receive the Gospel from the Gentiles. Though Christ was of them, yet they have been guilty of crucifying him; it is therefore the will of God that that people should not have the honor of communicating the blessings of the kingdom of God in its most glorious state to the Gentiles, but, on the contrary, they shall receive the Gospel in the beginning of that glorious day from the Gentiles. In some analogy to this I apprehend God's dealings will be with the two continents. America has received the true religion of the old continent; the church of ancient times has been there, and Christ is from thence; but that there may be an equality, and inasmuch as that continent has crucified Christ, they shall not have the honor of communicating religion in its most glorious state to us, but we to them.

The old continent has been the source and original of mankind in several respects. The first parents of mankind dwelt there; and there dwelt Noah and his sons; and there the second Adam was born, and was crucified and rose again: and it is probable that, in some measure to balance these things, the most glorious renovation of the world shall originate from the new continent, and the church of God in that respect be from hence. And so it is probable that that will come to pass in spirituals that has in temporals, with respect to America; that whereas, till of late, the world was supplied with its silver and

gold and earthly treasures from the old continent and now is supplied chiefly from the new, so the course of things in spiritual respects will be in like manner turned.

And it is worthy to be noted that America was discovered about the time of the Reformation, or but little before: which Reformation was the first thing that God did towards the glorious renovation of the world, after it had sunk into the depths of darkness and ruin under the great antichristian apostacy. So that as soon as this new world is (as it were) created and stands forth in view, God presently goes about doing some great thing to make way for the introduction of the church's latter day glory, that is to have its first seat in, and is to take its rise from that new world.

It is agreeable to God's manner of working, when he accomplishes any glorious work in the world, to introduce a new and more excellent state of his church, to begin his work where his church had not been till then, and where was no foundation already laid, that the power of God might be the more conspicuous; that the work might appear to be entirely God's, and be more manifestly a creation out of nothing; agreeably to Hos. 1: 10, "And it shall come to pass that in the place where it was said unto them, ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, ye are the sons of the living God." When God is about to turn the earth into a paradise, he does not begin his work where there is some good growth already, but in a wilderness, where nothing grows and nothing is to be seen but dry sand and barren rocks; that the light may shine out of darkness and the world be re-

plenished from emptiness, and the earth watered by springs from a droughty desert; agreeably to many prophecies of Scripture, as Isa. 32: 15, "Until the Spirit be poured from on high and the wilderness become a fruitful field;" and chap. 41: 18, "I will open rivers in high places and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water and the dry land springs of water: I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle and oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together;" and chap. 43: 20, "I will give waters in the wilderness and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen." Many other parallel Scriptures might be mentioned.

I observed before, that when God is about to do some great work for his church, his manner is to begin at the lower end; so when he is about to renew the whole habitable earth, it is probable that he will begin in this utmost, meanest, youngest and weakest part of it, where the church of God has been planted last of all; and so the first shall be last, and the last first; and that will be fulfilled in an eminent manner in Isa. 24: 16, "From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous."

There are several things that seem to me to argue that when the Sun of Righteousness, the Sun of the new heavens and new earth, comes to rise, and *comes forth as the bridegroom* of his church, "rejoicing as a strong man to run his race, having his going forth from the end of heaven, and his circuit to the end of it, that nothing may be hid from the light and heat

of it,"[1] the sun shall *rise in the west*, contrary to the course of this world, or the course of things in the old heavens and earth. The course of God's Providence shall in that day be so wonderfully altered in many respects, that God will as it were change the course of nature in answer to the prayers of his church; as God changed the course of nature and caused the sun to go from the west to the east when Hezekiah was healed, and God promised to do such great things for his church, to deliver it out of the hand of the king of Assyria, by that mighty slaughter by the angel; which is often used by the prophet Isaiah as a type of the glorious deliverance of the church from her enemies in the latter days: the resurrection of Hezekiah, the king and captain of the church (as he is called, 2 Kings, 20:5), as it were from the dead, is given as an earnest of the church's resurrection and salvation, Isa. 38:6, and is a type of the resurrection of Christ. At the same time there is a resurrection of the sun, or coming back and rising again from the west, whither it had gone down, which is also a type of the Sun of Righteousness. The sun was brought back ten degrees, which probably brought it to the meridian. The Sun of Righteousness has long been going down from east to west; and probably when the time comes of the church's deliver-

[1] It is evident that the Holy Spirit in these expressions, Psalm 19:4, 5, 6, has respect to something else besides the natural sun; and that an eye is had to the Sun of Righteousness, that by his light converts the soul, makes wise the simple, enlightens the eyes, and rejoices the heart; and by his preached Gospel enlightens and warms the world of mankind. Such is the Psalmist's own application in verse 7, and the apostle's application of verse 4, in Rom. 10:13.

ance from her enemies, so often typified by the Assyrians, the light will rise in the west, until it shines through the world like the sun in its meridian brightness.

The same seems also to be represented by the course of the waters of the sanctuary, Ezek. 47, which was from west to east; which waters undoubtedly represent the Holy Spirit, in the progress of his saving influences, in the latter ages of the world: for it is manifest that the whole of those last chapters of Ezekiel are concerning the glorious state of the church that shall then be.

And if we may suppose that this glorious work of God shall begin in any part of America, I think if we consider the circumstances of the settlement of New England, it must needs appear the most likely of all the American colonies to be the place whence this work shall principally take its rise.

And if these things are so, it gives more abundant reason to hope that what is now seen in America, and especially in New England, may prove the dawn of that glorious day; and the very uncommon and wonderful circumstances and events of this work seem to me strongly to argue that God intends it as the beginning or forerunner of something vastly great.

I have thus long insisted on this point, because if these things are so, it greatly manifests how much it behooves us to encourage and promote this work, and how dangerous it will be to forbear to do so.

SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD.

[From a Sermon preached at Enfield, Conn., July 8, 1741.]

APPLICATION.

The use may be of awakening to unconverted persons in this congregation. This that you have heard is the case of every one of you that are out of Christ. That world of misery, that lake of burning brimstone, is extended abroad under you. There is the dreadful pit of the glowing flames of the wrath of God; there is hell's wide gaping mouth open; and you have nothing to stand upon, nor anything to take hold of. There is nothing between you and hell but the air; it is only the power and mere pleasure of God that holds you up.

You are probably not sensible of this; you find you are kept out of hell, but do not see the hand of God in it; but look at other things, as the good state of your bodily constitution, your care of your own life, and the means you use for your own preservation. But indeed these things are nothing; if God should withdraw his hand, they would avail no more to keep you from falling than the thin air to hold up a person that is suspended in it.

Your wickedness makes you as it were heavy as lead and to tend downwards with great weight and pressure towards hell; and, if God should let you go, you would immediately sink and swiftly descend and

plunge into the bottomless gulf, and your healthy constitution, and your own care and prudence, and best contrivance, and all your righteousness, would have no more influence to uphold you and keep you out of hell, than a spider's web would have to stop a falling rock. Were it not that so is the sovereign pleasure of God, the earth would not bear you one moment; for you are a burden to it; the creation groans with you; the creature is made subject to the bondage of your corruption, not willingly; the sun does not willingly shine upon you to give you light to serve sin and Satan; the earth does not willingly yield her increase to satisfy your lusts; nor is it willingly a stage for your wickedness to be acted upon; the air does not willingly serve you for breath to maintain the flame of life in your vitals, while you spend your life in the service of God's enemies. God's creatures are good, and were made for men to serve God with, and do not willingly subserve to any other purpose, and groan when they are abused to purposes so directly contrary to their nature and end. And the world would spew you out, were it not for the sovereign hand of him who hath subjected it in hope. There are the black clouds of God's wrath now hanging directly over your heads, full of the dreadful storm and big with thunder; and were it not for the restraining hand of God, it would immediately burst forth upon you. The sovereign pleasure of God, for the present, stays his rough wind; otherwise it would come with fury, and your destruction would come like a whirlwind, and you would be like the chaff of the summer threshing floor.

The wrath of God is like great waters that are

dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopped, the more rapid and mighty is its course when once it is let loose. It is true that judgment against your evil work has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been withheld; but your guilt in the meantime is constantly increasing, and you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are continually rising and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God that holds the waters back, that are unwilling to be stopped and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw his hand from the floodgate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the fierceness and wrath of God would rush forth with inconceivable fury, and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and, if your strength were ten thousand times greater than it is, yea, ten thousand times greater than the strength of the stoutest, sturdiest devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and justice bends the arrow at your heart and strains the bow, and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood.

Thus are all you that never passed under a great change of heart by the mighty power of the Spirit of God upon your souls; all that were never born again, and made new creatures, and raised from being

dead in sin to a state of new, and before altogether unexperienced, light and life (however you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and may keep up a form of religion in your families and closets, and in the houses of God, and may be strict in it), you are thus in the hands of an angry God; it is nothing but his mere pleasure that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction.

However unconvinced you may now be of the truth of what you hear, by-and-by you will be fully convinced of it. Those that are gone from being in the like circumstances with you, see that it was so with them: for destruction came suddenly upon most of them; when they expected nothing of it, and while they were saying, Peace and safety: now they see that those things that they depended on for peace and safety were nothing but thin air and empty shadows.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect, over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times so abominable in his eyes, as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince: and yet it is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment: it is ascribed to nothing else that you did not go to hell last night; that you were suffered to awake again in this world, after you

closed your eyes to sleep; and there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up: there is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell, since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending his solemn worship: yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not this very moment drop down into hell.

O sinner! consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you, as against many of the damned in hell: you hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any Mediator, and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever have done, nothing that you can do, to induce God to spare you one moment. . . .

How awful are those words, Isaiah lxiii. 3, which are the words of the great God: "I will tread them in my anger, and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment." It is perhaps impossible to conceive of words that carry in them greater manifestations of these three things, viz., contempt and hatred, and fierceness of indignation. If you cry to God to pity you, he will be so far from pitying you in your doleful case, or showing you the

least regard or favor, that instead of that he wil only tread you under foot: and though he will know that you cannot bear the weight of omnipotence treading upon you, yet he will not regard that, but he will crush you under his feet without mercy; he will crush out your blood, and make it fly, and it shall be sprinkled on his garments, so as to stain all his raiment. He will not only hate you, but he will have you in the utmost contempt; no place shall be thought fit for you but under his feet, to be trodden down as the mire in the streets.

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Thus it will be with you that are in an unconverted state, if you continue in it; the infinite might, and majesty, and terribleness, of the Omnipotent God shall be magnified upon you in the ineffable strength of your torments: you shall be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; and, when you shall be in this state of suffering, the glorious inhabitants of heaven shall go forth and look on the awful spectacle, that they may see what the wrath and fierceness of the Almighty is; and when they have seen it, they will fall down and adore that great power and majesty. "And it shall come to pass, that from one moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord. And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me; for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh."

It is everlasting wrath. It would be dreadful to suffer this fierceness and wrath of Almighty God one

moment ; but you must suffer it to all eternity : there will be no end to this exquisite, horrible misery : when you look forward you shall see a long forever, a boundless duration before you, which will swallow up your thoughts and amaze your soul ; and you will absolutely despair of ever having any deliverance, any end, any mitigation, any rest at all ; you will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions and millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this Almighty merciless vengeance ; and then, when you have so done, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains. So that your punishment will indeed be infinite. Oh, who can express what the state of a soul in such circumstances is ! All that we can possibly say about it gives but a very feeble, faint representation of it ; it is inexpressible and inconceivable : for "who knows the power of God's anger ?"

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in danger of this great wrath and infinite misery ! But this is the dismal case of every soul in this congregation that has not been born again, however moral and strict, sober and religious, they may otherwise be. Oh, that you would consider it, whether you be young or old ! There is reason to think that there are many in this congregation, now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have. It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are

not the persons ; promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing it would be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person ! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him ! But alas ! Instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell ! And it would be a wonder, if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some persons, that now sit here in some seats of this meeting-house in health, and quiet and secure, should be there before to-morrow morning.

"THE SIGHT OF HELL TORMENTS WILL EXALT THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS."

[From Sermon XI. "The Eternity of Hell Torments."]

The sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever. It will not only make them more sensible of the greatness and freeness of the grace of God in their happiness ; but it will really make their happiness the greater, as it will make them more sensible of their own happiness ; it will give them a more lively relish of it ; it will make them

prize it more. When they see others, who were of the same nature, and born under the same circumstances, plunged in such misery, and they so distinguished, O it will make them sensible how happy they are. A sense of the opposite misery, in all cases, greatly increases the relish of any joy or pleasure.

The sight of the wonderful power, the great and dreadful majesty, and awful justice and holiness of God, manifested in the eternal punishment of ungodly men, will make them prize his favor and love vastly the more; and they will be so much the more happy in the enjoyment of it.

FROM THE FAREWELL SERMON.

[Preached at Northampton, June 22, 1750.]

My parting with you is in some respects in a peculiar manner a melancholy parting; inasmuch as I leave you in most melancholy circumstances; because I leave you in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity, having the wrath of God abiding on you, and remaining under condemnation to everlasting misery and destruction. Seeing I must leave you, it would have been a comfortable and happy circumstance of our parting, if I had left you in Christ, safe and blessed in that sure refuge and glorious rest of the saints. But it is otherwise. I leave you far off, aliens and strangers, wretched subjects and captives of sin and Satan, and prisoners of vindictive justice; without Christ, and without God in the world.

Your consciences bear me witness, that while I had

opportunity, I have not ceased to warn you, and set before you your danger. I have studied to represent the misery and necessity of your circumstances in the clearest manner possible. I have tried all ways that I could think of tending to awaken your consciences, and make you sensible of the necessity of your improving your time, and being speedy in flying from the wrath to come, and thorough in the use of means for your escape and safety. I have diligently endeavored to find out and use the most powerful motives to persuade you to take care for your own welfare and salvation. I have not only endeavored to awaken you, that you might be moved with fear, but I have used my utmost endeavors to win you : I have sought out acceptable words, that if possible I might prevail upon you to forsake sin, and turn to God, and accept of Christ as your Saviour and Lord. I have spent my strength very much in these things. But yet, with regard to you whom I am now speaking to, I have not been successful ; but have this day reason to complain in those words, Jer. 6 : 29 : "The bellows are burnt, the lead is consumed of the fire, the founder melteth in vain, for the wicked are not plucked away." It is to be feared that all my labors, as to many of you, have served no other purpose but to harden you ; and that the word which I have preached, instead of being a savor of life unto life, has been a savor of death unto death. Though I shall not have any account to give for the future of such as have openly and resolutely renounced my ministry, as of a betrustment committed to me : yet remember you must give account for yourselves, of your care of your own souls, and your improvement of all means past and

future, through your whole lives. God only knows what will become of your poor perishing souls, what means you may hereafter enjoy, or what disadvantages and temptations you may be under. May God in his mercy grant, that however all past means have been unsuccessful, you may have future means which may have a new effect ; and that the word of God, as it shall be hereafter dispensed to you, may prove as the fire and the hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces. However, let me now at parting exhort and beseech you not wholly to forget the warnings you have had while under my ministry. When you and I shall meet at the day of judgment, then you will remember them : the sight of me, your former minister, on that occasion, will soon revive them to your memory : and that in a very affecting manner. O do not let that be the first time that they are so revived.

You and I are now parting one from another as to this world ; let us labor that we may not be parted after our meeting at the last day. If I have been your faithful pastor (which will that day appear whether I have or no) then I shall be acquitted, and shall ascend with Christ. O do your part that in such a case, it may not be so, that you should be forced eternally to part from me, and all that have been faithful in Christ Jesus. This is a sorrowful parting that now is between you and me, but that would be a more sorrowful parting to you than this. This you may perhaps bear without being much affected with it, if you are not glad of it ; but such a parting in that day will most deeply, sensibly, and dreadfully affect you.

THE CLOSE OF THE FAREWELL SERMON.

HAVING briefly mentioned these important articles of advice, nothing remains, but that I now take my leave of you, and bid you all *farewell;* wishing and praying for your best prosperity. I would now commend your immortal souls to Him, who formerly committed them to me, expecting the day, when I must meet you before Him, who is the Judge of quick and dead. I desire that I may never forget this people, who have been so long my special charge, and that I may never cease fervently to pray for your prosperity. May God bless you with a faithful pastor, one that is well acquainted with his mind and will, thoroughly warning sinners, wisely and skillfully searching professors, and conducting you in the way to eternal blessedness. May you have truly a burning and shining light set up in this candlestick; and may you, not only for a season, but during his whole life, and that a long life, be willing to rejoice in his light.

And let me be remembered in the prayers of all God's people that are of a calm spirit, and are peaceable and faithful in Israel, of whatever opinion they may be with respect to terms of church communion.

And let us all remember, and never forget our future solemn meeting on that great day of the Lord; the day of infallible decision, and of the everlasting and unalterable sentence. AMEN.

THE MEANING OF LIBERTY.

[From "Freedom of the Will." 1754.]

The plain and obvious meaning of the words *Freedom* and *Liberty*, in common speech, is *power, opportunity, or advantage that any one has, to do as he pleases*. Or, in other words, his being free from hindrance or impediment in the way of doing, or conducting in any respect, as he wills. (I say not only doing, but conducting; because a voluntary forbearing to do, sitting still, keeping silence, etc., are instances of persons' conduct, about which Liberty is exercised; though they are not so properly called doing). And the contrary to Liberty, whatever name we call that by, is a person's being hindered or unable to conduct as he will, or being necessitated to do otherwise.

If this which I have mentioned be the meaning of the word Liberty, in the ordinary use of language; as I trust that none that has ever learned to talk, and is unprejudiced, will deny: then it will follow that in propriety of speech neither Liberty, nor its contrary, can properly be ascribed to any being or thing, but that which has such a faculty, power or property, as is called will. For that which is possessed of no such thing as will, cannot have any power or opportunity of doing according to its will, nor be necessitated to act contrary to its will, nor be restrained from acting agreeably to it. And therefore to talk of Liberty, or the contrary, as belonging to the very will itself, is not to speak good sense; if we judge

of sense, and nonsense, by the original and proper signification of words. For the will itself is not an agent that has a will: the power of choosing itself, has not a power of choosing. That which has the power of volition or choice is the man or the soul, and not the power of volition itself. And he that has the Liberty of doing according to his will, is the agent or doer who is possessed of the will; and not the will which he is possessed of. We say with propriety, that a bird let loose has power and Liberty to fly; but not that the bird's power of flying has a power and Liberty of flying. To be free is the property of an agent, who is possessed of powers and faculties, as much as to be cunning, valiant, bountiful, or zealous. But these qualities are the properties of men or persons and not the properties of properties.

There are two things that are contrary to this which is called Liberty in common speech. One is constraint; the same is otherwise called force, compulsion, and coaction; which is a person's being necessitated to do a thing contrary to his will. The other is restraint; which is his being hindered, and not having power to do according to his will. But that which has no will, cannot be the subject of these things. I need say the less on this head, Mr. Locke having set the same thing forth, with so great clearness, in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

But one thing more I would observe concerning what is vulgarly called Liberty; namely, that power and opportunity for one to do and conduct as he will, or according to his choice, is all that is meant by it; without taking into the meaning of the word any-

thing of the cause or original of that choice ; or at all considering how the person came to have such a volition ; whether it was caused by some external motive or internal habitual bias ; whether it was determined by some internal antecedent volition, or whether it happened without a cause ; whether it was necessarily connected with something foregoing, or not connected. Let the person come by his volition or choice how he will, yet, if he is able, and there is nothing in the way to hinder his pursuing and executing his will, the man is fully and perfectly free, according to the primary and common notion of freedom.

THE INSUFFICIENCY OF HUMAN WISDOM.

[From "The Work of Redemption." Part II. Section 1. Pub. 1793.]

God in his providence now seems to be acting over again the same part which he did a little time before Christ came. The age wherein Christ came into the world, was an age wherein learning greatly prevailed, and was at a greater height than ever it had been before ; and yet wickedness never prevailed more than then. God was pleased to suffer human learning to come to such a height before he sent forth the gospel into the world, that the world might see the insufficiency of all their own wisdom for the obtaining the knowledge of God, without the gospel of Christ, and the teachings of his Spirit : and when, after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by

wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe. And when the gospel came to prevail first without the help of man's wisdom, then God was pleased to make use of learning as a handmaid. So now learning is at a great height at this day in the world, far beyond what it was in the age when Christ appeared: and now the world, by their learning and wisdom, do not know God; and they seem to wander in darkness, are miserably deluded, stumble and fall in matters of religion, as in midnight darkness. Trusting to their learning, they grope in the day-time as at night. Learned men are exceedingly divided in their opinions concerning the matters of religion, run into all manner of corrupt opinions, pernicious and foolish errors. They scorn to submit their reason to divine revelation, to believe anything that is above their comprehension; and so, being wise in their own eyes, they become fools, and even vain in their imaginations, and turn the truth of God into a lie, and their foolish hearts are darkened. See Rom. 1 : 21.

But yet, when God has sufficiently shown men the insufficiency of human wisdom and learning for the purposes of religion, and when the appointed time comes for that glorious outpouring of the Spirit of God, when he will himself, by his own immediate influence enlighten men's minds; then may we hope that God will make use of the great increase of learning as a handmaid to religion, as a means of the glorious advancement of the kingdom of his Son. Then shall human learning be subservient to the understanding of the Scriptures, and to a clear explanation and a glorious defence of the doctrines of

Christianity. And there is no doubt to be made of it, that God in his providence has of late given the world the art of printing, and such a great increase of learning, to prepare for what he designs to accomplish for his church in the approaching days of its prosperity. And thus the wealth of the wicked is laid up for the just, agreeable to Prov. 13 : 22.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin requires no extended biographical notice here. It is not the diplomat that concerns us, but the representative of the eighteenth-century spirit as it shows itself in the social activities of the colonial printer. Franklin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706, and apprenticed there to his brother, a printer. But he ran away at seventeen, and, thrown quite on his own resources in Philadelphia, rose by native shrewdness and energy, attracted patronage, was sent to London (1724), readily found employment there, returned to Philadelphia in 1726, resumed his trade as printer, soon started in business for himself, and in 1729 purchased the moribund *Pennsylvania Gazette* which, by industry and good sense, he put at the head of American journals. In 1731 he established the first American circulating library, in 1732 he published the first of *Poor Richard's Almanacs*, which, in the course of a quarter of a century attained a marvellous popularity. In 1736 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, of which he was a member from 1738 to 1748. In 1737 he was made deputy Postmaster at Philadelphia. Constantly occupied for the public welfare, he organized the first police force and fire company in the colonies, initiated the foundation of the University

of Pennsylvania, of the American Philosophical Society, and of the Pennsylvania Hospital. Indeed he initiated or furthered nearly every project of municipal improvement in the Philadelphia of his generation, acquiring meantime familiarity with French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin, and making important discoveries in electricity, which attracted attention first in France, then in England. At the time of the French War (1754) Franklin was the most important man in Pennsylvania, and its representative in a colonial congress, to which he submitted a scheme for united action which, though not adopted, was most important as a precedent. He assisted General Braddock, though with forebodings of his defeat; was sent as colonial agent to England (1757), where he remained until 1762, except for protracted visits to the Continent. He again visited England as colonial agent in 1764, and remained there until 1775. On his return he was immediately elected delegate to the Continental Congress, and sent in 1776 to France to solicit the aid of Louis XVI. Here he remained until 1785; then for three years he was President of Pennsylvania, and, until his death on the 17th of April, 1790, continued to give himself to public activities, of which the most noteworthy was the organization of the first society for the abolition of slavery. Though not primarily a man of letters, Franklin is the greatest of our colonial writers, and one of the greatest of all American authors. His *Autobiography* is a classic; and his political wisdom, his rare commonsense, his balanced sanity, his engaging humor, his scientific discoveries, are all many-faceted revelations of a fascinating and great character, more typical per-

haps of his century than of his race or country, though he was thoroughly American, and an ideal citizen. It is to illustrate this social aspect of his genius that our extracts, in the main, have been chosen.

FIRST ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA.

. . . I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey ; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest ; I was very hungry ; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing ; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston ; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money and the greater cheapness, nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accord-

ingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

EXPANDING THE CURRENCY.

1729. About this time there was a cry among the people for more paper money, only fifteen thousand pounds being extant in the province, and that soon to be sunk. The wealthy inhabitants opposed any addition, being against all paper currency, from an apprehension that it would depreciate, as it had done in New England, to the prejudice of all creditors. We had discussed this point in our Junto, where I was on the side of an addition, being persuaded that the first small sum struck in 1723 had done much good by increasing the trade, employment, and number of inhabitants in the province, since I now saw all the old houses inhabited and many new

ones building; whereas, I remembered well that when I first walked about the streets of Philadelphia, eating my roll, I saw most of the houses in Walnut Street, between Second and Front Streets, with bills on their doors, "To be Let:" and many likewise in Chestnut Street and other streets, which made me then think the inhabitants of the city were deserting it one after another.

Our debates possessed me so fully of the subject that I wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet on it, entitled, "The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency." It was well received by the common people in general; but the rich men dislike it, for it increased and strengthened the clamor for more money, and they, happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it, their opposition slackened, and the point was carried by a majority in the House. My friends there, who conceived I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money, — a very profitable job and a great help to me. This was another advantage gained by my being able to write.

The utility of this currency became by time and experience so evident as never afterward to be much disputed; so that it grew soon to fifty-five thousand pounds, and in 1739 to eighty thousand pounds, since which it rose during war to upward of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, trade, building, and inhabitants all the while increasing, though I now think there are limits, beyond which the quantity may be hurtful.

A COLONIAL POST-OFFICE.

1729. THERE remained now no competitor with me at Philadelphia but the old one, Bradford, who was rich and easy, did a little printing now and then by straggling hands, but was not very anxious about the business. However, as he kept the post office, it was imagined he had better opportunities of obtaining news. His paper was thought a better distributer of advertisements than mine, and therefore had many more, which was a profitable thing to him, and a disadvantage to me; for, though I did indeed receive and send papers by post, yet the public opinion was otherwise, for what I did send was by bribing the riders, who took them privately, Bradford being unkind enough to forbid it, which occasioned some resentment on my part; and I thought so meanly of him for it that, when I afterward came into his situation, I took care never to imitate it.

ORGANIZING THE FIRST CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

1730. AT the time I established myself in Pennsylvania there was not a good bookseller's shop in any of the colonies to the southward of Boston. In New York and Philadelphia the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, etc., almanacs, ballads, and a few common schoolbooks. Those who loved reading were obliged to send for their books from England;

the members of the Junto had each a few. We had left the alehouse where we first met, and hired a room to hold our club in. I proposed that we should all of us bring our books to that room, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wished to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us.

Finding the advantage of this little collection, I proposed to render the benefit from books more common by commencing a public subscription library. I drew a sketch of the plan and rules that would be necessary, and got a skillful conveyancer, Mr. Charles Brockden, to put the whole in form of articles of agreement to be subscribed, by which each subscriber engaged to pay a certain sum down for the first purchase of books, and an annual contribution for increasing them. So few were the readers at that time in Philadelphia, and the majority of us so poor, that I was not able, with great industry, to find more than fifty persons, mostly young tradesmen, willing to pay down for this purpose forty shillings each and ten shillings per annum.

On this little fund we began. The books were imported; the library was opened one day in the week for lending to the subscribers, on their promissory notes to pay double the value if not duly returned. The institution soon manifested its utility, was imitated by other towns and in other provinces. The libraries were augmented by donations; reading became fashionable; and our people, having no public amusements to divert their attention from study, became

better acquainted with books, and in a few years were observed by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank generally are in other countries.

When we were about to sign the above-mentioned articles, which were to be binding on us, our heirs, etc., for fifty years, Mr. Brockden, the scrivener, said to us: "You are young men, but it is scarcely probable that any of you will live to see the expiration of the term fixed in the instrument." A number of us, however, are yet living; but the instrument was, after a few years, [1742.] rendered null by a charter that incorporated and gave perpetuity to the company.

The objections and reluctances I met with in soliciting the subcriptions made me soon feel the impropriety of presenting one's self as the proposer of any useful project that might be supposed to raise one's reputation in the smallest degree above that of one's neighbors, when one has need of their assistance to accomplish that project. I therefore put myself as much as I could out of sight, and stated it as a scheme of a "number of friends," who had requested me to go about and propose it to such as they thought lovers of reading. In this way my affair went on more smoothly, and I ever after practiced it on such occasions, and, from my frequent successes, can heartily recommend it. The present little sacrifice of your vanity will afterward be amply repaid. If it remains awhile uncertain to whom the merit belongs, some one more vain than yourself will be encouraged to claim it, and then even envy will be disposed to do you justice by plucking those assumed feathers, and restoring them to their right owner.

This library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repaired in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allowed myself.

THE DOMESTIC FRANKLIN.

We have an English proverb that says, "He that would thrive must ask his wife." It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper makers, etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families and make a progress in spite of principle. Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and a china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and china in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

FRANKLIN'S RELIGION.

I HAD been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and, though I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that he made the world, and governed it by his providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished, and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteemed the essentials of every religion; and being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, though with different degrees of respect as I found them more or less mixed with other articles which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, served principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induced me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increased in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

Though I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia.

He used to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations, and I was now and then prevailed on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things;" and I imagined, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only, as meant by the apostle: 1. Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2. Being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the public worship. 4. Partaking of the sacrament. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers. These might be all good things; but, as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had some years before composed a little liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use

[in 1728], entitled "Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion." I returned to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blamable, but I leave it without attempting further to excuse it, my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

THE ALMANACS.

In 1732 I first published my Almanac, under the name of "Richard Saunders;" it was continued by me about twenty-five years, and commonly called "Poor Richard's Almanac." I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as (to use here one of those proverbs), "it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the Almanac of

1757 as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent, reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses, two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

THE WAY TO WEALTH,

As clearly shown in the Preface of an Old Pennsylvania Almanac entitled "Poor Richard Improved."

Courteous Reader: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for, though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of almanacs) annually, now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that, did not my writings pro-

duce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and, besides, in my rambles where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated with "As Poor Richard says" at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own that, to encourage the practice of remembering and reading those wise sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short; for A word to the wise is enough, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering around him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much

more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly ; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us ; God helps them that help themselves, as Poor Richard says.

I. "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service ; but idleness taxes many of us much more ; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while The used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love life ? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality ; since, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us, then, be up and be doing, and doing to the purpose ; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy ; and, He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night ; while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee ; and, Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We make these times better if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands; or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor, as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, At the workingman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter; for Industry pays debts, while Despair increaseth them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy; Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to Industry. Then plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows, as poor Richard says; and, further, Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. If you were a good servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, your kin. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that The cat in gloves catches no mice, as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily,

and you will see great effects ; for, Constant dropping wears away stones ; and, By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable ; and, Little strokes fell great oaks.

" Methinks I hear some of you say, Must a man afford himself no leisure ? I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says : Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure ; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful ; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never ; for, A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock ; whereas industry gives comfort and plenty and respect. Fly pleasures and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift ; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every one bids me good morrow.

II. " But with our industry we must likewise be steady and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others ; for, as Poor Richard says :

> I never saw an oft-removed tree,
> Nor yet an oft-removed family,
> That throve so well as those that settled be.

And again, Three removes are as bad as a fire ; and again, Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee ; and again, If you would have your business done, go ; if not, send ; and again :

> He that by the plow would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive.

And again, The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands; and again, Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge; and again, Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open. Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it. But a man's own care is profitable; for, If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail.

III. "So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will; and

> Many estates are spent in the getting,
> Since women forsook spinning and knitting,
> And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

> Pleasure and wine, game and deceit,
> Make the wealth small, and the want great.

And further, What maintains one vice would bring up two children. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter ; but remember, Many a little makes a mickle. Beware of little expenses ; A small leak will sink a great ship, as Poor Richard says ; and again, Who dainties love shall beggars prove ; and moreover, Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them goods ; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost ; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says : Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries. And again, At a great pennyworth pause awhile. He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real ; or, the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths. Again, It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance ; and yet this folly is practiced every day at auctions for want of minding the Almanac. Many for the sake of finery on the back have gone hungry and half-starved their families. Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire, as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life ; they can scarcely be called the conveniences ; and yet, only

because they look pretty, how many want to have them. By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that, A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees, as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have a small estate left them which they knew not the getting of; they think, It is day and it never will be night; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but, Always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom, as Poor Richard says; and then, When the well is dry, they know the worth of water. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for, He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing, as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick further advises and says:

> Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
> Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

And again, Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

It is, however, a folly soon punished ; for, as Poor Richard says, Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy. And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered ? It cannot promote health nor ease pain ; it makes no increase of merit in the person ; it creates envy ; it hastens misfortune.

" But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities ? We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit ; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah ! think what you do when you run in debt ; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor ; you will be in fear when you speak to him ; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying ; for, The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt, as Poor Richard says ; and again to the same purpose, Lying rides upon debt's back ; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

" What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on

pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress. Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times. The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter. At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

> For age and want save while you may;
> No morning sun lasts a whole day.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and, It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel, as Poor Richard says; so, Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

> Get what you can, and what you get, hold,
> 'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, be sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. "This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterward prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, remember this: They that will not be counseled cannot be helped; and further that, If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles, as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and

nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it ; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

HOW TO CONDUCT A NEWSPAPER.

IN the conduct of my newspaper, I carefully excluded all libeling and personal abuse, which is of late years become so disgraceful to our country. Whenever I was solicited to insert anything of that kind, and the writers pleaded, as they generally did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stagecoach, in which any one who would pay had a right to a place, my answer was that I would print the piece separately if desired, and the author might have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction; and that, having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their papers with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice. Now many of our printers make no scruple of gratifying the malice of individuals by false accusations of the fairest characters among ourselves, augmenting animosity even to the producing of duels; and are, moreover, so indiscreet as to print scurrilous reflections on the government of neighboring states, and even on the con-

duct of our best national allies, which may be attended with the most pernicious consequences. These things I mention as a caution to young printers, and that they may be encouraged not to pollute their presses and disgrace their profession by such infamous practices, but refuse steadily, as they may see by my example that such a course of conduct will not, on the whole, be injurious to their interests.

FRANKLIN'S EXPERIENCES WITH WHITEFIELD.

In 1739 arrived among us from Ireland the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, who had made himself remarkable there as an itinerant preacher. He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy, taking a dislike to him, soon refused him their pulpits, and he was obliged to preach in the fields. The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous, and it was matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them by assuring them they were naturally "half beasts and half devils." It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk through the town in an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street.

. . . I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Toward the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong desire to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him, to borrow some money for the purpose. The application was unfortunately to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was: "At any other time, friend Hopkinson I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

The following instance will show something of the terms on which we stood. Upon one of his arrivals from England at Boston, he wrote to me that he should come soon to Philadelphia, but knew not where he could lodge when there, as he understood his old friend and host, Mr. Benezet, was removed to Germantown. My answer was: "You know my house; if you can make shift with its scanty accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome."

He replied that if I made that kind offer for Christ's sake I should not miss of a reward ; and I returned : "Don't let me be mistaken ; it was not for Christ's sake, but for your own sake." One of our common acquaintance remarked that, knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they received any favor, to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders and place it in heaven, I had contrived to fix it on earth.

ORGANIZING EDUCATION AND PUBLIC DEFENCE.

I HAD, on the whole, abundant reason to be satisfied with my being established in Pennsylvania. There were, however, two things which I regretted, — there being no provision for defense, nor for a complete education of youth ; no militia, nor any college. I therefore, in 1743, drew up a proposal for establishing an academy, and at that time thinking the Rev. Mr. Peters, who was out of employ, a fit person to superintend such an institution, I communicated the project to him ; but he, having more profitable views in the service of the proprietaries, which succeeded, declined the undertaking ; and, not knowing another at that time suitable for such a trust, I let the scheme lie awhile dormant. I succeeded better the next year, 1744, in proposing and establishing a philosophical society. The paper I wrote for that purpose will be found among my writings when collected.

With respect to defence, . . . I determined to try what might be done by a voluntary association of the people. To promote this I first wrote and pub-

lished a pamphlet entitled "Plain Truth," in which I stated our defenseless situation in strong lights, with the necessity of union and discipline for our defense, and promised to propose in a few days an association, to be generally signed for that purpose. The pamphlet had a sudden and surprising effect. I was called upon for the instrument of association, and having settled the draft of it with a few friends, I appointed a meeting of the citizens in the large building before mentioned. The house was pretty full. I had prepared a number of printed copies, and provided pens and ink dispersed all over the room. I harangued them a little on the subject, read the paper and explained it, and then distributed the copies, which were eagerly signed, not the least objection being made.

When the company separated and the papers were collected, we found above twelve hundred hands; and, other copies being dispersed in the country, the subscribers amounted at length to upward of ten thousand. These all furnished themselves as soon as they could with arms, formed themselves into companies and regiments, chose their own officers, and met every week to be instructed in the manual exercise and other parts of military discipline. The women by subscriptions among themselves, provided silk colors, which they presented to the companies, painted with different devices and mottoes which I supplied.

THE FRANKLIN STOVE.

In order of time I should have mentioned before that, having in 1742 invented an open stove for the

better warming of rooms and at the same time saving fuel, as the fresh air admitted was warmed in entering, I made a present of the model to Mr. Robert Grace, one of my early friends, who, having an iron furnace, found the casting of the plates for these stoves a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand. To promote that demand I wrote and published a pamphlet entitled, "An Account of the new-invented Pennsylvania Fireplaces; wherein their Construction and Manner of Operation is particularly explained; their Advantages above every other Method of warming Rooms demonstrated; and all Objections that have been raised against the Use of them answered and obviated," etc. This pamphlet had a good effect. Governor Thomas was so pleased with the construction of this stove, as described in it, that he offered to give me a patent for the sole vending of them for a term of years; but I declined it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions; namely, that as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED PROJECTS.

Peace being concluded, and the association business therefore at an end, I turned my thoughts again to the affair of establishing an academy. The first step I took was to associate in the design a number of active friends, of whom the Junto furnished a good part. The next was to write and publish a

pamphlet entitled "Proposals relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania." This I distributed among the principal inhabitants gratis; and as soon as I could suppose their minds a little prepared by the perusal of it, I set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy. It was to be paid in quotas yearly for five years. By so dividing it I judged the subscription might be larger, and I believe it was so, amounting to no less, if I remember right, than five thousand pounds.

In the introduction to these Proposals I stated their publication, not as an act of mine, but of some "public-spirited gentlemen," avoiding as much as I could, according to my usual rule, the presenting myself to the public as the author of any scheme for their benefit.

The subscribers, to carry the project into immediate execution, chose out of their number twenty-four trustees, and appointed Mr. Francis, then attorney-general, and myself to draw up constitutions for the government of the academy; which being done and signed, a house was hired, masters engaged, and the schools opened, I think, in the same year, 1749.

The trustees of the academy after a while were incorporated by a charter from the government; their funds were increased by contributions in Britain and grants of land from the proprietaries, to which the Assembly has since made considerable addition; and thus was established the present University of Philadelphia. I have been continued one of its trustees from the beginning, now near forty years. . . .

In 1751 Dr. Thomas Bond, a particular friend of mine, conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in Philadelphia (a very beneficent design which has been

ascribed to me but was originally his) for the reception and cure of poor sick persons, whether inhabitants of the province or strangers. He was zealous and active in endeavoring to procure subscriptions for it, but the proposal being a novelty in America, and at first not well understood, he met with but small success.

At length he came to me with the compliment that he found there was no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it. "For," says he, "I am often asked by those to whom I propose subscribing, 'Have you consulted Franklin upon this business? And what does he think of it?' And when I tell them that I have not (supposing it rather out of your line), they do not subscribe, but say they will consider of it." I inquired into the nature and probable utility of his scheme, and receiving from him a very satisfactory explanation, I not only subscribed to it myself, but engaged heartily in the design of procuring subscriptions from others. Previously, however, to the solicitation, I endeavored to prepare the minds of the people by writing on the subject in the newspapers, which was my usual custom in such cases, but which he had omitted.

The subscriptions afterward were more free and generous; but, beginning to flag, I saw they would be insufficient without some assistance from the Assembly, and therefore proposed to petition for it, which was done. The country members did not at first relish the project. They objected that it could only be serviceable to the city, and therefore the citizens alone should be at the expense of it; and they doubted whether the citizens themselves generally ap-

proved of it. My allegation on the contrary, that it met with such approbation as to leave no doubt of our being able to raise two thousand pounds by voluntary donations, they considered as a most extravagant supposition and utterly impossible.

On this I formed my plan; and, asking leave to bring in a bill for incorporating the contributors according to the prayer of their petition, and granting them a blank sum of money, which leave was obtained chiefly on the consideration that the House could throw the bill out if they did not like it, I drew it so as to make the important clause a conditional one, namely: "And be it enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that when the said contributors shall have met and chosen their managers and treasurer, *and shall have raised by their contributions a capital stock of —— value*, (the yearly interest of which is to be applied to the accommodating of the sick poor in the said hospital, free of charge for diet, attendance, advice, and medicines,) *and shall make the same appear to the satisfaction of the speaker of the Assembly for the time being*, that *then* it shall and may be lawful for the said speaker, and he is hereby required, to sign an order on the provincial treasurer for the payment of two thousand pounds, in two yearly payments, to the treasurer of the said hospital, to be applied to the founding, building, and finishing of the same."

This condition carried the bill through; for the members who had opposed the grant, and now conceived they might have the credit of being charitable without the expense, agreed to its passage; and then, in soliciting subscriptions among the people, we

urged the conditional promise of the law as an additional motive to give, since every man's donation would be doubled; thus the clause worked both ways. The subscriptions accordingly soon exceeded the requisite sum, and we claimed and received the public gift, which enabled us to carry the design into execution. A convenient and handsome building was soon erected; the institution has, by constant experience, been found useful, and flourishes to this day; and I do not remember any of my political maneuvers the success of which gave me at the time more pleasure, or wherein, after thinking of it, I more easily excused myself for having made some use of cunning.

It was about this time that another projector, the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, came to me with a request that I would assist him in procuring a subscription for erecting a new meetinghouse. It was to be for the use of a congregation he had gathered among the Presbyterians who were originally disciples of Mr. Whitefield. Unwilling to make myself disagreeable to my fellow-citizens by too frequently soliciting their contributions, I absolutely refused. He then desired I would furnish him with a list of the names of persons I knew by experience to be generous and public-spirited. I thought it would be unbecoming in me, after their kind compliance with my solicitations, to mark them out to be worried by other beggars, and therefore refused also to give such a list. He then desired I would at least give him my advice. "That I will readily do," said I; "and in the first place, I advise you to apply to all those whom you know will give something; next, to those whom you are un-

certain whether they will give anything or not, and show them the list of those who have given; and, lastly, do not neglect those who you are sure will give nothing, for in some of them you may be mistaken." He laughed and thanked me, and said he would take my advice. He did so, for he asked of everybody, and he obtained a much larger sum than he expected, with which he erected the capacious and very elegant meetinghouse that stands in Arch Street.

Our city, though laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, straight, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpaved, and in wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages plowed them into a quagmire, so that it was difficult to cross them, and in dry weather the dust was offensive. I had lived near what was called the Jersey Market, and saw with pain the inhabitants wading in mud while purchasing their provisions. A strip of ground down the middle of that market was at length paved with brick, so that, being once in the market, they had firm footing, but were often over shoes in dirt to get there. By talking and writing on the subject I was at length instrumental in getting the street paved with stone between the market and the bricked foot pavement that was on each side next the houses. This for some time gave an easy access to the market, dry-shod; but, the rest of the street not being paved, whenever a carriage came out of the mud upon this pavement, it shook off and left its dirt upon it, and it was soon covered with mire, which was not removed, the city as yet having no scavengers.

After some inquiry I found a poor, industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors for the sum of sixpence per month to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense: the greater ease in keeping our houses clean, so much dirt not being brought in by people's feet; the benefit to the shops by more custom, etc., as buyers could more easily get at them, and by not having, in windy weather, the dust blown in upon their goods, etc. I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went round to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these sixpences. It was unanimously signed, and for a time well executed. All the inhabitants of the city were delighted with the cleanliness of the pavement that surrounded the market, it being a convenience to all; and this raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to submit to a tax for that purpose.

After some time I drew a bill for paving the city, and brought it into the Assembly. It was just before I went to England in 1757, and did not pass till I was gone, and then with an alteration in the mode of assessment which I thought not for the better, but with an additional provision for lighting as well as paving the streets, which was a great improvement. It was by a private person, the late Mr. John Clifton, — his giving a sample of the utility of lamps by placing one at his door, — that the people were first impressed with the idea of enlighting all the city. The

honor of this public benefit has also been ascribed to me, but it belongs truly to that gentleman. I did but follow his example, and have only some merit to claim respecting the form of our lamps, as differing from the globe lamps we were at first supplied with from London. Those we found inconvenient in these respects: they admitted no air below; the smoke, therefore, did not readily go out above, but circulated in the globe, lodged on its inside, and soon obstructed the light they were intended to afford, giving, besides, the daily trouble of wiping them clean; and an accidental stroke on one of them would demolish it and render it totally useless. I therefore suggested the composing them of four flat panes, with a long funnel above to draw up the smoke, and crevices admitting air below to facilitate the ascent of the smoke. By this means they were kept clean, and did not grow dark in a few hours, as the London lamps do, but continued bright till morning, and an accidental stroke would generally break but a single pane, easily repaired.

I have sometimes wondered that the Londoners did not, from the effect holes in the bottom of the globe lamps used at Vauxhall have in keeping them clean, learn to have such holes in their street lamps. But, these holes being made for another purpose, namely, to communicate flame more suddenly to the wick by a little flax hanging down through them, the other use, of letting in air, seems not to have been thought of; and therefore, after the lamps have been lit a few hours, the streets of London are very poorly illuminated.

The mention of these improvements puts me in

mind of one I proposed, when in London, to Dr. Fothergill, who was among the best men I have known, and a great promoter of useful projects. I had observed that the streets, when dry, were never swept, and the light dust carried away ; but it was suffered to accumulate till wet weather reduced it to mud, and then, after lying some days so deep on the pavement that there was no crossing but in paths kept clean by poor people with brooms, it was with great labor raked together and thrown up into carts open above, the sides of which suffered some of the slush at every jolt on the pavement to shake out and fall, sometimes to the annoyance of foot passengers. The reason given for not sweeping the dusty streets was that the dust would fly into the windows of shops and houses.

An accidental occurrence had instructed me how much sweeping might be done in a little time. I found at my door in Craven Street one morning, a poor woman sweeping my pavement with a birch broom. She appeared very pale and feeble, as just come out of a fit of sickness. I asked who employed her to sweep there. She said, "Nobody ; but I am very poor and in distress, and I sweeps before gentlefolkses doors, and hopes they will give me something." I bid her sweep the whole street clean, and I would give her a shilling. This was at nine o'clock ; at twelve she came for the shilling. From the slowness I saw at first in her working I could scarce believe that the work was done so soon, and sent my servant to examine it, who reported that the whole street was swept perfectly clean, and all the dust placed in the gutter, which was in the middle ;

and the next rain washed it quite away, so that the pavement, and even the kennel, were perfectly clean.

I then judged that if that feeble woman could sweep such a street in three hours, a strong, active man might have done it in half the time. And here let me remark the convenience of having but one gutter in such a narrow street, running down its middle, instead of two, one on each side, near the footway; for where all the rain that falls on a street runs from the sides and meets in the middle, it forms there a current strong enough to wash away all the mud it meets with; but when divided into two channels, it is often too weak to cleanse either, and only makes the mud it finds more fluid, so that the wheels of carriages and feet of horses throw and dash it upon the foot pavement, which is thereby rendered foul and slippery, and sometimes splash it upon those who are walking. . . .

Some may think these trifling matters, not worth minding or relating; but when they consider that though dust blown into the eyes of a single person, or into a single shop, on a windy day is but of small importance, yet the great number of the instances in a populous city, and its frequent repetitions, give it weight and consequence, perhaps they will not censure very severely those who bestow some attention to affairs of this seemingly low nature. Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. Thus, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas. The money

may be soon spent, the regret only remaining of having foolishly consumed it; but in the other case, he escapes the frequent vexation of waiting for barbers, and of their sometimes dirty fingers, offensive breaths, and dull razors. He shaves when most convenient to him, and enjoys daily the pleasure of its being done with a good instrument. With these sentiments I have hazarded the few preceding pages, hoping they may afford hints which some time or other may be useful to a city I love, having lived many years in it very happily, and perhaps to some of our towns in America.

FRANKLIN AND GENERAL BRADDOCK.

In conversation with him one day he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," says he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time, and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before revolved in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iroquois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventured only to say: "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place, not yet completely fortified, and, as we hear, with no very

strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them ; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support each other."

He smiled at my ignorance, and replied : " These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of an impropriety in my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army which I apprehended its long line of march exposed it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place ; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river where the front had halted till all had come over), and in a more open part of the woods than any it had passed, attacked its advance guard by a heavy fire from behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, through wagons, baggage, and cattle ; and presently the fire came upon their flank. The officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguished, picked out as marks, and fell very fast ; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing

to be shot at till two thirds of them were killed ; and then, being seized with a panic, the whole fled with precipitation.

The wagoners took each a horse out of his team, and scampered ; their example was immediately followed by others, so that all the wagons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty ; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side ; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. These eleven hundred had been picked men from the whole army ; the rest had been left behind with Colonel Dunbar, who was to follow with the heavier part of the stores, provisions, and baggage. The flyers, not being pursued, arrived at Dunbar's camp, and the panic they brought with them instantly seized him and all his people ; and though he had now above one thousand men, and the enemy who had beaten Braddock did not at most exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding and endeavoring to recover some of the lost honor, he ordered all the stores, ammunition, etc., to be destroyed, that he might have more horses to assist his flight toward the settlements and less lumber to remove. He was there met with requests from the governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, that he would post his troops on the frontiers so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants ; but he continued his hasty march through all the country, not thinking himself safe till he arrived at Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him. This whole transaction gave us Americans the

first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

In their first march, too, from their landing till they got beyond the settlements, they had plundered and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing, and confining the people if they remonstrated. This was enough to put us out of conceit of such defenders, if we had really wanted any. How different was the conduct of our French friends in 1781, who, during a march through the most inhabited part of our country from Rhode Island to Virginia, near seven hundred miles, occasioned not the smallest complaint for the loss of a pig, a chicken, or even an apple.

Before we had the news of this defeat, the two Doctors Bond came to me with a subscription paper for raising money to defray the expense of a grand firework, which it was intended to exhibit at a rejoicing on receipt of the news of our taking Fort Duquesne. I looked grave, and said it would, I thought, be time enough to prepare for the rejoicing when we knew we should have occasion to rejoice. They seemed surprised that I do not immediately comply with their proposal. "Why," says one of them, "you surely don't suppose that the fort will not be taken?" "I don't know that it will not be taken, but I know that the events of war are subject to great uncertainty." I gave them the reasons of my doubting; the subscription was dropped, and the projectors thereby missed the mortification they would have undergone if the firework had been prepared. Dr. Bond, on some other occasion afterward, said that he did not like Franklin's forebodings.

ADVICE TO AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted, they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a day which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning and the other half in the evening, and I observed they were as punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. Beatty: "It is, perhaps, below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum, but if you were to deal it out, and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you." He liked the thought, undertook the office, and, with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction, and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended; so that I thought this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for nonattendance on divine service.

FRANKLIN BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[From the Report of the Examination, published in 1767.]

Q. What is your name, and place of abode?
A. Franklin, of Philadelphia.

Q. Do the Americans pay any considerable taxes among themselves?

A. Certainly, many, and very heavy taxes.

Q. What are the present taxes in Pennsylvania, laid by the laws of the colony?

A. There are taxes on all estates real and personal; a poll tax; a tax on all offices, professions, trades, and businesses, according to their profits; an excise on all wine, rum and other spirits; and a duty of ten pounds per head on all negroes imported, with some other duties.

Q. For what purposes are those taxes laid?

A. For the support of the civil and military establishments of the country, and to discharge the heavy debt contracted in the last war.

Q. How long are those taxes to continue?

A. Those for discharging the debt are to continue till 1772, and longer if the debt should not be then all discharged. The others must always continue.

Q. Was it not expected that the debt would have been sooner discharged?

A. It was, when the peace was made with France and Spain. But, a fresh war breaking out with the Indians, a fresh load of debt was incurred; and the taxes, of course, continued longer by a new law.

Q. Are not all the people very able to pay those taxes?

A. No. The frontier counties, all along the continent, having been frequently ravaged by the enemy and greatly impoverished, are able to pay very little tax. And therefore, in consideration of their distresses, our late tax laws do expressly favor

those counties, excusing the sufferers ; and I suppose the same is done in other governments.

* * * * * * *

Q. What was the temper of America toward Great Britain before the year 1763 ?

A. The best in the world. They submitted willingly to the government of the crown, and paid, in their courts, obedience to the acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are in the several old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper ; they were led by a thread. They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain ; for its laws, its customs and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with particular regard ; to be an *Old-England man* was of itself a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us.

Q. And what is their temper now ?

A. O, very much altered.

* * * * * *

Q. In what light did the people of America use to consider the Parliament of Great Britain ?

A. They considered the Parliament as the great bulwark and security of their liberties and privileges, and always spoke of it with the utmost respect and veneration. Arbitrary ministers, they thought, might possibly, at times, attempt to oppress them ; but they relied on it that the Parliament, on application, would always give redress. They remembered, with gratitude, a strong instance of this, when a bill was

brought into Parliament, with a clause to make royal instructions laws in the colonies, which the House of Commons would not pass, and it was thrown out.

Q. And have they not still the same respect for Parliament?

A. No, it is greatly lessened.

Q. To what cause is that owing?

A. To a concurrence of causes; the restraints lately laid on their trade by which the bringing of foreign gold and silver into the colonies was prevented; the prohibition of making paper money among themselves, and then demanding a new and heavy tax by stamps, taking away, at the same time, trials by juries, and refusing to receive and hear their humble petitions.

Q. Don't you think they would submit to the Stamp Act, if it was modified, the obnoxious parts taken out, and the duty reduced to some particulars of small moment?

A. No, they will never submit to it.

* * * * * * * *

Q. If the Stamp Act should be repealed, would it induce the assemblies of America to acknowledge the rights of Parliament to tax them, and would they erase their resolutions?

A. No, never.

Q. Are there no means of obliging them to erase those resolutions?

A. None that I know of; they will never do it, unless compelled by force of arms.

Q. Is there a power on earth that can force them to erase them?

A. No power, how great soever, can force men to change their opinions.

Q. Do they consider the post-office as a tax, or as a regulation?

A. Not as a tax, but as a regulation and conveniency; every assembly encouraged it, and supported it in its infancy by grants of money, which they would not otherwise have done; and the people have always paid the postage.

Q. When did you receive the instructions you mentioned?

A. I brought them with me, when I came to England, about fifteen months since.

Q. When did you communicate that instruction to the minister?

A. Soon after my arrival, while the stamping of America was under consideration, and before the bill was brought in.

Q. Would it be most for the interest of Great Britain, to employ the hands of Virginia in tobacco, or in manufactures?

A. In tobacco, to be sure.

Q. What used to be the pride of the Americans?

A. To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain.

Q. What is now their pride?

A. To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones.

Withdrew.

MATHER BYLES.

MATHER BYLES was, to his contemporaries, a distinguished pulpit orator and poet, but he is best remembered for his remarkable wit and quickness of repartee. He was born in Boston, March 15, 1707, and died there July 5, 1788. He was, of course, graduated at Harvard (1725), and equally, of course, studied theology, becoming in time pastor of the Hollis Street Church of his native city, where he preached sermons, the published specimens of which show command of language, power of condensed expression, and a vivid imagination. But his main ambition, doubtless, was to be considered a great poet and literary dictator, like Alexander Pope, with whom he corresponded. Unfortunately his *Poem on the Death of George I.* (1727), his *Poetical Epistle to Governor Belcher on the Death of His Lady* (1736), and his *Miscellaneous Poems* (1744), while they sufficed to give him provincial notoriety, have proved unreadable to subsequent generations. The specimen we give of his verse-making was composed to be sung on a vessel in which he was entrapped (by Governor Belcher) into taking a voyage without the proper accompaniment of a prayer-book.

Byles was a consistent Tory, and in 1776 left his parish on that account, after having cowed his parish-

ioners into awed silence by his fiery and eloquent defence of his principles. In 1777 he was denounced as an enemy of his country, tried, and condemned to imprisonment and banishment; but he was in the end suffered to remain under guard in his own house, and he thus lived in Boston until his death.

HYMN WRITTEN DURING A VOYAGE.

[Poems on Several Occasions. 1744.]

Great God thy works our wonder raise;
To thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies and winds, and rocks and seas,
Around shall echo to our song.

Thy power produced this mighty frame,
Aloud to thee the tempests roar,
Or softer breezes tune thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.

Round thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy opening hands their joys bestow,
Through all the blushing coral groves,
These silent gay retreats below.

See the broad sun forsake the skies,
Glow on the waves and downward glide,
Anon Heaven opens all its eyes,
And star-beams tremble o'er the tide.

Each various scene, or day or night,
Lord ! points to thee our nourished soul ;
Thy glories fix our whole delight ;
So the touched needle courts the pole.

JOSEPH GREEN.

Joseph Green, a New England poet, much admired by his contemporaries, was born in Boston in 1706, and died in London, December 11, 1780. He was graduated from Harvard at twenty, became a successful merchant and literary amateur, and was one of the prime movers in the agitations of the sixties that ultimately led to independence. But, like many other good men, he shrank from open war, and he was unfortunate enough to receive an appointment by Governor Gage in 1774, as one of the so-called Mandamus Council, to remodel the government of the colony in an illiberal way. Though he did not take the oath of office, he signed the loyal address in approval of Governor Hutchinson, and was therefore proscribed and banished in 1776, finding a congenial home for his last years in England. He was regarded in Massachusetts as the best lampooner and political satirist of his generation; and as a wit, unsurpassed, unless it were by his friend, Dr. Byles. His skits and parodies are by no means so remarkable to modern as to contemporary readers, but the two specimens we give have at least an historical value. Some readers may be interested to compare the lines on *Mr. Old Tenor* with those written not many years ago on a Confederate note.

THE PARSON'S PSALM.

[A Parody on Mather Byles's Stanzas written at Sea.]

In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning at his tea.
Alas! that he should never write
A proper song to sing at sea.

Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevailed.
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet failed.

He sat awhile and stroked his Muse,[1]
Then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring brethren.

The task performed, the bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word;
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read and sung on board.

Most serious Christians do aver,
(Their credit sure we may rely on,)
In former times that after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.

[1] Byles's favorite cat.

Our modern parson having prayed,
Unless loud fame or faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book and said,
"Let's sing a psalm of Mather Byles."

At first, when he began to read,
Their heads the assembly downward hung,
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung.

THE PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.

Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode.
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
And eels, and perch, and cod.

From raging winds and tempests free,
So smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seams to be
A piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds and tempests rise,
And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies,
And lower sinks than hell.

Our heads the tottering motion feel,
And quickly we become
Giddy as new-dropped calves, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we
Thus far have safely got,
Amarescoggin tribe to see,
And tribe of Penobscot.

A LAMENTATION FOR OLD TENOR CURRENCY.

[A Mournful Lamentation for the Sad and Deplorable Death of Mr. Old Tenor.]

A doleful tale prepare to hear,
As ever yet was told:
The like, perhaps, ne'er reach'd the ear
Of either young or old.
'Tis of the sad and woful death
Of one of mighty fame,
Who lately hath resigned his breath;
Old Tenor was his name.

In vain ten thousands intercede,
To keep him from the grave;
In vain, his many good works plead;
Alas! they cannot save.
The powers decree and die he must,
It is the common lot,
But his good deeds, when he's in dust,
Shall never be forgot.

He made our wives and daughters fine,
And pleased everybody;
He gave the rich their costly wine,
The poor their flip and toddy.
The laborer he set to work;
In ease maintained the great:
He found us mutton, beef, and pork,
And everything we eat.

To fruitful fields by swift degrees,
He turned our desert land:
Where once naught stood but rocks and trees,
Now spacious cities stand.
He built us houses strong and high,
Of wood, and brick, and stone;
The furniture he did supply;
But now, alas! he's gone.

The merchants, too, those topping folks,
To him owe all their riches;
Their ruffles, lace, and scarlet cloaks,
And eke their velvet breeches.
He launched their ships into the main,
To visit distant shores;
And brought them back, full fraught with gain,
Which much increased their stores.

Led on by him, our soldiers bold
Against the foe advance;
And took, in spite of wet and cold,
Strong Cape Breton from France.

Who from that fort the French did drive,
Shall he so soon be slain?
While they, alas! remain alive,
Who gave it back again?

From house to house, and place to place,
In paper doublet clad,
He passed and where he showed his face,
He made the heart full glad.
But cruel death, that spareth none,
Hath robbed us of him too;
Who through the land so long hath gone,
No longer now must go.

In senate he, like Cæsar, fell,
Pierced through with many a wound,
He sunk, ah, doleful tale to tell!
The members sitting round:
And ever since that fatal day
O! had it never been,
Closely confined at home he lay,
And scarce was ever seen,

Until the last of March, when he
Submitted unto fate;
In anno regis twenty-three,
Ætatis forty-eight.
Forever gloomy be that day,
When he gave up the ghost;
For by his death, oh! who can say,
What hath New England lost?

Then, good Old Tenor, fare thee well,
  Since thou art dead and gone;
We mourn thy fate, e'en while we tell
  The good things thou hast done,
Since the bright beams of yonder sun
  Did on New England shine,
In all the land, there ne'er was known
  A death so mourned as thine.

Of every rank are many seen,
  Thy downfall to deplore;
For 'tis well known that thou hast been
  A friend to rich and poor.
We'll o'er thee raise a silver tomb,
  Long may that tomb remain,
To bless our eyes for years to come,
  But wishes, ah! are vain.

And so God bless our noble state,
  And save us all from harm,
And grant us food enough to eat,
  And clothes to keep us warm.
Send us a lasting peace, and keep
  The times from growing worse;
And let us all in safety sleep,
  With silver in our purse.

JOHN OSBORN.

JOHN OSBORN was the son of a New England clergyman whose Arminian leanings had caused him to be dismissed from his parish. He was born in Sandwich, Massachusetts, in 1713, and died at Middletown, Connecticut, forty years later. Graduating at Harvard College in 1735, he studied theology, but falling under suspicion of heresy, like his father, he was refused ordination. He then studied medicine, was admitted to practice, declined a tutorship at Harvard on account of the celibacy then required there, and marrying, removed to Middletown, where he spent the rest of his life. He enjoyed considerable colonial reputation as a poet, based mainly on the *Whaling Song* here given, which is said to have long been popular on the hardy vessels that tracked the Pacific in search of their lucrative prey. Osborn's other verses are imitative and bad, but a few stanzas of his song seem to have a truly poetic ring.

> When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
> We stem the frozen pole,
> We see the icy islands stand,
> The northern billows roll,

may not be great poetry, but it is better than most other colonials could write. Yet Osborn's production is sometimes spoken of with contempt, as, for example, by the late Professor Moses Coit Tyler.

A WHALING SONG.

[Preserved in Kettell's "Specimens of American Poetry." 1829.]

When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To plough the watery deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored.

Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our course away,
With eager minds and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wandering eyes,
We view one constant show;

Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
Surprising scenes we find ;
We lengthen out the tedious day,
And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where
Eternal winter reigns :
One day and night fills up the year,
And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
Great whales in numerous swarms ;
And creatures there, that play and leap,
Of strange, unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
And whales around us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
For an assault designed ;
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
And in our irons throw :
She sinks her monstrous body down
Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
We soon renew the fight ;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
And all her rage excite.

Enraged, she makes a mighty bound ;
Thick foams the whitened sea ;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
And blows her reddening breath ;
She breaks the air, a deafening sound,
While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood,
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
And on the surface lay ;
While all with eager haste apply
To save our deathful prey.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON, last royal governor of Massachusetts, and the best of the colonial historians, was born in Boston September 9, 1711, and died at Brompton, England, June 3, 1780. He was a descendant of that Ann Hutchinson whose trial and banishment for heresy he describes in an extract here given. His great-grandfather Edward had returned to Massachusetts, and the family had attained distinction and wealth. Their most noted representative was graduated at Harvard in 1727. Broad-minded and receptive rather than studious, he made himself a liberally educated man, but no pedantic scholar. Four years in his father's counting-house gave him business training and made him methodically exact. In 1737 he was chosen selectman for Boston, and almost immediately afterward, representative to the General Court, in which he vainly resisted the attempt to issue a depreciated paper currency. His wise and patriotic counsels were little heeded, but his integrity and ability extorted recognition, and his prominence both in the local politics of the colony and in its relations to the mother country, led, in 1756, to his appointment as lieutenant-governor, to which was shortly added the office of chief justice (1760). He was the greatest financier of the colonial period, and a just adminis-

trator, but his energetic administration made him unpopular. His house was sacked by a mob in 1765, and his carefully collected library destroyed, an irreparable loss to American historians. His conduct of affairs during the troubled years that followed was vigorous and consistent with his principles, which were not, however, those destined to triumph. In 1770 he was made governor, but four years later was superseded by General Gage, and went to England, followed by the execrations of the people he had endeavored to serve. All his colonial property was confiscated. Hutchinson, although a convinced Tory, was an ardent patriot, whose *Diary and Letters* (2 vols., 1884–1886) show how gladly he would have returned to America. His *History of Massachusetts Bay* (2 vols., 1764–1767, Vol. 3, 1828) bears witness to his judicial mind, and to a distinct talent for historical research, but its style is rather heavy, and there is a conspicuous lack of the historical imagination. The work is, however, regarded as an indispensable authority by historical students.

MRS. HUTCHINSON'S HERESIES.

[From the "History," Chap. I.]

There came over with Mr. Cotton, or about the same time, Mr. Hutchinson and his family, who had lived at Alford, in the neighborhood of Boston. Mr. Hutchinson had a good estate, and was of good reputation. His wife, as Mr. Cotton says, "was well beloved, and all the faithful embraced her con-

ference and blessed God for her fruitful discourses." After she came to New-England, she was treated with respect, and much notice was taken of her by Mr. Cotton, and other principal persons, and particularly by Mr. Vane the governor. Her husband served in the General Court several elections as a representative for Boston, until he was excused at the desire of the church. So much respect seems to have increased her natural vanity. Countenanced and encouraged by Mr. Vane and Mr. Cotton, she advanced doctrines and opinions which involved the colony in disputes and contentions; and, being improved to civil as well as religious purposes, had like to have produced ruin both to church and state. The vigilance of some, of whom Mr. Winthrop was the chief, prevented and turned the ruin from the country, upon herself and many of her family and particular friends. Mr. Wheelwright, a zealous minister, of character for learning and piety, was her brother-in-law, and firmly attached to her, and finally suffered with her. Besides the meetings for public worship on the Lord's day, the stated lecture every Thursday in Boston, and other occasional lectures in other towns, there were frequent private meetings of the brethren of the churches for religious exercises. Mrs. Hutchinson thought fit to set up a meeting for the sisters also, where she repeated the sermons preached the Lord's day before, adding her remarks and expositions. Her lectures made much noise, and fifty or eighty principal women attended them. At first they were generally approved of. After some time, it appeared she had distinguished the ministers and members of churches through the

country, a small part of them under a covenant of grace, the rest under a convenant of works. The whole colony was soon divided into two parties, and however distant one party was from the other in principle, they were still more so in affection. The two capital errors with which she was charged, were these: That the Holy Ghost dwells personally in a justified person; and, that nothing of sanctification can help to evidence to believers their justification. From these two a great number of others were said to flow, which were enumerated and condemned at a synod held the next year.

HER TRIAL.

[From the Same.]

Mrs. Hutchinson was next called to her trial, before the whole court and many of the elders. An ancient manuscript of the trial at large having been preserved, discovers nothing in her conduct but what might naturally be expected from a high degree of enthusiasm. Her notions of revelations do not seem to have been altogether discountenanced by Mr. Cotton himself. Her sentence upon record stands thus: "Mrs. Hutchinson, the wife of Mr. William Hutchinson, being convented for traducing the ministers and their ministry in the country, she declared voluntarily her revelation, and that she should be delivered, and the court ruined with her posterity, and thereupon was banished, and in the meanwhile was committed to Mr. Joseph Weld (of Roxbury) until

the court shall dispose of her. "Having received her sentence from the court, she had a further trial to go through in the church. She was first admonished. Mr. Cotton says that Mr. Davenport and he imagined they had convinced her of her errors, and she presented what was called a recantation under her hand, but at the same time professed that she never was of any other judgment than what she now held forth. The recantation is not preserved. She had, no doubt, some fine-spun distinctions, too commonly made use of in theological controversies, to serve as a subterfuge if there be occasion, and perhaps, as many other enthusiasts have done, she considered herself divinely commissioned for some great purpose, to obtain which she might think those windings, subtleties, and insinuations lawful which will hardly consist with the rules of morality. No wonder she was immoderately vain when she found magistrates and ministers embracing the novelties advanced by her. The whole Church of Boston, a few members excepted, were her converts. At length she forsook the public assemblies, and set up what she called a purer worship in her own family.

HER FATE.

[From the Same.]

Mr. Hutchinson her husband sold his estate, and removed with his wife and family first to Aquidneck (Rhode Island) being one of the purchasers of that island from the Indians, where, by the influence of

his wife, the people laid aside Mr. Coddington, and three other magistrates, and chose him for their sole ruler; but he dying about the year 1642, and she being dissatisfied with the people of the place, she removed to the Dutch country beyond New-Haven, and the next year she and all her family which were with her, being 16 persons, were killed by the Indians, except one daughter, whom they carried into captivity.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

[From the Same, Chap. IV.]

The ministers of the several churches in the town of Boston have ever been supported by a free weekly contribution. I have seen a letter from one of the principal ministers of the colony expressing some doubts of the lawfulness of receiving a support in any other way. In the country towns, compulsory laws were found necessary; and in the year 1654 the county courts were empowered to assess upon the inhabitants of the several towns which neglected the support of the ministry a sum sufficient to make up the defect.

In Boston, after prayer and before singing, it was the practice for several years for the minister to read and expound a chapter. Whether it was because this carried the service to too great a length, or any other reason could be given for it, in a few years it was laid aside, except when it came in place of a sermon. Exceptions (may we not say cavils?) have been made, by some learned, serious ministers, against

reading the Scriptures as part of the divine service without an exposition. The other parts of religious public worship, and the manner of administering the sacraments, not differing from what is at this day the practice of the churches of New England and of the church of Scotland, it is unnecessary to take any notice of them.

From a sacred regard to the religion of the Christian Sabbath, a scruple arose of the lawfulness of calling the first day of the week Sunday; and they always, upon any occasion, whether in a civil or religious relation to it, styled it either the Lord's-day or the Sabbath. As the exception to the word Sunday was founded upon its superstitious, idolatrous origin, the same scruple naturally followed with respect to the names of all the other days of the week, and of most of the months, which had the same origin; accordingly they changed Monday, Tuesday, etc. into the second and third days of the week; and instead of March and April, used the first and second months; and instead of the third Tuesday in May, the language was, the third third day of the third month; and so of the rest. All their records and other writings are dated in the common form, which they brought from England with them, until the year 1636, when Mr. Vane was governor; but after that, the alteration seems to have been very strictly observed in all public and private writings and discourse, for many years together. In the interregnum it much obtained in England; but the scruple there went off at once, upon the Restoration; here, it abated; and it continues scarce anywhere at this day, except among the people called Quakers. Perhaps the great

dislike to some other peculiarities of that people caused the decline of that custom in the colony, and made them consider the singularity in the same light with some others of the same nature, which they condemned. (They began the Sabbath the evening of the last day of the week. It was some time before this custom was settled. Mr. Hooker, in a letter without date, but wrote about the year 1640, says, "The question touching the beginning of the Sabbath is now on foot among us, hath once been spoken to, and we are to give in our arguments each to the other, so that we may ripen our thoughts touching that truth, and if the Lord will it may more fully appear." And in another letter, March, 1640, "Mr. Huit hath not answered our arguments against the beginning the Sabbath at morning.")

That everything approaching to an acknowledgment of the authority of the Pope, and his power of canonization, might be avoided, they never used the addition of saint when they spake of the Apostles and the ancient Fathers of the Christian Church, and even the usual names of places were made to conform. The island of Saint Christophers was always written Christophers, and by the same rule all other places to which "Saint" had been prefixed. If any exception was made, an answer was ready: Abraham, Isaac and Jacob had as good right to this appellation as Peter, James and John.

They laid aside the fasts and feasts of the Church of England, and appointed frequently, as occasion required, days of fasting and thanksgiving; but, besides these occasional fasts and thanksgivings, they constantly, every spring, appointed a day for fasting

and prayer, to implore the divine blessings upon their affairs in the ensuing year; and in the fall, a day of thanksgiving and public acknowledgment of the favors conferred upon them in the year past. If they more readily fell into this practice from the example of the People of God of old, yet they might well have been justified without any example. It has continued without interruption, I suppose, in any one instance, down to this day. This is a custom to which no devout person of any sect will take exception. By a law of the colony, every person absenting himself from the public worship, on these days, without sufficient excuse, was liable to five shillings fine. It would have been as well, perhaps, if this provision had been omitted.

These were the principal of the special ecclesiastical or religious customs. There were some attempts to introduce singularities into some of the churches; particularly Mr. Davenport, of New Haven, who afterward removed to Boston, required all his congregation to stand up whilst the text was naming; the principal reason which was given for it being that it was the word of God, and deserved peculiar honor; and Mr. Williams, of Salem, required all the women of his congregation to wear veils; but neither of these customs spread, or were of any long continuance. It was observed, as to the latter, that so uncouth an appearance, contrary to the practice of the English nation, would probably draw more eyes than if they were dressed like other women. Mr. Cotton, of Boston, happening to preach at Salem soon after this custom began, he convinced his hearers that it had no sufficient foundation in the Scriptures: the

married women had no pretence to wear veils as virgins; neither married nor unmarried would choose to do it from the example of Tamar the harlot, nor need they do it for such purpose as Ruth did in her widowhood. His sermon had so good an effect that they were all ashamed of their veils, and never appeared covered with them afterward.

JOHN BARNARD.

The Rev. John Barnard of Marblehead is interesting to us precisely because he is not distinguished. Few historians or students of our literature, always excepting Professor Tyler, seem to be aware of his existence. He is a type of the Massachusetts Puritan, as the eighteenth century made him, the new wine straining the old bottles far more than he or his fellows realized. We should know little of him, save the facts to be gleaned from Parish records and tombstones, were it not for the autobiography from which the following extracts are taken. This was prepared apparently when the author was in his eighty-fifth year, at the request of President Stiles of Yale, who wrote to Mr. Barnard at Newport, October 3, 1767: "With great pleasure I have read your life again and again. It has proved a feast to me. So long a life of a gentleman of your figure and extensive connections must contain much ecclesiastical history, abound in political anecdote, and involve very interesting participations in the public occurrences and transactions concerning which you have the honor to say *quorum pars magna fui.*" But interesting as the narrative is, it lay long neglected, and even suffered some mutilation. It was at last printed in Vol. 5 of the Third Series of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1836.

From this autobiography we learn that Barnard was born in Boston on November 6, 1681, and that at the age of eight he was sent to the school under the direction of the famous Mr. Ezekiel Cheever. At fifteen he entered Harvard College, graduated at nineteen, studied for the ministry, and by 1702 could say "I became almost a constant preacher both on week days and on the Lord's Day, privately and publicly, insomuch as that I have sometime preached every day of the week but Saturdays, and both parts of the Sabbath, before and after; and as my friends who heard me said to good acceptance."

Barnard took his Master's degree in 1703, and in 1704 became assistant in the church at Yarmouth. He accompanied the Acadian Expedition in 1707 as chaplain, experienced the usual "signal deliverances," visited the Barbadoes and England in 1709, returned to Massachusetts after more than a year's absence, and in 1714 became assistant at Marblehead, where he was formally ordained in 1716, and continued his connection with the parish till his death on the 24th of January, 1770.

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOLDAYS.

In the spring of my eighth year I was sent to the grammar school, under the tuition of the aged, venerable and justly famous Mr. Ezekiel Cheever. But after a few weeks an odd accident drove me from the school. There was an older lad entered the school the same week with me; we strove who should outdo; and he beat me by the help of a brother in the upper

class, who stood behind master with the Accidence open for him to read out of; by which means he could recite his . . . three and four times in a forenoon, and the same in the afternoon; but I who had no such help, and was obliged to commit all to memory, could not keep pace with him; so that he would be always one lesson before me. My ambition could not bear to be outdone, and in such a fraudulent manner, and therefore I left the school. About this time arrived a dissenting minister from England, who opened a private school for reading, writing and Latin. My good father put me under his tuition, with whom I spent a year and a half. The gentleman receiving but little encouragement, threw up his school, and returned me to my father, and again I was sent to my aged Mr. Cheever, who placed me in the lowest class; but finding I soon read through my . . . , in a few weeks he advanced me to the . . . , and the next year made me the head of it.

In the time of my absence from Mr. Cheever, it pleased God to take to himself my dear mother, who was not only a very virtuous, but a very intelligent woman. She was exceedingly fond of my learning, and taught me to pray. My good father also instructed me, and made a little closet for me to retire to for my morning and evening devotion. But, alas! how childish and hypocritical were all my pretensions to piety, there being little or no serious thoughts of God and religion in me.

* * * * * * * *

Though my master advanced me, as above, yet I was a very naughty boy, much given to play, insomuch that he at length openly declared, "You Barnard,

I know you can do well enough if you will; but you are so full of play that you hinder your classmates from getting their lessons; and therefore, if any of them cannot perform their duty, I shall correct you for it." One unlucky day, one of my classmates did not look into his book, and therefore could not say his lesson, though I called upon him once and again to mind his book; upon which our master beat me. I told master the reason why he could not say his lesson was, his declaring he would beat me if any of the class were wanting in their duty; since which this boy would not look into his book, though I called upon him to mind his book, as the class could witness. The boy was pleased with my being corrected, and persisted in his neglect, for which I was still corrected, and that for several days. I thought, in justice, I ought to correct the boy, and compel him to a better temper; and therefore, after school was done, I went up to him, and told him I had been beaten several times for his neglect; and since master would not correct him I would, and I should do so as often as I was corrected for him; and then drubbed him heartily. The boy never came to school any more, and so that unhappy affair ended.

Though I was often beaten for my play, and my little roguish tricks, yet I don't remember that I was ever beaten for my book more than once or twice. One of these was upon this occasion. Master put our class upon turning Æsop's Fables into Latin verse. Some dull fellows made a shift to perform this to acceptance; but I was so much duller at this exercise, that I could make nothing of it; for which master corrected me, and this he did two or three

days going. I had honestly tried my possibles to perform the task; but having no poetical fancy, nor then a capacity opened of expressing the same idea by a variation of phrases, though I was perfectly acquainted with prosody, I found I could do nothing; and therefore plainly told my master that I had diligently labored all I could to perform what he required, and perceiving I had no genius for it, I thought it was in vain to strive against nature any longer; and he never more required it of me. Nor had I any thing of a poetical genius till after I had been at College some time, when upon reading some of Mr. Cowley's works, I was highly pleased, and a new scene opened before me.

ABSENT TREATMENT FOR SCARLET FEVER.

. . . In June, 1693, in my twelfth year, Sir Francis Wheeler, with his fleet, which had in vain made an attempt upon Martinico, came to Boston, and brought with him a violent and malignant distemper, called the scarlet fever, by which he lost many hundreds of his men. The distemper soon spread in Boston, of which many persons died, and that within two or three days of their being taken ill. It pleased God I was seized with it, and through the rampancy of the fever, and a violent pain at my heart, which rendered every breath I drew to be as though a sword had pierced me, I was so bad that life was despaired of. On the third night, (I think,) it seemed to me that a certain woman, wife of a doctor, who

used to supply my father's family with plasters upon occasion, came and brought me some small dark colored pills, and directed me to put one in my mouth, and hold it there till it grew mellow, then squeeze it flat betwixt my thumb and finger and apply it to my right nipple; it would soak in and before I had used them all so, I should be well. I followed the prescription, and when I had used the third pill, my pain and fever left me, and I was well. My tender father, very early the next morning, came into my bedchamber, to inquire how it was with me. I told him I was quite well, and intended to get up presently, and said the pills Mrs. (naming her) had given me last night had perfectly cured me. He said to me, "Child, I believe she was not here; I heard nothing of it." To confirm him I said, "Sir, I have the remaining four pills now in my hand," and put my hand out of bed to show them, but they dropped out of my hand into the bed. I then raised myself up to look for them, but could not find them. He said to me, "I am afraid, child, you are out of your senses." I said to him, "Sir, I am perfectly awake, and in my senses, and find myself truly well." He left the room with the supposition that I was delirious, and I saw by his countenance that he was ready to give me over for lost. He then inquired of all the house whether that woman had been at the house the day or evening before. They all let him know that they had not seen her here. He betook himself to his closet, and in about an hour came to me again; I continued firm in the story I had told him. He talked to me of some other things, and found in my answers that I was thoroughly awake, and, as he now thought, under

the power of no distraction, was better satisfied, and left me with a more placid countenance. By noon I got up, and was perfectly recovered from my sickness. I thought I would have given ever so much to know what the pills were, that others might receive the benefit of them. Finding that the above said woman had not been at our house, and I was perfectly healed, I could not help thinking that a merciful God had sent an angel, as he did Isaiah to Hezekiah, to heal me; and to this very day, I cannot but esteem it more than an ordinary dream, or the wild ramblings of a heated imagination. It seemeth to me a sort of heavenly vision. And what e.se can you, sir, make of it? The kind offices of the ministering spirits are, doubtless, more than we are aware of. However, thus has God mercifully appeared for my help, when I was brought very low, and in this manner rescued me from the jaws of death. Forever blessed be his holy name! But to return.

PHILOSOPHIC MATRIMONY.

The 18th of September, 1718, I married Miss Anna Woodbury, from Ipswich, an only child, whose parents were both dead; a young gentlewoman of comely personage, and good fortune, but above all, strictly virtuous, and of admirable economy; who is yet living, though now crippled by paralytic or rheumatic disorders in her right leg. It has pleased God to deny children to us; and we are satisfied with the Divine allotment, which is always wisest and best.

CHOOSING A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

The Rev. Mr. Holyoke lived in the strictest brotherly love and friendship with me in our two separate churches in Marblehead, till it pleased God, on March 23, in the year 1737, to remove by death the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Wadsworth from his Presidentship at the College, to a higher sphere of action and honors, among the blessed above; which necessitated the Corporation and Overseers to look out for another proper person to supply his place. Some of the Overseers and Corporation were pleased to propose it to me to accept of the presidentship, informing me that many of them had their thoughts upon me. But I gave them to understand that, through long disuse, I looked upon myself so much unacquainted with college literature, as utterly incapacitated me for that service, and therefore, I could not, in prudence or justice, accept of the offer, if it should be made to me; but I thought the Rev. Mr. Holyoke the fittest person for that station of any I knew in the Province. And attending upon President Wadsworth's funeral, I took the opportunity, at Cambridge, to mention the Rev. Mr. Holyoke to several both of the Corporation and Overseers; from which time he became a candidate for the place, the eyes of the people being generally fixed upon him. Some of the Boston ministers were ready to think that the choice should be made out of themselves, and could not well bear it that there should be any thought about those who lived in the country; and therefore made some exception to Mr. Holyoke, as that they should vote for him if it were not for his principles. In the

midst of this public talk I happened to be invited to Gov. Belcher's table. While we were sitting together, before dinner, with a Boston minister present, his Excellency was pleased to ask me who I thought was a proper person for President. I readily answered, "In my humble opinion there is no fitter person in the Province than the Rev. Mr. Holyoke, of Marblehead." Upon which the minister present said "I should think so too were it not for his principles." I confess I was nettled and said "Sir, do you know of any bad principles he holds?" He replied "No; but he should be glad to know his principles." I then said to him, with some smartness, "Sir, I am surprised that a gentleman of your character should insinuate bad principles of a brother, when you say you know of none; especially since that gentleman has been approved as a valuable minister among us for above 20 years." His Excellency then asked me, what I thought of Mr. Holyoke's qualifications. I answered him, "May it please your Excellency, I think the grand qualifications for a President are, a virtuous, religious man, a man of learning, a gentleman and one of good spirit for government; and all of these meet in Mr. Holyoke. He is universally known to be a virtuous, religious man; and were he but of common capacity with his brethren, yet his having lived fourteen years at the College, and the greatest part of that time a tutor there, gives him so much the advantage above others, as leaves no room to call in question his learning. That he is a gentleman in his behavior, we all know, and so fitted for converse with all gentleman-strangers, who visit the College; and I know no man better qualified with a spirit for government, who

knows how to treat his equals and inferiors with due civility, while he preserves a proper distance." "Well;" said his Excellency, "Mr. Barnard, I agree with you in your qualifications of a President; and if a man had all the learning of Cicero, and sanctity of St. Paul, but was destitute of a spirit for government, he would not be fit for that place. But," said his Excellency, "will you vouch, Mr. Barnard, for Mr. Holyoke's Calvinistical principles?" To which I replied, "If more than thirty years' intimacy, and more than twenty years' living in the same town with him, and often conversing with him, and scores of times hearing him preach, can lead me into the knowledge of a man's principles, I think Mr. Holyoke as orthodox a Calvinist as any man; though I look upon him too much of a gentleman, and of too catholic a temper, to cram his principles down another man's throat." "Then," said his Excellency, "I believe he must be the man."

CLERICAL AMENITIES.

So long ago as the year 1727, I understood that Mr. John Checkley (who was fixed afterward in your[1] parts and possibly known to you,) was gone over to England to take orders, and, (as I was told at Boston,) with an eye upon Marblehead Church of England which was then destitute. I knew the man to be void of a liberal education, though he had got some Latin at school, and that he was an indefatigable enemy to the churches of this country, and a Non-juror to the British

[1] *i.e.* Dr. Stiles' of New Haven.

Government ; for which reasons I consulted the Rev. Mr. Holyoke, and we agreed to write to Dr. Gibson, then Bishop of London, if possible to prevent so troublesome a man coming among us. Accordingly, I drew a letter, which Mr. Holyoke signed with me, and sent it, unsealed, enclosed in another, to Mr. Henry Newman, a very worthy gentleman, whom I knew in England, desiring him, if he approved of it, to seal it and deliver it to his lordship ; but if not, to destroy it. Mr. Newman wrote me word that he not only highly approved it himself, but his lordship, when he had read it, expressed himself as greatly pleased with it ; and desired him to acquaint us that, if he could find time, he would write us an answer with his own hand, (which he did not,) and inform us that he would take special care to appoint for the church in our town, a good man, of catholic temper, and loyal to the Government ; and it seemed, by Mr. Newman's letter, as if his lordship had his eye upon Mr. Price, who soon after was sent to Boston. But the Church of England in Marblehead, hearing of Mr. Pigot, at Providence, agreed with him, and sent to his lordship to appoint him for them. He complied with their request, and he was fixed for a time among them, till he run from them. The consequence of our letter was, the Bishop inquired of our former Governor Shute, then in London, and finding we had wrote the honest truth, in our character of Mr. Checkley, refused to admit him to orders ; though afterward the Bishop of Exeter (if I mistake not) did, and sent him to Narraganset. Thus our town, and the churches of this Province, through the favor of God, got rid of a turbulent, vexatious

and persecuting-spirited Non-juror. Blessed be God for his kind dealings with us! I have a copy of the letter by me.

PROGRESS OF MARBLEHEAD.

Suffer me to turn aside, and take a view of the very different state of the town, upon worldly accounts, since I came into it. When I first came, [in 1714] there were two companies of poor, smoke-dried, rude, ill-clothed men, trained to no military discipline but that of "whipping the snake" as they called it; whereas now, [in 1766] and for years past, we are a distinct regiment, consisting of seven full companies, well clad, of bright countenances, vigorous and active men, so well trained in the use of their arms, and the various motions and marches, that I have heard some Colonels of other regiments, and a Brigadier General say, they never saw throughout the country, not in their own regiment, no, nor in Boston, so goodly an appearance of spirited men, and so well exercised a regiment. When I came, there was not so much as one proper carpenter, nor mason, nor tailor, nor butcher in the town, nor anything of a market worth naming; but they had their houses built by country workmen, and their clothes made out of town, and supplied themselves with beef and pork from Boston, which drained the town of its money. But now we abound in artificers, and some of the best, and our markets large, even to a full supply. And, what above all I would remark, there was not so much as one foreign trading vessel belonging to the

town, nor for several years after I came into it; though no town had really greater advantages in their hands. The people contented themselves to be the slaves that digged in the mines, and left the merchants of Boston, Salem, and Europe to carry away the gains; by which means the town was always in dismally poor circumstances, involved in debt to the merchants more than they were worth; nor could I find twenty families in it that, upon the best examination, could stand upon their own legs; and they were generally as rude, swearing, drunken, and fighting a crew, as they were poor. Whereas, not only are the public ways vastly mended, but the manners of the people greatly cultivated; and we have many gentlemanlike and polite families, and the very fishermen generally scorn the rudenesses of the former generation.

I soon saw that the town had a price in its hands, and it was a pity they had not a heart to improve it. I therefore laid myself out to get acquaintance with the English masters of vessels, that I might by them be let into the mastery of the fish trade, and in a little time I gained a pretty thorough understanding in it. When I saw the advantages of it, I thought it my duty to stir up my people, such as I thought would hearken to me, and were capable of practising upon the advice, to send the fish to market themselves, that they might reap the benefit of it, to the enriching themselves, and serving the town. But, alas! I could inspire no man with courage and resolution enough to engage in it, till I met with Mr. Joseph Swett, a young man of strict justice, great industry, enterprising genius, quick apprehension, and firm

resolution, but of small fortune. To him I opened myself fully, laid the scheme clearly before him, and he hearkened unto me, and was wise enough to put it in practice. He first sent a small cargo to Barbadoes. He soon found he increased his stock, built vessels, and sent the fish to Europe, and prospered in the trade, to the enriching of himself; and some of his family, by carrying on the trade, have arrived at large estates. The more promising young men of the town, followed his example; that now we have between thirty and forty ships, brigs, scows, and topsail schooners engaged in foreign trade. From so small a beginning the town has risen into its present flourishing circumstances, and we need no foreigner to transport our fish, but are able ourselves to send it all to the market. Let God have the praise, who has redeemed the town from a state of bondage into a state of liberty and freedom.

BENJAMIN CHURCH.

Benjamin Church was a man of mixed fame, but it is quite plain that he was one of the ablest characters of his generation. He was born at Newport in 1734, graduated at Harvard in 1754 and studied medicine in London, three years later (1757), published his poem *The Choice* in the manner of Pomfret, established quite a literary reputation, and soon rose to considerable eminence as a physician in Boston. He also dabbled in politics, and like his friend, Samuel Adams, contributed numerous articles to the periodicals. He took the patriotic side at first, as in his strong satire *The Times* (1765); but though talented, was unscrupulous, and he offered secretly to sell his services to the Tories. His real character not being known, he was chosen to deliver the patriotic oration in the Old South Meeting House on the victims of the Boston Massacre. He was a leader in the Boston Tea Party, and was made Surgeon General and Director of Hospitals by the Provincial Congress (1775). Soon afterwards his treasonable correspondence with the British was discovered, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for life; but falling sick in prison, he was finally allowed to leave the country. He embarked in 1776 for the West Indies, but the ship in which he sailed was never heard from. His facile reputation soon declined, and his talents hardly to-day receive their due praise, although this, forsooth, is not superlative.

THE

CHOICE

A

POEM

After the manner of Mr. *Promfret*

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *Edes* and *Gill* in *Queen-Street*, 1757.

MODEST DESIRES.

If youthful Fancy might its Choice pursue,
And act as natural Reason prompts it to;
If Inclination could dispose our State,
And human Will might govern future Fate;
Remote from Grandeur, I'd be humbly wise,
And all the Glitter of a Court despise:
Unskil'd the Proud, or Vicious to commend,
To cringe to Insolence, or Fools attend;
Within myself contented and secure,
Above what mean Ambition can endure;
Nor yet so anxious to obtain a Name,
To bleed for Honour in the Fields of Fame;
Empty Parade, is all that Heroes know,
Unless fair Virtue hover in the Show,

* * * * *

No needless Show my modest Dome should claim,
Neat and genteel without, within the same; —

* * * * *

Thy mellow vintage, *Lisbon!* should abound,
Pouring a mirthful Inspiration 'round;
While laughing Bacchus baths within the Bowl,
Love, Mirth, and Friendship swallow up the Soul.

* * * * *

Nor these alone, should on my shelves recline,
But awful *Pope!* majestically shine,
Unequal'd Bard! Who durst thy Praise engage?
Not yet grown reverend with the Rust of Age;
Sure Heav'n alone thy Art unrival'd taught,
To think so well, so well express the Thought;

What Villain hears thee, but regrets the Smart?
But tears the lurking Demon from his Heart?
Virtue attends thee, with the best Applause.
Conscious Desert! great Victor in her Cause,
She faithful to thy Worth; thy Name shall grace,
Beyond all Period, and beyond all Space:
Go, shine a Seraph and thy Notes prolong
For Angels only merit such a Song!

FROM THE TIMES.

Pollio, be kind! nor chide an early crime,
Spawn of chagrin, and labored waste of time;
This heart misguides me with a bent so strong,
It mocks restraint, and boldly errs in song:
Thus crimes indulged, such vigorous growth obtain,
Your friendly caution frowns rebuke in vain.
'Tis not great Churchill's ghost that claims your ear
For even ghosts of wit are strangers here;
The patriot-soul to other climes removed,
Well-pleased enjoys that liberty he loved;
No pang resents for Wilkes to exile driven,
Exults that worth and Pratt are dear to heaven:
Young sure it is not, from whose honeyed lays
Streams a rank surfeit of redundant praise;
For guilt like his what genius shall atone?
Curse the foul verse that daubs a Stuart's throne.

* * * * *

TO THE HEIRS OF THE PILGRIM.

[From the Same.]

* * * * *

Fair liberty, our soul's most darling prize,
A bleeding victim flits before our eyes :
Was it for this our great forefathers rode
O'er a vast ocean to this bleak abode !
When liberty was into contest brought,
And loss of life was but a second thought ;
By pious violence rejected thence,
To try the utmost stretch of providence ;
The deep, unconscious of the furrowing keel,
Essayed the tempest to rebuke their zeal ;
The tawny natives and inclement sky
Put on their terrors, and command to fly ;
They mock at danger ; what can those appall ?
To whom fair liberty is all in all.
See the new world their purchase, blest domain,
Where lordly tyrants never forged the chain ;
The prize of valor, and the gift of prayer,
Hear this and redden, each degenerate heir !
Is it for you their honor to betray,
And give the harvest of their blood away ?
Look back with reverence, awed to just esteem,
Preserve the blessings handed down from them ;
If not, look forward, look with deep despair,
And dread the curses of your beggared heir.
What bosom beats not, when such themes excite ?
Be men, be gods, be stubborn in the right.

THOMAS GODFREY AND NATHANIEL EVANS.

Thomas Godfrey and Nathaniel Evans were so closely related in friendship and literary labors that it is natural to speak of them together. Both were Philadelphians, and both poets. The former, a son of the philosophical glazier of the same name mentioned in Franklin's *Autobiography*, was born December 4, 1736; he died in North Carolina, August 3, 1763, from a fever contracted on a commercial voyage. He had already spent three years in the Southern colony as a purchasing agent, and while there had written a poetical tragedy, *The Prince of Parthia*, the first important dramatic undertaking made in the Colonies. He wrote also, and published, in the year of his death, *The Court of Fancy*, a poem, suggested by Chaucer's *House of Fame*, and bearing other marks of imitativeness, yet on the whole giving evidence of distinct poetic powers. His poems were issued with a sketch by his friend Evans in 1767. The latter also, who was born June 8, 1742, was a poet by nature, and had been first a merchant, then a student in the College of Philadelphia, and after ordination in England in 1775, a missionary in New Jersey for the Society for Propagating the Gospel. He died October 29, 1767, his poems appearing five years later with a Memoir by the Rev. Dr. Smith. Like those of Godfrey, the verses of Evans are distinctly immature.

They have probably less power than those of the elder victim of adverse fate, but they have in compensation more charm. Godfrey's *Court of Fancy* and Evans's *Ode on the Prospect of Peace, 1761*, are too long for our pages, and are not to be mutilated without loss, but the second of the selections from Evans will probably leave the reader with a pleasant feeling for both amiable devotees of the Muse.

THE WISH.

(GODFREY.)

I ONLY ask a moderate fate,
And, though not in obscurity,
I would not, yet, be placed too high;
Between the two extremes I'd be,
Not meanly low, nor yet too great,
From both contempt and envy free.

If no glittering wealth I have,
Content of bounteous heaven I crave,
For that is more
Than all the Indian's shining store,
To be unto the dust a slave.
With heart, my little I will use,
Nor let pain my life devour,
Or for a griping heir refuse
Myself one pleasant hour.

No stately edifice to rear;
My wish would bound a small retreat,
In temperate air, and furnished neat:
No ornaments would I prepare,

No costly labors of the loom
Should e'er adorn my humble room ;
To gild my roof I naught require
But the stern Winter's friendly fire.

Free from tumultuous cares and noise,
If gracious Heaven my wish would give,
While sweet content augments my joys,
Thus my remaining hours I'd live.
By arts ignoble never rise,
The miser's ill-got wealth despise ;
But blest my leisure hours I'd spend,
The Muse enjoying, and my friend.

AMYNTOR.

(GODFREY.)

Long had Amyntor free from love remained ;
The God, enraged to see his power disdained,
Bent his best bow, and, aiming at his breast
The fatal shaft, he thus the swain addrest :

"Hear me, hear me, senseless rover, —
Soon thou now shalt be a lover,
Cupid will his power maintain ;
Haughty Delia shall enslave thee,
Thou, who thus insulting brav'st me,
Shall, unpitied, drag the chain."

He ceased, and quick he shot the pointed dart ;
Far short it fell, nor reached Amyntor's heart ;
The angry God was filled with vast surprise ;
Abashed he stood, while thus the swain replies :

"Think not, Cupid, vain deceiver,
I will own thy power ever,
Guarded from thy arts by wine;
Haughty Beauty ne'er shall grieve me,
Bacchus still shall e'er relieve me,
All his rosy joys are mine;
All his rosy joys are mine."

TO MAY.

(EVANS.)

[POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 1772.]

Now had the beam of Titan gay
Ushered in the blissful May,
Scattering from his pearly bed,
Fresh dew on every mountain's head;
Nature mild and debonair,
To thee, fair maid, yields up her care.
May, with gentle plastic hand,
Clothes in flowery robe the land;
O'er the vales the cowslip spreads,
And eglantine beneath the shades;
Violets blue befringe each fountain,
Woodbines lace each steepy mountain;
Hyacinths their sweets diffuse,
And the rose its blush renews;
With the rest of Flora's train,
Decking lowly dale or plain.

Through creation's range, sweet May!
Nature's children own thy sway —
Whether in the crystal flood,
Amorous, sport the finny brood;

Or the feathered tribes declare
That they breathe thy genial air,
While they warble in each grove
Sweetest notes of artless love;
Or their wound the beasts proclaim,
Smitten with a fiercer flame;
Or the passions higher rise,
Sparing none beneath the skies,
But swaying soft the human mind
With feelings of ecstatic kind —
Through wide creation's range, sweet May!
All nature's children own thy sway.

Oft will I, (e'er Phosphor's light
Quits the glimmering skirts of night)
Meet thee in the clover field,
Where thy beauties thou shalt yield
To my fancy, quick and warm,
Listening to the dawn's alarm,
Sounded loud by Chanticleer,
In peals that sharply pierce the ear.
And, as Sol his flaming car
Urges up the vaulted air,
Shunning quick the scorching ray,
I will to some covert stray,
Coolly bowers or latent dells,
Where light-footed Silence dwells,
And whispers to my heaven-born dream,
Fair Schuylkill, by thy winding stream!
There I'll devote full many an hour,
To the still-fingered Morphean power,
And entertain my thirsty soul
With draughts from Fancy's fairy bowl;

Or mount her orb of varied hue,
And scenes of heaven and earth review.

Nor in milder eve's decline,
As the sun forgets to shine,
And sloping down the ethereal plain,
Plunges in the western main,
Will I forbear due strain to pay
To the song-inspiring May ;
But as Hesper 'gins to move
Round the radiant court of Jove,
(Leading through the azure sky
All the starry progeny,
Emitting prone their silver light,
To re-illume the shades of night)
Then, the dewy lawn along,
I'll carol forth my grateful song,
Viewing with transported eye
The blazing orbs that roll on high,
Beaming lustre, bright and clear,
O'er the glowing hemisphere.
Thus from the early blushing morn,
Till the dappled eve's return,
Will I, in free unlabored lay,
Sweetly sing the charming May !

ODE TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR. THOMAS GODFREY.

While you, dear Tom, are forced to roam,
In search of fortune, far from home,
O'er bays, o'er seas and mountains ;

I too, debarred the soft retreat
Of shady groves, and murmur sweet
Of silver prattling fountains,

Must mingle with the bustling throng,
And bear my load of cares along,
Like any other sinner :
For, where's the ecstasy in this,
To loiter in poetic bliss,
And go without a dinner ?

Flaccus, we know, immortal Bard !
With mighty kings and statesmen fared,
And lived in cheerful plenty :
But now, in these degenerate days,
The slight reward of empty praise,
Scarce one receives in twenty.

Well might the Roman swan, along
The pleasing Tiber pour his song,
When blessed with ease and quiet ;
Oft did he grace Mæcenas' board,
Who would for him throw by the lord,
And in Falernian riot.

But dearest Tom ! these days are past,
And we are in a climate cast
Where few the muse can relish ;
Where all the doctrine now that's [illegible]
Is that a shining heap of gold
Alone can man embellish.

Then since 'tis thus, my honest friend,
If you be wise, my strain attend,
And counsel sage adhere to ;
With me, henceforward, join the crowd,
And like the rest proclaim aloud,
That money is all virtue !

Then may we both, in time, retreat
To some fair villa, sweetly neat,
To entertain the muses ;
And then life's noise and trouble leave —
Supremely blest, we'll never grieve
At what the world refuses.

JONATHAN BOUCHER.

JONATHAN BOUCHER was one of the most prominent Loyalists during the Revolutionary Period, and is included among colonial writers only on account of his interesting sermon preached on the conclusion of peace in 1763. He was born in England in 1738, and emigrated when quite a young man to Virginia, where he became tutor in a planter's family. A neighboring parish having become vacant, he was urged to take orders and fill it. He consented, was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1762, and for thirteen years did admirable work in Virginia and Maryland, not confining his energies to his parishes, however, but running a plantation, keeping a large boarding school, and taking a keen interest in politics and literature. His wide attainments are shown in his sermons, which are admirably written and always interesting; but his political and ecclesiastical views were what most men call narrow. He was an advocate of passive obedience, and preached so strenuously against the Revolution that he was forced to take refuge in England in 1775. There he resided as Vicar of Epsom until his death, April 27, 1804. Five years before his death he published *A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution*, which consisted of thirteen of his sermons preached in Virginia and Maryland during the exciting years of his ministry. These sermons

were accompanied with elaborate and interesting footnotes, one of which is given in our selections, and a long preface. The book was dedicated to Washington, whom Boucher could not help admiring as a man and still loving as a friend, however heartily he detested his political views and actions. We may take much the same attitude toward Boucher himself. However heartily we may disagree with his most cherished convictions, we must acknowledge him to have been a man of great sincerity and nobility of character, of unusual learning, and of a literary power and charm which seem to have descended to his well-known grandson, the late Mr. Locker-Lampson. It is an interesting fact that Thackeray is said to have prepared himself in part for writing *The Virginians*, by reading the letters that passed between Washington and Boucher. A good discussion of Boucher will be found in the first volume of Professor Moses Coit Tyler's *Literary History of the American Revolution*, where a useful bibliography is given.

BRITISH TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

[From a Sermon "On the Peace in 1763" given in "A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution." London, 1797.]

If we may judge from anything that has yet been attempted concerning them, [the Indians] they have been looked upon as untamed, and untameable monsters; whom, like the devoted nations around Judea,

it was a kind of religion with *white men* to exterminate. We have treated them with a rigor and severity equally unsuitable to the genius of our government, and the mild spirit of our religion. I hope, indeed, Britons have never yet so disgraced their national character as to have shown towards them so much internecine fury as the Spaniards at first showed towards the Aborigines of the Southern Continent. Yet, could the *poor Indian* be but his own historian; and, from his own experience, and his own feelings, relate all that has happened since our arrival in America, it would appear (if I am not much mistaken) that he has not derived so much benefit, as we are apt to flatter ourselves, from being subjected to Britons, rather than to Spaniards.

I own to you, I have not seldom blushed at their accounts of the treatment they have experienced from white men: but, I trust, the period is not far distant, when, for our own sakes, as well as for theirs, we shall endeavor to diffuse political security and happiness to the Indian nations with whom we have any intercourse; and to convert them into free men, useful subjects, and good Christians.

"SAVAGE HEROISM AND CIVILIZED BARBARITY."

[From a Footnote to the Above Passage.]

I hope to be pardoned for recording here an instance or two (from many which occur to me) of savage heroism and civilized barbarity. They were

related to me on good authority; and, I believe, have never yet appeared in print.—"A gentleman in Maryland, well known for being the terror of Indians, having rambled into the woods with his son (then very young) espied an old Indian coming to his store (*i.e.* warehouse) to trade, as was usual in times of peace. The father, concealing himself and his boy behind a fallen tree, lay there, till the Indian, as far from suspecting any danger as he was from intending any mischief, got within reach of his gun. The boy was then directed to fire. He did so; and killed his man: for no reason whatever but that he might be able to say he had killed his man." The person from whom I had this story, assured me it was related to him by one of the family as a meritorious fact.

"A party of white people from one of the frontier settlements of Virginia, once went out against a body of Indians, who were in arms to oppose a small colony of settlers, who had taken possession of some lands, which the Indians alleged they had never sold. Indians remonstrate with their tomahawks; and therefore now declared war by driving off those whom they adjudged to be encroachers. The whites were not of a temper to be intimidated: they resolved, and were soon prepared, to attack the Indians in their turns; who, being fallen upon when they were off their guard, and finding themselves likely to be overpowered, fairly took to their heels. Among them was a young squaw, with an infant in her arms. She was supposed to belong to a person of some note, from her dress being composed almost entirely of silk handkerchiefs. Checked in her speed

by the burthen of her helpless charge, she hoped to escape by hiding herself and her child among the weeds of a marsh. The thought showed she possessed great presence of mind ; but, alas ! it was of no avail. The chieftain of the whites (whose name I forbear to mention) espied her, and took his aim. This she saw ; and being sensible also that she must fall, (for, when riflemen have a fair shot, they are rarely known to miss their object,) her last and only care was, if possible, to preserve her babe. With this hope, she instantly turned it from her back to her breast ; that she alone might receive the ball. And even when she fell, by a kind instinct of nature (of the true force of which in such a case mothers only are, perhaps, the proper judges), she was anxious and careful so to fall as that her child might not be hurt." I am shocked to relate that both the mother and her babe were killed and scalped.

A SLAVE-HOLDER ON SLAVERY.

[From the Same. Footnotes are in the Main Omitted.]

But Indians are by no means the sole or chief objects of our present attention : the united motives of interest and humanity call on us to bestow some consideration on the case of those sad outcasts of society, our negro slaves : for my heart would smite me, were I not, in this hour of prosperity, to entreat you (it being their unparalleled hard lot not to have the power of entreating for themselves) to permit them to participate in the general joy.

Even those who are the sufferers can hardly be sorry when they see wrong measures carrying their punishment along with them. Were an impartial and competent observer of the state of society in these middle colonies asked whence it happens that Virginia and Maryland (which were the first planted, and which are superior to many colonies, and inferior to none, in point of natural advantage) are still so exceedingly behind most of the other British trans-Atlantic possessions in all those improvements which bring credit and consequence to a country? — he would answer — They are so, because they are cultivated by slaves. I believe it is capable of demonstration that, except the immediate interest which every man has in the property of his slaves, it would be for every man's interest that there were no slaves: and for this plain reason, because the free labor of a free man, who is regularly hired and paid for the work which he does, and only for what he does, is, in the end, cheaper than the extorted eye-service of a slave. Some loss and inconvenience would, no doubt, arise from the general abolition of slavery in these colonies: but, were it done gradually, with judgment, and with good temper, I have never yet seen it satisfactorily proved that such inconvenience would either be great or lasting. North American or West Indian planters might, possibly, for a few years, make less tobacco, or less rice, or less sugar; the raising of which might also cost them more; but that disadvantage would probably soon be amply compensated to them, by an advanced price, or (what is the same thing) by the reduced expense of cultivation.

With all my abhorrence of slavery, I feel in myself no disposition to question either its lawfulness or its humanity. Its lawfulness has again and again been clearly proved: and if it is sometimes cruel, it is so only from being abused. But, if I am not much mistaken, more harm than good has been done by some late publications on the subject of slavery [In the Virginia newspapers, by Mr. Arthur Lee], a subject which, of all others, seems to be the least proper for a mere rhetorician. Thus much, however, I may be permitted to observe, that, in no other country was slavery so well regulated as it is in the British colonies. In some respects I hope it is on a better footing than it ever was, or is, anywhere else: but it is surely worse in this, that here, in one sense, it never can end. An African slave, even when made free, supposing him to be possessed even of talents and virtue, can never, in these colonies, be quite on terms of equality with a free white man. Nature has placed insuperable barriers in his way. This is a circumstance of great moment; though, I think, it has not often been adverted to by popular writers.

If ever these colonies now filled with slaves, be improved to their utmost capacity, an essential part of the improvement must be the abolition of slavery. Such a change would hardly be more to the advantage of the slaves, than it would be to their owners. An ingenious French writer [Montesquieu, *Spirit of Laws*, book xv. chap. 1] well observes, that "the state of slavery is, in its own nature, bad: it is neither useful to the master, nor to the slave. Not to the slave, because he can do nothing through a motive of

virtue ; not to the master, because, by having an *unlimited* authority over his slaves, he insensibly accustoms himself to the want of all moral virtues, and from thence grows fierce, hasty, severe, voluptuous, and cruel."

I do you no more than justice in bearing witness, that in no part of the world were slaves ever better treated than, in general, they are in these colonies. That there are exceptions, needs not be concealed : in all countries there are bad men. And shame be to those men who, though themselves blessed with freedom, have minds less liberal than the poor creatures over whom they so meanly tyrannize ! Even your humanity, however, falls short of their exigences. In one essential point, I fear, we are all deficient : they are nowhere sufficiently instructed. I am far from recommending it to you, at once to set them all free ; because to do so would be an heavy loss to you, and probably no gain to them : but I do entreat you to make them some amends for the drudgery of their bodies by cultivating their minds. By such means only can we hope to fulfil the ends, which, we may be permitted to believe, Providence had in view in suffering them to be brought among us. You may unfetter them from *the chains of ignorance ;* you may emancipate them from *the bondage of sin*, the worst slavery to which they can be subjected : and by thus *setting at liberty those that are bruised*, though they still continue to be your slaves, they shall be *delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

JOHN WOOLMAN.

JOHN WOOLMAN, the great Quaker preacher and social reformer, was born at Northampton, Burlington County, New Jersey, in 1720, and died of smallpox while on a visit to the English Friends, at York, October 7, 1772. His early years were passed on a farm and as clerk in a store, but he showed interest in mission work by teaching poor children, and about 1741, after some experience in preaching at Friends' Meetings, he felt a call to visit various bodies of his sect throughout the colonies. To further this design he learned the trade of tailor, which he practiced on his itinerant journeys. These began in 1746 by a visit to Virginia, from which time his abhorrence of slavery became rooted, and the rest of his life was passed in such missions which covered much of the Atlantic region and included a visit to the Indians of the Susquehanna in 1763. His journal of his missionary travels, first published in 1775, was reëdited by the poet Whittier in 1871. He wrote also *Some Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes* (1753–1762), and several other works of religious or ethical purport. No more sincere revelation of the workings of a pure and benevolent spirit than is contained in his *Journal* can easily be found in literature. Its style is simple and has been highly praised, especially by Charles Lamb. The defects of the book are those

of the man, such as over-scrupulousness of conscience, not to say morbidity, and lack of intellectual breadth as well as of æsthetic sensibility ; but these are plainly the defects of his qualities, and in the presence of his altruistic piety, criticism seems impertinent.

DOMESTIC EVENTS AND SCRUPLES OF CONSCIENCE.

[From the "Journal," 1772, Chap. III.]

About this time, believing it good for me to settle, and thinking seriously about a companion, my heart was turned to the Lord, with desire that he would give me wisdom to proceed therein agreeably to his will ; and he was pleased to give me a well-inclined damsel, Sarah Ellis ; to whom I was married the 18th day of the eighth month, in the year 1749.

In the fall of the year 1750, died my father, Samuel Woolman, with a fever, aged about sixty years.

In his lifetime he manifested much care for us his children, that in our youth we might learn to fear the Lord ; often endeavoring to imprint in our minds the true principles of virtue, and particularly to cherish in us a spirit of tenderness, not only towards poor people, but also towards all creatures of which we had the command.

After my return from Carolina, in the year 1746, I made some observations on keeping slaves, which some time before his decease I showed him. He perused the manuscript, proposed a few alterations,

and appeared well satisfied that I found a concern on that account. In his last sickness, as I was watching with him one night, he being so far spent that there was no expectation of his recovery, but had the perfect use of his understanding, he asked me concerning the manuscript, whether I expected soon to proceed to take the advice of Friends in publishing it; and, after some conversation thereon, said, I have all along been deeply affected with the oppression of the poor negroes; and now, at last, my concern for them is as great as ever.

By his direction, I had written his will in a time of health, and that night he desired me to read it to him, which I did, and he said it was agreeable to his mind. He then made mention of his end, which he believed was now near, and signified that, though he was sensible of many imperfections in the course of his life, yet his experience of the power of truth, and of the love and goodness of God from time to time, even until now, was such that he had no doubt but that, in leaving this life, he should enter into one more happy.

The next day his sister Elizabeth came to see him, and told him of the decease of their sister Ann, who died a few days before. He said, I reckon sister Ann was free to leave this world? Elizabeth said she was. He then said, I also am free to leave it; and being in great weakness of body, said, I hope I shall shortly go to rest. He continued in a weighty frame of mind, and was sensible until near the last.

On the second day of the ninth month, in the year 1751, feeling drawings in my mind to visit friends at the Great Meadows, in the upper part of West Jersey,

with the unity of our monthly meeting, I went there, and had some searching, laborious exercise amongst friends in those parts, and found inward peace therein.

In the ninth month of the year 1753, in company with my well-esteemed friend John Sykes, and with the unity of Friends, I travelled about two weeks, visiting Friends in Buck County. We labored in the love of the gospel, according to the measure received; and, through the mercies of him who is strength to the poor who trust in him, we found satisfaction in our visit. In the next winter, way opening to visit Friends' families within the compass of our monthly meeting, partly by the labors of two Friends from Pennsylvania, I joined in some part of the work; having had a desire for some time that it might go forward amongst us.

About this time, a person at some distance lying sick, his brother came to me to write his will. I knew he had slaves; and asking his brother, was told he intended to leave them as slaves to his children. As writing is a profitable employ, and as offending sober people was disagreeable to my inclination, I was straitened in my mind; but as I looked to the Lord, he inclined my heart to his testimony. I told the man that I believed the practice of continuing slavery to this people was not right, and had a scruple in my mind against doing writings of that kind; that, though many in our Society kept them as slaves, still I was not easy to be concerned in it, and desired to be excused from going to write the will. I spake to him in the fear of the Lord; and he made no reply to what I said, but went away: he also had some concern in the practice, and I thought he was dis-

pleased with me. In this case, I had a fresh confirmation that acting contrary to present outward interests, from a motive of divine love, and in regard to truth and righteousness, and thereby incurring the resentments of people, opens the way to a treasure better than silver, and to a friendship exceeding the friendship of men.

The manuscript before mentioned having laid by me several years, the publication of it rested weightily upon me; and this year I offered it to the revisal of Friends, who, having examined and made some small alterations in it, directed a number of copies thereof to be published and dispersed amongst Friends.

CONVERSATIONS AND THOUGHTS ON SLAVERY.

[From the Same, Chap. IV.]

Feeling the exercise in relation to a visit to the Southern Provinces to increase upon me, I acquainted our Monthly Meeting therewith, and obtained their certificate. Expecting to go alone, one of my brothers who lived in Philadelphia, having some business in North Carolina, proposed going with me part of the way; but as he had a view of some outward affairs, to accept of him as a companion was some difficulty with me, whereupon I had conversation with him at sundry times. At length feeling easy in my mind, I had conversation with several elderly Friends of Philadelphia on the subject, and he obtaining a certificate suitable to the occasion, we set off in the fifth month,

1757. Coming to Nottingham week-day meeting, we lodged at John Churchman's, where I met with our friend, Benjamin Buffington, from New England, who was returning from a visit to the Southern Provinces. Thence we crossed the river Susquehanna, and lodged at William Cox's in Maryland; and soon after I entered this province a deep and painful exercise came upon me, which I often had some feeling of, since my mind was drawn toward these parts, and with which I had acquainted my brother before we agreed to join as companions.

As the people in this and the Southern Provinces live much on the labor of slaves, many of whom are used hardly, my concern was that I might attend with singleness of heart to the voice of the true Shepherd, and be supported as to remain unmoved at the faces of men.

As it is common for Friends on such a visit to have entertainment free of cost, a difficulty arose in my mind with respect to saving my money by kindness received from what appeared to me to be the gain of oppression.

Receiving a gift, considered as a gift, brings the receiver under obligations to the benefactor, and has a natural tendency to draw the obliged into a party with the giver. To prevent difficulties of this kind, and to preserve the minds of judges from any bias, was that Divine prohibition: "Thou shalt not receive any gift; for a gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." (Exod. xxiii. 8.) As the disciples were sent forth without any provision for their journey, and our Lord said the workman is worthy of his meat, their labor in the gospel was considered as a reward for their entertainment, and therefore not

received as a gift; yet, in regard to my present journey, I could not see my way clear in that respect. The difference appeared thus: the entertainment the disciples met with was from them whose hearts God had opened to receive them, from a love to them and the truth they published; but we, considered as members of the same religious society, look upon it as a piece of civility to receive each other in such visits; and such reception, at times, is partly in regard to reputation, and not from an inward unity of heart and spirit. Conduct is more convincing than language, and where people, by their actions, manifest that the slave-trade is not so disagreeable to their principles but that it may be encouraged, there is not a sound uniting with some Friends who visit them.

The prospect of so weighty a work, and of being so distinguished from many whom I esteemed before myself, brought me very low, and such were the conflicts of my soul that I had a near sympathy with the Prophet, in the time of his weakness, when he said: "If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, if I have found favor in thy sight." (Num. xi. 15.) But I soon saw that this proceeded from the want of a full resignation to the Divine will. Many were the afflictions which attended me, and in great abasement, with many tears, my cries were to the Almighty for his gracious and fatherly assistance, and after a time of deep trial I was favored to understand the state mentioned by the Psalmist more clearly than ever I had done before; to wit: "My soul is even as a weaned child." (Psalm cxxxi. 2.) Being thus helped to sink down into resignation, I felt a deliverance from that tempest in which I had been sorely exercised, and in

calmness of mind went forward, trusting that the Lord Jesus Christ, as I faithfully attended to him, would be a counsellor to me in all difficulties, and that by his strength I should be enabled even to leave money with the members of society where I had entertainment, when I found that omitting it would obstruct that work to which I believed he had called me. As I copy this after my return, I may here add, that sometimes I did so under a sense of duty. The way in which I did it was this: when I expected soon to leave a Friend's house where I had entertainment, if I believed that I should not keep clear from the gain of oppression without leaving money, I spoke to one of the heads of the family privately, and desired them to accept of those pieces of silver, and give them to such of their negroes as they believed would make the best use of them; and at other times I gave them to the negroes myself, as the way looked clearest to me. Before I came out, I had provided a large number of small pieces for this purpose and was offering them to some who appeared to be wealthy people was a trial both to me and them. But the fear of the Lord so covered me at times that my way was made easier than I expected; and few, if any, manifested any resentment at the offer, and most of them, after some conversation, accepted of them. . . .

We pursued our journey without appointing meetings, being drawn in my mind to be at the Yearly Meeting in Virginia. In my travelling on the road, I often let a cry rise from the centre of my mind, thus: "O Lord, I am a stranger on the earth, hide not thy face from me." On the 11th, we crossed the rivers Patowmack and Rapahannock, and lodged at

Port Royal. On the way we had the company of a colonel of the militia, who appeared to be a thoughtful man. I took occasion to remark on the difference in general betwixt a people used to labor moderately for their living, training up their children in frugality and business, and those who live on the labor of slaves; the former, in my view, being the most happy life. He concurred in the remark, and mentioned the trouble arising from the untoward, slothful disposition of the negroes, adding that one of our laborers would do as much in a day as two of their slaves. I replied, that free men whose minds were properly on their business, found a satisfaction in improving, cultivating, and providing for their families; but negroes, laboring to support others who claim them as their property, and expecting nothing but slavery during life, had not the like inducement to be industrious.

After some further conversation I said, that men having power too often misapplied it; that though we made slaves of the negroes, and the Turks made slaves of the Christians, I believed that liberty was the natural right of all men equally. This he did not deny, but said the lives of the negroes were so wretched in their own country that many of them lived better here than there. I replied, "There is great odds in regard to us on what principle we act;" and so the conversation on that subject ended. I may here add that another person, some time afterwards, mentioned the wretchedness of the negroes, occasioned by their intestine wars, as an argument in favor of our fetching them away for slaves. To which I replied, if compassion for the Africans, on account of their domestic troubles, was the real mo-

tive of our purchasing them, that spirit of tenderness being attended to, would incite us to use them kindly, that, as strangers brought out of affliction, their lives might be happy among us. And as they are human creatures, whose souls are as precious as ours, and who may receive the same help and comfort from the Holy Scriptures as we do, we could not omit suitable endeavors to instruct them therein ; but that while we manifest by our conduct that our views in purchasing them are to advance ourselves, and while our buying captives taken in war animates those parties to push on the war, and increase desolation amongst them, to say they live unhappily in Africa is far from being an argument in our favor. . . .

As I was riding along [in Virginia] in the morning, my mind was deeply affected in a sense I had of the need of Divine aid to support me in the various difficulties which attended me, and in uncommon distress of mind I cried in secret to the Most High, "O Lord be merciful, I beseech thee, to thy poor afflicted creature!" After some time, I felt inward relief, and, soon after, a Friend in company began to talk in support of the slave-trade, and said the negroes were understood to be the offspring of Cain, their blackness being the mark which God set upon him after he murdered Abel his brother ; that it was the design of Providence they should be slaves, as a condition proper to the race of so wicked a man as Cain was. Then another spake in support of what had been said. To all which I replied in substance as follows : that Noah and his family were all who survived the flood, according to Scripture ; and as Noah was of Seth's race, the family of Cain was wholly

destroyed. One of them said that after the flood Ham went to the land of Nod and took a wife; that Nod was a land far distant, inhabited by Cain's race, and that the flood did not reach it; and as Ham was sentenced to be a servant of servants to his brethren, these two families, being thus joined, were undoubtedly fit only for slaves. I replied, the flood was a judgment upon the world for their abominations, and it was granted that Cain's stock was the most wicked, and therefore unreasonable to suppose that they were spared. As to Ham's going to the land of Nod for a wife, no time being fixed, Nod might be inhabited by some of Noah's family before Ham married a second time; moreover the text saith "That all flesh died that moved upon the earth." (Gen. vii. 21.) I further reminded them how the prophets repeatedly declare "that the son shall not suffer for the iniquity of the father, but every one be answerable for his own sins." I was troubled to perceive the darkness of their imaginations, and in some pressure of spirit said, "The love of ease and gain are the motives in general of keeping slaves, and men are wont to take hold of weak arguments to support a cause which is unreasonable. I have no interest on either side, save only the interest which I desire to have in the truth. I believe liberty is their right, and as I see they are not only deprived of it, but treated in other respects with inhumanity in many places, I believe He who is a refuge for the oppressed will, in his own time, plead their cause, and happy will it be for such as walk in uprightness before him." And thus our conversation ended. . . .

The prospect of a road lying open to the same

degeneracy, in some parts of this newly settled land of America, in respect to our conduct towards the negroes, hath deeply bowed my mind in this journey, and though briefly to relate how these people are treated is no agreeable work, yet, after often reading over the notes I made as I travelled, I find my mind engaged to preserve them. Many of the white people in those provinces take little or no care of negro marriages ; and when negroes marry after their own way, some make so little account of those marriages that with views of outward interest they often part men from their wives by selling them far asunder, which is common when estates are sold by executors at vendue. Many whose labor is heavy being followed at their business in the field by a man with a whip, hired for that purpose, have in common little else allowed but one peck of Indian corn and some salt, for one week, with a few potatoes ; the potatoes they commonly raise by their labor on the first day of the week.

The correction ensuing on their disobedience to overseers, or slothfulness in business, is often very severe, and sometimes desperate.

Men and women have many times scarcely clothes sufficient to hide their nakedness, and boys and girls ten and twelve years old are often quite naked amongst their master's children. Some of our Society, and some of the society called Newlights, use some endeavors to instruct those they have in reading ; but in common this is not only neglected, but disapproved. These are the people by whose labor the other inhabitants are in a great measure supported, and many of them in the luxuries of life.

These are the people who have made no agreement to serve us, and who have not forfeited their liberty that we know of. These are the souls for whom Christ died, and for our conduct towards them we must answer before Him who is no respecter of persons. They who know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, and are thus acquainted with the merciful, benevolent, gospel spirit, will therein perceive that the indignation of God is kindled against oppression and cruelty, and in beholding the great distress of so numerous a people will find cause for mourning.

OBJECTIONS TO DYED GARMENTS.

[From the Same, Chap. VIII.]

From my early acquaintance with truth I have often felt an inward distress, occasioned by the striving of a spirit in me, against the operation of the heavenly principle; and in this circumstance have been affected with a sense of my own wretchedness, and in a mourning condition felt earnest longing for that divine help which brings the soul into true liberty; and sometimes in this state, retiring into private places, the spirit of supplication hath been given me, and under a heavenly covering have asked my gracious Father to give me a heart in all things resigned to the direction of his wisdom, and in uttering language like this the thoughts of my wearing hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them has made lasting impressions on me.

In visiting people of note in the society who had slaves, and laboring with them in brotherly love on that account, I have seen, and the sight has affected me, that a conformity to some customs, distinguishable from pure wisdom, has entangled many; and the desire of gain to support these customs greatly opposed the work of truth; and sometimes when the prospect of the work before me has been such that in bowedness of spirit I have been drawn into retired places and besought the Lord, with tears, that he would take me wholly under his direction and show me the way in which I ought to walk; it hath revived with strength of conviction that if I would be his faithful servant I must in all things attend to his wisdom and be teachable; and so cease from all customs contrary thereto, however used among religious people.

As he is the perfection of power, of wisdom, and of goodness, so I believe he hath provided that so much labor shall be necessary for men's support in this world as would, being rightly divided, be a suitable employment of their time, and that we cannot go into superfluities or grasp after wealth in a way contrary to his wisdom without having connection with some degree of oppression and with that spirit which leads to self-exaltation and strife, and which frequently brings calamities on countries by parties contending about their claims.

Being thus fully convinced, and feeling an increasing desire to live in the spirit of peace; being often sorrowfully affected with the thinking on the unquiet spirit in which wars are generally carried on, and with the miseries of many of my fellow-creatures

engaged therein; some suddenly destroyed; some wounded, and after much pain remain cripples; some deprived of all their outward substance and reduced to want; and some carried into captivity. Thinking often on these things, the use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them, and wearing more clothes in summer than are useful, grew more uneasy to me, believing them to be customs which have not their foundation in pure wisdom. The apprehension of being singular from my beloved Friends was a strait upon me, and thus I remained in the use of some things contrary to my judgment.

On the thirty-first day of the fifth month, 1761, I was taken ill of a fever, and after having it near a week, I was in great distress of body; and one day there was a cry raised in me that I might understand the cause why I was afflicted, and improve under it; and my conformity to some customs which I believed were not right were brought to my remembrance; and in the continuation of the exercise I felt all the powers in me yield themselves up into the hands of Him who gave me being, and was made thankful that he had taken hold of me by his chastisement. Seeing the necessity of further purifying, there was now no desire in me for health until the design of my correction was answered, and thus I lay in abasement and brokenness of spirit, and as I felt a sinking down into a calm resignation, so I felt, as in an instant, an inward healing in my nature, and from that time forward I grew better.

Though I was thus settled in mind in relation to hurtful dyes, I felt easy to wear my garments heretofore made, and so continued about nine months.

Then I thought of getting a hat the natural color of the fur, but the apprehension of being looked upon as one affecting singularity felt uneasy to me; and here I had occasion to consider, that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by divine authority, became great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity, while that singularity was only for his sake. On this account I was under close exercise of mind in the time of our general spring-meeting, 1762, greatly desiring to be rightly directed; when, being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me, and when I returned home got a hat of the natural color of the fur.

In attending meetings, this singularity was a trial upon me, and more especially at this time, white hats being used by some who were fond of following the changeable modes of dress; and as some Friends, who knew not on what motive I wore it, carried shy of me, I felt my way for a time shut up in the exercise of the ministry; and in this condition, my mind being turned toward my heavenly Father, with fervent cries that I might be preserved to walk before him in the meekness of wisdom, my heart was often tender in meetings, and I felt an inward consolation which to me was very precious under those difficulties.

I had several dyed garments fit for use, which I believed it best to wear till I had occasion of new ones; and some Friends were apprehensive that my wearing such a hat savored of an affected singularity; and such who spake with me in a friendly way I generally informed in a few words that I believed my

wearing it was not in my own will. I had at times been sensible that a superficial friendship had been dangerous to me, and many Friends being now uneasy with me, I had an inclination to acquaint some with the manner of my being led into these things; yet, upon a deeper thought, I was for a time most easy to omit it, believing the present dispensation was profitable, and trusting that if I kept my place the Lord, in his own time, would open the hearts of Friends toward me; since which I have had cause to admire his goodness and loving-kindness in leading about and instructing and opening and enlarging my heart in some of our meetings.

A VISION.

[From the Same, Chap. XII.]

In a time of sickness with the pleurisy, a little upward of two years and a half ago, I was brought so near the gates of death that I forgot my name. Being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull, gloomy color, between the south and the east; and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before; I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels. The words were: "John Woolman is dead." I soon remembered that

I once was John Woolman, and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean.

I believed beyond doubting that it was the voice of an holy angel ; but as yet it was a mystery to me.

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor, oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians, and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for his name to me was precious.

Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ ; and they said amongst themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.

All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery ; and in the morning my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them if they knew who I was ; and they telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was light-headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to any one, but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery.

My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length I felt divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said : " I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me ; and the life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had re-

pented, and that that language — "John Woolman is dead" — meant no more than the death of my own will.

Soon after this I coughed and raised much bloody matter, which I had not done during this vision, and now my natural understanding returned as before. Here I saw that people getting silver vessels to set off their tables at entertainments were often stained with worldly glory, and that in the present state of things I should take heed how I fed myself from out of silver vessels.

Soon after my recovery, I, going to our monthly-meeting, dined at a Friend's house where drink was brought in silver vessels, and not in any other; and I, wanting some drink, told him my case with weeping, and he ordered some drink for me in another vessel.

The like I afterward went through in several Friend's houses in America, and have also in England, since I came here; and have cause, with humble reverence, to acknowledge the loving-kindness of my heavenly Father who hath preserved me in such a tender frame of mind that none, I believe, have ever been offended at what I have said on that occasion.

PHILIP VICKERS FITHIAN.

Philip Vickers Fithian, whose diary and letters afford one of the most interesting pictures that we possess of the intimate life of New Jersey and Virginia in the years just preceding the Revolution, was born in 1747 of English stock, entered Princeton College in 1770 in the class of Aaron Burr, James Madison, and Henry Lee ; studied theology, taught for a year (1773–1774) in the family of Robert Carter at his famous county-seat, Nomini Hall, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, was ordained, served as a frontier missionary in Virginia and Pennsylvania, enlisted as chaplain in the New Jersey militia in July, 1776, and died in October of that year, of camp fever at Fort Washington New York. A selection from his carefully guarded papers was edited in 1900 by John Rogers Williams for the Princeton Historical Association — and from this our extracts are taken by permission. The idiosyncrasies of the writer are retained throughout.

LIFE AT PRINCETON IN 1770.

[From His First Letter from College, Nov. 30, 1770.]

Every Student must rise in the Morning, at farthest by half an hour after five ; the grammar Schollars being most of them small, & lodging also in Town at

some Distance from the College, are, in Winter, excused from attending morning Prayrs.

The Bell rings at five, after which there is an Intermission of half an hour, that everyone may have time to dress, at the end of which it rings again, & Prayrs begin ; And lest any should plead that he did not hear the Bell, the Servant who rings, goes to every Door & beats till he wakens the Boys, which leaves them without Excuse.

There are Bill-keepers in each Class, appointed generally by the President, or in his absence by one of the Tutors, who take Notice, & set down those who are absent from Morning or evening Prayrs, & once every week present their Bill to the *Doctor*, or one of the Tutors, who call each delinquent, & demand their Excuse, which if it is thought sufficeant is accepted, if not they are fined, or privately admonished, & if the same person is found frequently guilty, without good reason, he receives public Admonition in the Hall for Contempt of Authority.

After morning Prayrs, we can, now, in the Winter, study an hour by candle Light every Morning.

We breakfast at eight ; from Eight to nine, is time of our own, to play, or exercise.

At nine the Bell rings for Recitation, after which we study till one, when the Bell rings for Dinner——— We dine all in the same Room, at three Tables, & so we breakfast and sup :

After dinner till three we have Liberty to go out at Pleasure.

From three til' five we study, when the Bell rings for evening Prayrs.

We sup at seven ; at nine the Bell rings for Study ;

And a Tutor goes through College, to see that every Student is in his own Room ; if he finds that any are absent, or more in any Room than belongs there, he notes them down, & the day following calls them to an Account. . . . . .

After nine any may go to bed, but to go before is reproachful.

No Student is allowed, on any pretence, Sickness only excepted, to be absent on Sunday, from public Worship : We have two Sermons every Sabbath : One at eleven in the morning, in the Church ; & the other at three in the Afternoon, in the College Hall. I am indeed much pleased with Dr. *Witherspoon* & think his Sermons almost inimitable.

We rise on Sabbath mornings & have Prayrs as usual, . . .

About seven the supper Bell rings, immediately after which, each Class meets separately in Rooms belonging to one of themselves ; The Seniors alone meet in a Room belonging to one of the Seniors ; & the Juniors by themselves meet in a Room belonging to one of themselves ; & in like manner do the inferior Classes. And one in each Class, as his Name comes in alphebetical Order, gives out a Psalm to be sung, & prays ; after which they disperse, and retire to their respective Rooms.

There are upwards of an hundred now in the College including the grammar Scholars : The present Senior Class consists of ten : The *Junior* of twenty-eight : The *Sophimore* of twenty-five : And the *Freshman* of eighteen : In the School there are about twenty-five.

REMINISCENCES OF A COLLEGE GRADUATE.

[From the Diary for Monday, Sept. 19, 1774.]

This Day begins the examination of the Junior class at Nassau-Hall. Every time I reflect on that Place of retirement & Study, where I spent two years which I call the most pleasant as well as the most important Period in my past life —— Always when I think upon the *Studies*, the *Discipline*, the *Companions*, the *Neighbourhood*, the *exercises*, & *Diversions*, it gives me a secret & real Pleasure, even the Foibles which often prevail there are pleasant on recollection ; such as giving each other *names & characters ;* Meeting & Shoving in the dark entries : knocking at Doors & going off without entering ; Strowing the entries in the night with greasy Feathers ; freezing the Bell ; Ringing it at late Hours of the Night —— I may add that it does not seem disagreeable to think over the Mischiefs often practised by wanton Boys —— Such are writing witty pointed anonymous Papers, in *Songs*, *Confessions*, *Wills*, *Soliliques*, *Proclamations*, *Advertisements* &c. —— Picking from the neighbourhood now & then a plump fat Hen or Turkey for the private entertainment of the Club "instituted for inventing & practising several new kinds of mischief in a secret polite Manner" ——Parading bad Women —— Burning Curse-John —— Darting Sun-Beams upon the Town-People Reconoitering Houses in the Town, & ogling Women with the Telescope —— Making

Squibs, & other frightful compositions with Gun-Powder, & lighting them in the Rooms of timorous Boys, & new *comers* —— The various methods used in naturalizing strangers, of incivility in the Dining-Room to make them bold ; writing them sharp & threatning Letters to make them smart ; leading them at first with long Lessons to make them industrious ——And trying them by Jeers & Repartee in order to make them choose their Companions &c. &c.

A VIRGINIA SUNDAY IN 1773.

[From the Diary for Monday, Dec. 13, 1773.]

. . . I observe it is a general custom on Sundays here, with Gentlemen to invite one another home to dine, after Church ; and to consult about, & determine their common business, either before or after Service -—— It is not the custom for Gentlemen to go into Church til Service is beginning, when they enter in a Body, in the same manner as they come out ; I have known the Clerk to come out and call them in to prayers. —— They stay also after the Service is over, usually as long, sometimes longer, than the Parson was preaching —— Almost every Lady wears a red Cloak ; and when they ride out they tye a red handkerchief over their Head and face, so that when I first came into Virginia, I was distressed whenever I saw a Lady, for I thought she had the Tooth-Ach ! —— The People are extremely hospitable, and very polite both of which are most certainly universal Characteristics of the Gentlemen

in Virginia —— some swear bitterly, but the practise seems to be generally disapproved —— I have heard that this Country is notorious for Gaming, however this be, I have not seen a Pack of *Cards*, nor a *Die*, since I left home, nor gaming or Betting of any kind except at the Richmond-Race. Almost every Gentleman of Condition, keeps a Chariot and *Four*; many drive with six Horses.

July 10th, 1774.

A Sunday in Virginia dont seem to wear the same Dress as our Sundays to the Northward —— Generally here by five o'Clock on Saturday every Face (especially the Negroes) looks festive & cheerful —— All the lower class of People, & the Servants, & the Slaves, consider it as a Day of Pleasure & amusement, & spend it in such Diversion, as they severally choose —— The Gentlemen go to Church to be sure, but they make that itself a matter of convenience, & account the Church a useful weekly resort to do Business —— I am told, for I have not yet been to Church since my Return, that all the Sermons are in the forensic Style, & on political Subjects.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE IN 1774.

[From the Diary, Feb. 12, 1774.]

After having dismissed the School I went over to Mr. Carters Study —— We conversed on many things, & at length on the College of William & Mary at *Williamsburg*. He informed me that it is in such confusion at present, and so badly directed, that he

cannot send his Children with propriety there for Improvement & useful Education —— That he has known the Professors to play all Night at Cards in publick Houses in the City, and has often seen them drunken in the Street ! —— That the Charter of the College is vastly Extensive, and the yearly income sufficient to support a University being about 4.000 £ Sterling. —— That the Necessary Expence of each Scholar yearly is only 15 £ Currency. Two of the officers of the Institution, M.r Bracken, & M.r Henly Clergymen are at present engaged in a paper War published weekly in the Williamsburg Gazette's.

A VIRGINIA PLANTER'S MANSION.

[From the Diary, March 18, 1774.]

. . . M.r Carter has chosen for the place of his habitation a high spot of Ground in Westmoreland County at the Head of the Navigation of the River Nomini, where he has erected a large Elegant House,[1] at a vast expence, which commonly goes by the name of *Nomini-Hall.* This House is built with Brick, but the bricks have been covered with strong lime Mortar ; so that the building is now perfectly white ; It is seventy-six Feet long from East to West ; & forty-four wide from North to South, two Stories high ; the Pitch of the lower story seventeen Feet, & the upper Story twelve —— It has five Stacks of Chimneys, tho' two of these serve only for ornaments.

[1] Built in 1732 ; burned, 1850.

There is a beautiful Jutt, on the South side, eighteen feet long, & eight Feet deep from the wall which is supported by three tall pillars —— On the South side, or front, in the upper story are four Windows each having twenty-four Lights of Glass. In the lower story are two Windows each having forty-two Lights of Glass, & two Doors each having Sixteen Lights —— At the East end the upper story has three Windows each with eighteen Lights ; & below two Windows both with eighteen Lights & a Door with nine ——

The North side I think is the most beautiful of all ; In the upper Story is a Row of seven Windows with eighteen Lights a piece ; and below six windows, with the like number of lights ; besides a large Portico in the middle, at the sides of which are two Windows each with eighteen Lights. —— At the West end are no Windows —— The Number of Lights in all is five hundred, & forty nine —— There are four Rooms on a Floor, disposed of in the following manner. Below is a dining Room where we usually sit ; the second is a dining-Room for the Children ; the third is Mr Carters study ; & the fourth is a Ball-Room thirty Feet long —— Above stairs, one Room is for M^r^ & Mrs Carter ; the second for the young Ladies ; & the other two for occasional Company. As this House is large, & stands on a high piece of Land it may be seen a considerable distance ; I have seen it at the Distance of six Miles ——

At equal Distances from each corner of this Building stand four other considerable Houses, . . .

VIRGINIA AND NEW JERSEY CONTRASTED.

[From a Letter to John Peck, Fithian's Intended Successor, dated Nomini Hall, August 12, 1774.]

. . . When you have thought of removing, for a Time, out of the Colony in which you was born, & in which you have hitherto constantly resided, I make no doubt but you have at the same time expected to find a very considerable alteration of manners, among your new acquaintances, & some peculiarities toto Cœlo different, from any you have before been accustomed to. Such a thought is natural; And you will if you come into Virginia, in much shorter time than a year, be convinced that it is just. In New-Jersey Government throughout, but especially in the Counties where you have any personal acquaintance, Gentlemen in the first rank of Dignity & Quality, of the Council, general Assembly, inferior Magistrates, Clergy-men, or independent Gentlemen, without the smallest fear of bringing any manner of reproach either on their office, or their high-born, long recorded Families associate freely & commonly with Farmers & Mechanicks tho' they be poor & industrious. Ingenuity & industry are the Strongest, & most approved recommendations to a Man in that Colony. The manners of the People seem to me, (probably I am overborn by the force of prejudice in favour of my native Soil), to bear some considerable resemblance of the manners in the ancient Spartan Common-

Wealth —— The Valour of its Inhabitants — was the best, & only security of that State against the enemy ; & the wise laws of its renowned Legislator were the powerful cement which kept them firm & invincible —— In our Government, the laborious part of Men, who are commonly ranked in the midling or lower Class, are accounted the strength & Honour of the Colony ; & the encouragement they receive from Gentlemen in the highest stations is the spring of Industry, next to their private advantage. The Levil which is admired in New-Jersey Government, among People of every rank, arises, no doubt, from the very great division of the lands in that Province, & consequently from the near approach to an equality of Wealth among the Inhabitants, since it is not famous for trade. You know very well that the Lands in a small township are divided, & then again subdivided into two & three Hundred Separate, proper, creditable estates ; for example *Deerfield* & *Fairfield* two Townships, or Precincts, in which you & I are tolerably well acquainted, in the former of which, are the Seats of two Judges of the Sessions ; & in the latter resides one of the representatives in General Assembly for the County ; But if 16000£ would purchase the whole landed estates of these three Gentlemen, who are supposed to be the most wealthy in the County, if we rate their Land at the Low Consideration of 4£ p.r acre, with all conveniences, each would have 4000 Acres. Now you may suppose how small a quantity many must have when two or three hundred Landholders reside in each of these small Precincts ; Hence we see Gentlemen, when they are not actually engaged in the publick Service, on their farms, setting

a laborious example to their Domesticks, & on the other hand we see labourers at the Tables & in the Parlours of their Betters enjoying the advantage, & honour of their society and conversation —— I do not call it an objection to this, that some few, who have no substance but work like Slaves as necessity drives them for a few Months in the year; with the price of this Labour they visit Philadelphia; & having there acquired a fashionable Coat, & a Stock of Impudence, return home to spend the remainder of the year, in idleness & disgrace! —— But you will find the tables turned the moment you enter this Colony. The very Slaves in some families here, could not be bought under 30000£. Such amazing property, no matter how deep it is involved, blows up the owners to an imagination, which is visible in all, but in various degrees according to their respective virtue, that they are exalted as much above other Men in worth & precedency, as blind stupid fortune has made a difference in their property; excepting always the value they put upon posts of honour, & mental acquirements —— For example, if you should travel through this Colony, with a well-confirmed testimonial of your having finished with Credit a Course of studies at Nassau-Hall; you would be rated, without any more questions asked, either about your family, your Estate, your business, or your intention, at 10,000£; and you might come, & go, & converse, & keep company, according to this value; and you would be despised and slighted if you rated yourself a farthing cheaper. But when I am giving directions to you from an expectation that you will be shortly a resident here, altho you have gone

through a College Course, & for anything I know, have never written a Libel, nor stolen a Turkey, yet I think myself in duty bound to advise you, lest some powdered Coxcomb should reproach your education, to cheapen your price about 5000£; because any young Gentleman travelling through the Colony, as I said before, is presumed to be acquainted with Dancing, Boxing, playing the Fiddle, & Small-Sword, & Cards. Several of which you was only entering upon, when I left New-Jersey; towards the Close of last year; and if you stay here any time your Barrenness in these must be detected. I will, however, allow, that in the Family where you act as tutor you place yourself, according to your most acute Calculation, at a perfect equidistance between the father & the eldest Son. Or let the same distance be observed in every article of behaviour between you & the eldest Son, as there ought to be, by the latest & most approved precepts of Moral-Philosophy, between the eldest Son & his next youngest Brother. But whenever you go from Home, where you are to act on your own footing, either to a Ball; or to a *Horse-Race*, or to a *Cock-Fight*, or to a *Fish-Feast*, I advise that you rate yourself very low & if you bett at all, remember that 10,000£ in Reputation & learning does not amount to a handfull of Shillings in ready Cash! —— One considerable advantage which you promise yourself by coming to this Colony is to extend the limits of your acquaintance; this is laudable, & if you have enough of prudence & firmness, it will be a singular advantage —— Yet attempt slowly & with the most Jealous Circumspection —— If you fix your familiarity wrong in a single instance, you

are in danger of total, if not immediate ruin —— You come here, it is true, with an intention to teach, but you ought likewise to have an inclination to learn. At any rate I solemnly injoin it upon you, that you never suffer the Spirit of a Pedagogue to attend you without the walls of your little Seminary. In all promiscuous Company be as silent & attentive as Decency will allow you, for you have nothing to communicate, which such company, will hear with pleasure, but you may learn many things which, in after life, will do you singular service. —— In regard to Company in general, if you think it worth your while to attend to my example, I can easily instruct you in the manner of my Conduct in this respect. I commonly attend Church ; and often, at the request of Gentlemen, after Service according to the custom, dine abroad on Sunday —— I seldom fail, when invited by M^r & Mrs *Carter*, of going out with them ; but I make it a point, however strongly solicited to the contrary, to return with them too —— Except in one of these cases, I seldom go out, but with a valuable variety of books live according to Horace's direction. & love "Secretum Iter et fallentis Semita Vitæ." Close retirement and a life by Stealth. The last direction I shall venture to mention on this head, is, that you abstain totally from Women. What I would have you understand from this, is, that by a train of faultless conduct in the whole course of your tutorship, you make every Lady within the Sphere of your acquaintance, who is between twelve & forty years of age, so much pleased with your person, & so satisfied as to your ability in the capacity of a Teacher ; & in short, fully convinced, that, from a

principle of Duty, you have, both by night and by day endeavoured to acquit yourself honourably, in the Character of a Tutor ; & that, on this account, you have their free and hearty consent, without making any manner of demand upon you, either to stay longer in the County with them, which they would choose, or whenever your business calls you away, that they may not have it in their Power either by charms or Justice to detain you, & when you must leave them, have their sincere wishes & constant prayrs for Length of days & much prosperity, I therefore beg that you will attend literally to this advice, & abstain totally from Women. But this last precaution, which I have been at some pains to dress in the plainest language, I am much inclined to think, will be wholly useless in regard to you, notwithstanding it is founded in *Honor* and *Equity* which is on all hands allow'd to be due from one Sex to the other, & to many of your *age*, & *Standing* would be entirely salutary. Because the necessary connections which you have had with the Fair, from your Puberty upwards have been so unfavourable & ill-fated, that instead of apprehending any danger on the score of your fondness, I am fearful your rancour has grown so inveterate at length, as, not only to preserve you, in thought & practice, pure of every Fleshly foible, but has carried you so far towards the other extreme, that you will need many persuasions, when your circumstances shall seem to require it, to bring you back to a rational & manly habit of thinking & acting with respect to the Sex ; which yet, after all (& eternally will continue to be, tho' it is so much courted & whined after) if considered in the fullest manner, &

set forth to the best advantage, never rising above its divine definition Viz "The weaker Vessel." But without detaining you any longer with a matter merely depending on accident or Circumstance I pass on to the second General Head; in which "Ludis atque Jocis amotis" I shall offer to your consideration and recommend for your practice several Rules concerning the management of the School. . . .

When you enter among a people, & find that their manner of living, their *Eating*, *Drinking*, *Diversions*, *Exercise*, &c, are in many respects different from anything you have been accustomed to, you will be apt to fix your opinion in an instant, & (as some divines deal with poor Sinners) you will condemn all before you without any meaning or distinction what seems in your judgment disagreeable at first view, when you are smitten with the novelty. You will be making ten thousand Comparisons. The face of the Country, The *Soil*, the *Buildings*, the *Slaves*, the *Tobacco*, the method of spending *Sunday* among Christians; *Ditto* among the Negroes; the three grand divisions of time at the Church on Sundays, Viz. before Service, giving & receiving letters of business, reading Advertisements, consulting about the price of Tobacco, Grain, &c. & settling either the lineage, Age, or qualities of favourite Horses. 2. In the Church at Service, prayrs read over in haste, a Sermon seldom under & never over twenty minutes, but always made up of sound morality, or deep studied Metaphysicks. 3. After Service is over three quarters of an hour spent in strolling round the Church among the Crowd, in which time you will be invited by several different Gentlemen home with them to dinner. The Balls,

the Fish-Feasts, the Dancing-Schools, the Christnings, the Cock fights, the Horse-Races, the Chariots, the Ladies Masked, for it is a custom among the Westmorland Ladies whenever they go from home, to muffle up their heads, & Necks, leaving only a narrow passage for the Eyes, in Cotton or silk handkerchiefs; I was in distress for them when I first came into the Colony, for every Woman that I saw abroad, I looked upon as ill either with the *Mumps* or Tooth-Ach! —— I say, you will be often observing & comparing these things which I have enumerated, & many more that now escape me, with the manner of spending Money time & credit at Cohansie: You are young, &, (you will allow me the Expression) in the morning of Life. But I hope you have plann'd off, and entered upon the work which is necessary to be performed in the course of your Day; if not, I think it my duty to acquaint you, that a combination of the amusements which I have just now mentioned, being always before your Eyes, & inviting your Compliance will have a strong tendency to keep you doubtful & unsettled, in your notions of Morality & Religion, or else will fix you in a false & dangerous habit of *thinking & acting*, which must terminate at length in Sorrow & despair. You are therefore, if you count anything upon the value of my advice, to fix the plan in which you would spend your life: let this be done with deliberation, Candour, & precision, looking to him for direction, by fervent Prayr, who is the "Wonderful Counsellor"; & when you have done this, let no importunity of whatever kind prevail over you, & cause you to transgress your own Limitations. I have already exceeded the usual bounds of an Epistle.

But you will easily pardon a little prolixity, when I assure you it flows from a heart deeply impressed with a sense of the many difficulties which you must encounter, & the dangers which will surround you when you come first out from the peaceful recess of Contemplation, & enter, young and unexperienced, into the tumultuous undiscerning World. I submit these hints to your consideration, & have nothing more than sincere & ardent wishes for your present & perpetual Felicity.

I am, Sir,

To Mr John Peck, yours,
on going to Virginia in PHILIP V. FITHIAN.
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